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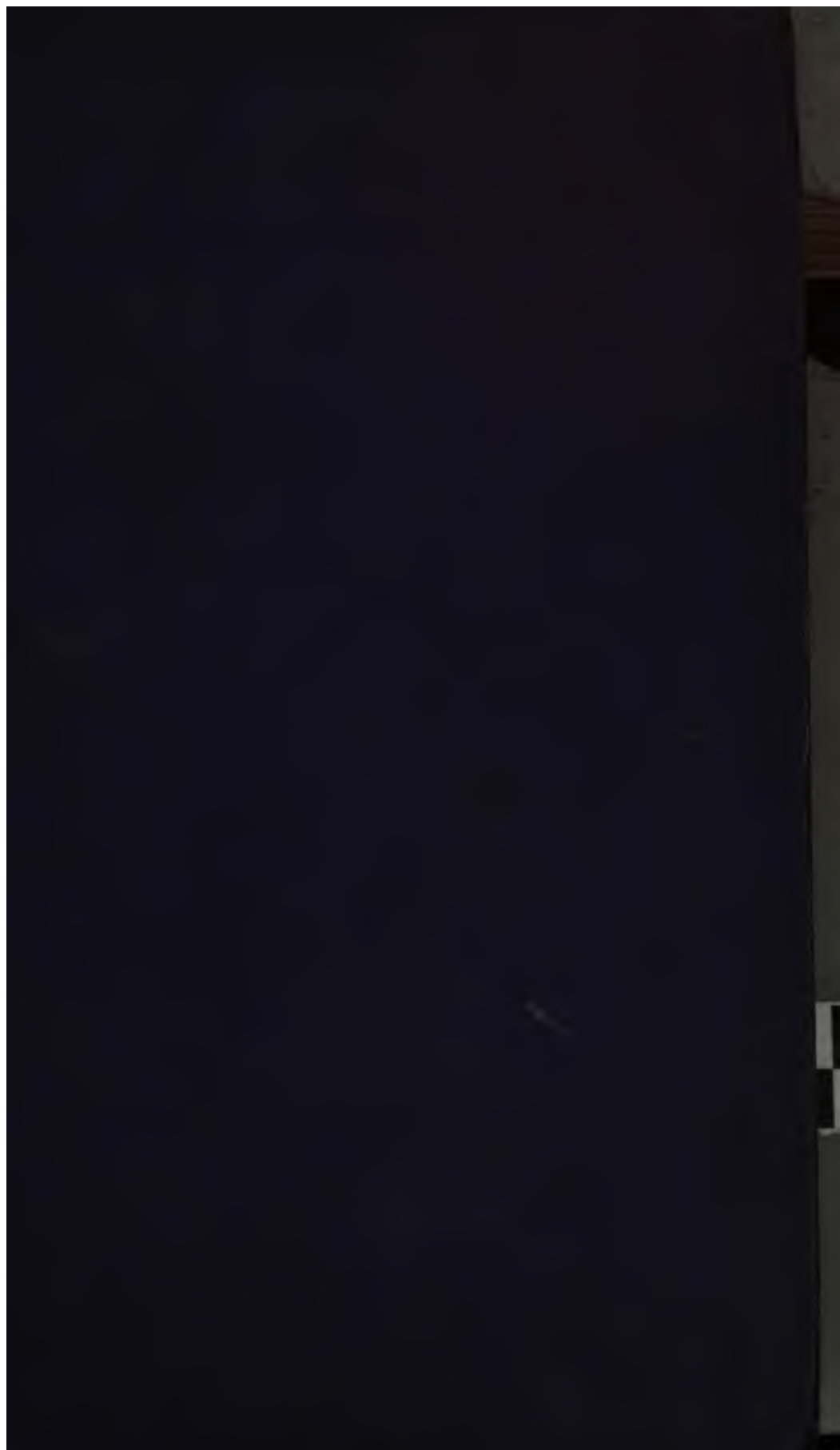
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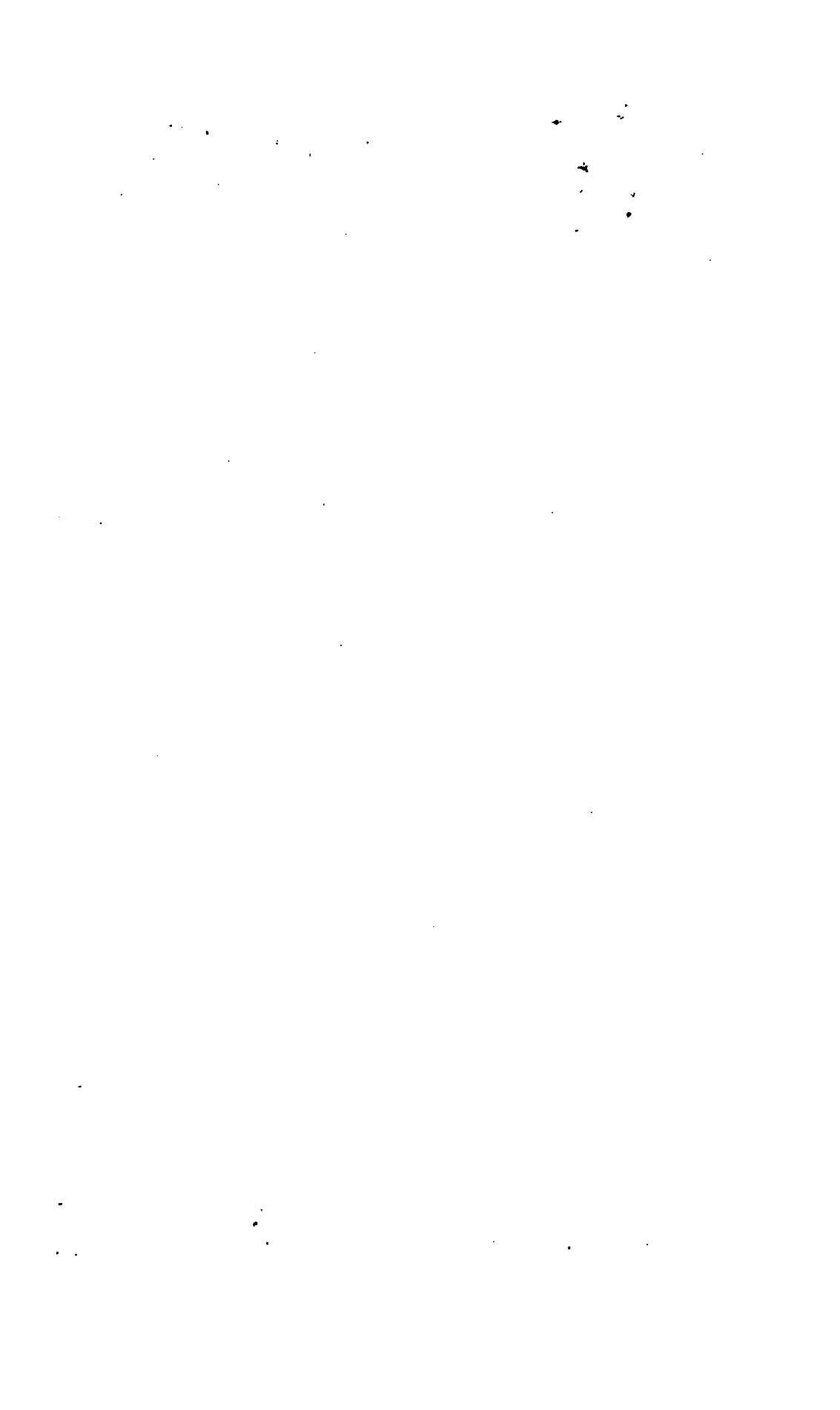


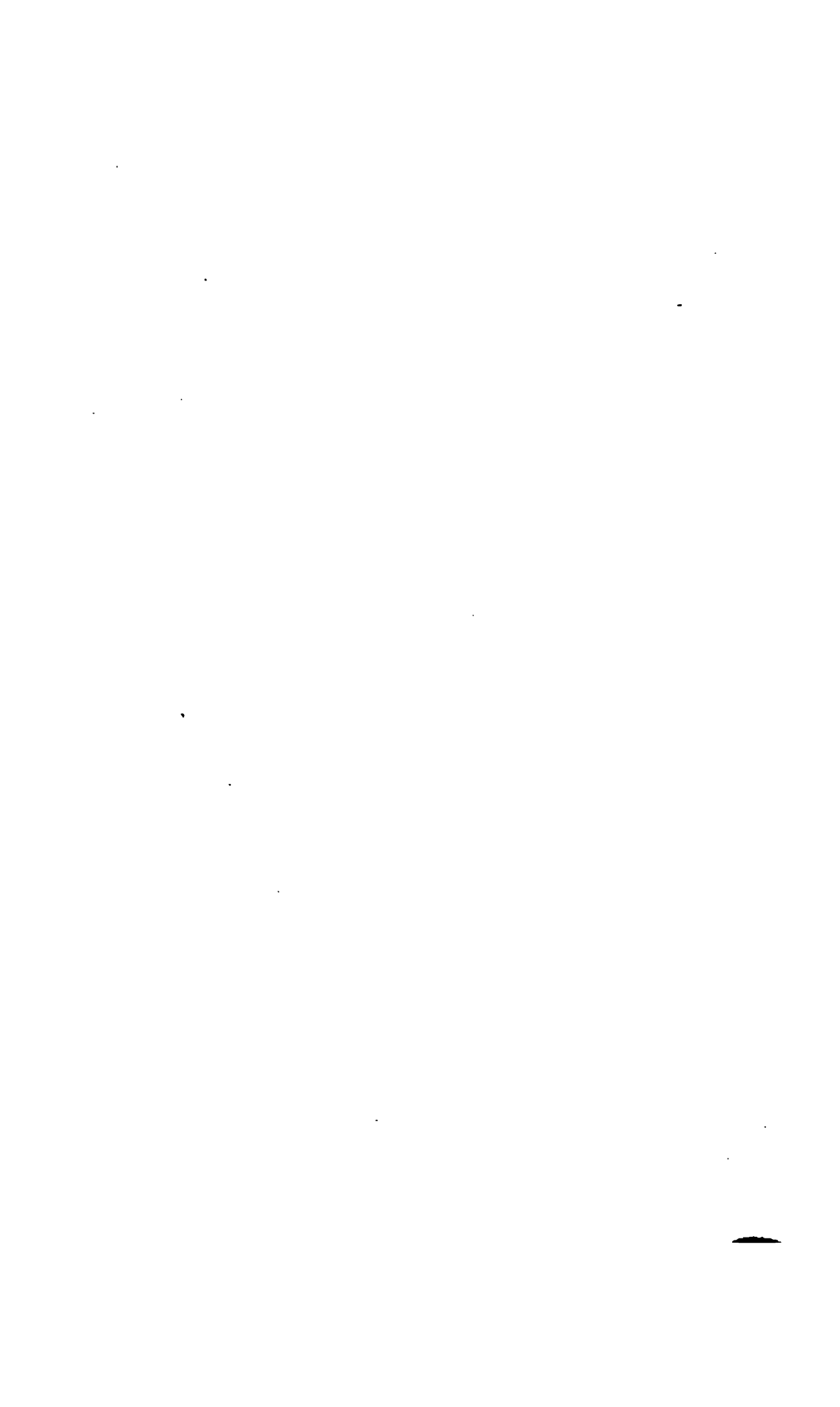


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Signature of Henry V. R.H.

New York: ...

THE HISTORY
OF
HENRY THE FIFTH:

KING OF ENGLAND,
LORD OF IRELAND, AND HEIR OF FRANCE.

BY
GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE,
AUTHOR OF "GLIMPSES OF HISTORY."



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TO
THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS, LORD MACAULAY,
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.

P R E F A C E .



THE reign which the following pages purpose to illustrate, was in many respects a remarkable one. A momentous transition of modern society was progressing during the period in which it was cast. Western Europe was passing from feudalism to the adoption of monarchical systems. The conflict between these ideas had been raging for more than a century before, and continued to rage with equal violence for nearly a century after. The vigor and popularity of the reign of Henry the Fifth accelerated the march toward the idea of monarchy.

In that reign, too, the military glory of England reached its zenith. The military taste and habit had arrived at their full ripeness. The conquest of France was completed. England became the first of warlike powers.

Henry the Fifth, the second sovereign of the Lancastrian line, and but one degree removed from usurpation, occupied a firmer throne, and received a more unanimous loyalty, than any preceding King.

The reformation of John Wickliffe, which had begun just before he ascended the throne, was, during his reign, preparing the way for religious revolutions in the future. At an era so remote, the doctrines of liberty of conscience and popular rights had begun to be discussed.

The personal character of Henry is full of interest. It was a union of chivalric traits with rare mental qualities. The beauty of his person, his youth, his manners, his various talents, his great heart, and his spirit of lofty purpose, lend a charm to his history which is found in the history of no other English King.

It is attempted to present a truthful narrative of his character and career. There is no reliable history of him extant. The sources from which the narrative is derived are principally the old chroniclers—Froissart, Monstrelet, Hall, Holinshed, Fuller, Baker, Fabyan, Speed, Rabin, Chronieler A, St. Remy, Livius, Elmhams, Walsingham, Des Ursins, Otterbourne, Hardyng, Laboureur, and Capgrave; various historians of more or less authority—Hume, Turner, Lingard, Camden, Carte, Guthrie, Michelet, Sir Harris Nicholas, Lord Brougham, Tyler, Redmayne; manuscripts in the British Museum—Fœdera, Harleian MS., records of Parliament, State papers; and Halliwell's Letters of the Kings of England. Some facts in the account of Queen Katharine of Valois are taken from Miss Strickland's Queens of England.

Boston, *August*, 1865.

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THE HISTORY
OF
HENRY THE FIFTH.

INTRODUCTION.

*"And nothing can we call our own but death :
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings."*

FROM THE CRUSADES TO THE DEATH OF RICHARD THE SECOND.

THE martial spirit which arrived at system and ripeness during the Crusades, did not decline when they ceased ; it only developed through other channels. It harmonized too nearly with the natural passions of the rude ages, to cease with the temporary cause which had elicited its organized display. The wars of the Crusades, at first regarded as an end, to accomplish which the military spirit was combined, became the means by which it continued to be, for centuries after, the ruling fact in events. Indeed, before those wars arose, the genius of the English people had been to a degree centred in the pursuit of military enterprise. The security of communities, alike from foreign and from internal dissension, had been protected rather by physical force than by the arts of diplomacy, the supremacy of law, and the moral influence of civil authority. If a feudal baron

were aggrieved by his neighbor, his source of redress lay in the number and courage of his vassals. If, in a more serious dispute, he came into conflict with the sovereign, he resorted to confederated rebellion, not to patient remonstrance. This state of things was produced by the small civilization of the age, the rivalries of rude factions, the weakness of kings, and because a resort to physical force is, in such an age, the normal mode of asserting rights and enforcing the individual will. The result was, that when foreign war did not impel to a united state, calamities far worse than foreign war befell the community. The history of England, therefore, for centuries after the Crusades, is an almost uninterrupted and deplorable chronicle of domestic calamity, in which the unbridled passions of revenge, cruelty, conquest, and assassination held high reign throughout the land. Illustrious generals, who returned to glad ovations from scenes of distant victory, directed their swords, not yet cleansed of the blood of the common enemy, against those with whom they had fought side by side, against the sovereigns who had showered upon them the highest honors; nay, against their own kindred—their brothers, sons, and fathers. The natural affections became callous, under the bitter dominion of selfish ambition. Patriotism, no less natural as an instinctive virtue, than necessary as the first law of public safety, lay dormant in times of nominal peace, and was awakened to a morbid height by the prospect of foreign acquisition. It was less humiliating to murder a parent than to sacrifice a coronet. It was nobler to seize a castle than to respect the weakness of women. It was more disgraceful to abandon a traitor friend than to depose a rightful king. It was

less honorable to disobey the code of chivalry than to reduce political order to anarchy. To such a social system the Crusades came as fire to powder. They organized, intensified, made permanent the spirit of war. They opened the floodgates which had pent up the restless aspirations of warriors in a geographical limit, and caused the flood to pour unchecked over an unbounded tract. So powerful was the impetus thus given, that, after two centuries had passed, the most honorable and brilliant field to which the ambition of the English youth could be directed, was still the field of martial glory. The transient motive passed away; the permanent passion remained; and its vital principle, chivalry, finds for its best features a sympathy to-day in every civilized community. Around the thrones of the royal Lancasters were grouped earls and barons, who were proud of their descent from the most gallant and fearless of races. Their ancestors had followed the Lion-Heart to the East; they had endured hardship in a thousand forms, as they traversed endless wastes and among fierce nations; they had mounted, with the dauntless Godfrey, to the desperate charge from the valley of Jehoshaphat; they had been buried beneath the embattled towers, which, falling, had proclaimed the conquest of Jerusalem; they had returned to pour into eager ears the inspiring tales of Christian valor, and to awaken to a burning vivacity the warlike ardor of their descendants. Not only nobles, who had, in the presence of a savage foe, achieved titles or enhanced the lustre of houses already illustrious—all classes of men imparted, each to his own circle, some of the infectious enthusiasm with which they themselves were thoroughly imbued. The common soldiers, scattered

to all parts of the kingdom, kept every fireside aglow with moving tales of conflict, destitution, and victory, and retired with ill grace from the scenes of romance and adventure to the pursuits of honest and peaceful labor. All alike were become restless, independent of civil restraint, ready to quicken dissension, and bold to defy, with equal celerity, King, Parliament, and peasant. This tendency, no longer stimulated and satiated by the sacred cause, served to localize war; to produce sensitiveness to offence, uneasiness of control, quickness to resentment, pertinacity and defiance in quarrel; a readiness to insist, in matters of little moment, on the distinctions of rank—to rival, to depose, to annihilate an enemy, and to push and exalt self into his vacant place.

For many generations, therefore, we are shocked by intestine conflict—unnatural, perpetual, and most relentless; sometimes rising to the terrible dignity of civil war, anon sweeping away a dynasty; oftener the feudal array of baron against baron, or of rebellious vassals against a feudal tyrant. King John, while the memory of the Crusades was still quick in the popular brain, yielded less to the assertion of a broader liberty, than to the passing dominion of feudal rebellion and a united resistance to royal power. It is doubtful whether John, however bad, would, a century earlier or a century later, have incurred the ignominy of Runnymede. It is doubtful whether any king, however wise, would at that time have escaped his degradation. The spirit of war led up the barons to put their audacious hands upon the throne itself. In that purpose a unit, they had no sooner put the Crown beneath their feet, than they returned to their local rivalries—to their primeval

chaos. Endless and aimless were their struggles; putting nothing to the structure of advancing civilization—on the contrary, blotting out dark records by worse; disclosing to us, who read in the new and gentle light of a late refinement, a dreary waste, with hardly a glimmer of manhood or justice to relieve its sad expanse. But a time came in which a temporary period was to be put to such anarchy. A great king arose to vindicate a distressed and insulted sovereignty. Under his government a prostrate throne, a turbulent nobility, and a restless populace were moulded alike to a fusion with each other and subjection to his will. Each element, though to each other hostile, and holding with each other few common bonds of sympathy, added a sinew to the strong arm which was to stretch forth and lay low the independence of a contiguous though stranger race.

EDWARD THE FIRST had in his youth rescued the crown from the presumptuous Leicester, and had replaced it upon the head of his weak but well-meaning father. He ascended the throne as the peculiar champion of the royal house of Plantagenet. He pursued the advantage thus gained by rapid and resistless measures, with a will which defied opposition, with a genius which laughed at obstacles. Before his vigorous exertions, faction sank back and ceased to live; the commonalty resumed the proper functions of quiet industry; the Church retired to its legitimate sphere of holy works; the Crown became the emblem of wise guardianship, order, and paramount authority. This most sagacious of monarchs made it his purpose to achieve two objects, reciprocal to each other, each useless without the other. These were, the erection of a single authority, and the union and diversion of

martial spirit. The former would bring the latter in subjection to one directing mind. The accomplishment of the latter would alone make the former permanent and effective for the general weal. Edward was possessed of a genius comprehensive, yet not disdainful of detail; an acuteness which perceived, and an energy which was determined to attain the highest end; moral not less than military courage; a heart regardless alike of flattery and of sympathetic feeling; and a conscience adopting, indeed, a lower standard of justice than is taught by our present lights, but which held to its own standard with constancy and with all faith.

He would not have been able, neither did he desire, to annihilate the predominating passion of his subjects. He sought, not its suppression, but to give it a new stimulus—to call it forth to a greater, because a united vigor, in the pursuit of *conquest*. The next phase, therefore, of the martial character of those early centuries, appears in the invasion of contiguous countries—in the attempted subjection of Scotland and Wales. The history of those gallant conflicts has come down to us illuminated by the romantic exploits of Wallace and Bruce, and is the favorite theme of poetry, fiction, and provincial song. The significance of those conflicts is the proof they gave, not more of the amazing capacity of Edward, than the ripeness, the intensity, the absorbing zeal to which the fostered love of military glory had been educated. Opposed by the fierce persistency with which a rude people resist the effort to enthrall them, and by the wisdom and coolness of a genius naturally warlike, the English invaders failed of their purpose; at all events, had not attained it when their sovereign

was taken from them. But the wars, at least, opened a broad channel into which might be collected, and by means of which might be carried off to other regions, the wide-spread inundation which threatened to make complete the sad and barren waste.

EDWARD THE SECOND inherited none of the conspicuous qualities of his father. He possessed neither the wisdom to perceive, the will to sustain, nor the courage to enforce the basis upon which royal power had been established. He not only failed to prosecute with success the invasion of Scotland; he lost, by his weak rule, the supremacy over his barons. In his reign, therefore, we discover the revival of intestine commotion—the resuscitation of faction, fratricide, and treason.

Unusual circumstances combined to make his occupation of the regal dignity the most unfortunate, perhaps, that is recorded in the history of any king; for not only was he encompassed by treacherous friends, secret and powerful enemies, a bankrupt exchequer, and by contemptuous subjects—he was cursed by a cruel and ambitious wife, and by a son whose mind, in its earliest tutelage, was taught to scorn him. After in vain resisting a scandalous union of his foes with the nearest of his blood, and after leading a life of unparalleled misery, we cannot but regard the final act, his murder at the instance of the Queen, as much more fortunate for him than would have been the perplexities and agony of a prolonged existence.

The restraint of a single powerful government had been insufficient to retain under royal authority the spirit of rivalry and envious ambition. The suc-

cession of an imbecile to a vigorous sovereign gave that spirit once more the motive as well as the opportunity for exercising its power.

But the death of Edward the Second restored the throne to a competent directing will. His heir came into the possession an ardent, valorous, and ambitious youth. He had been from his earliest years destined as the champion around whom should assemble an insurgent army. He had studiously acquired an experience in and taste for military science. He had learned to love the din, the excitement, the pageantry of the battle-field. He had ascended the throne by the undoubted fiat of the popular will. The inhuman death of the father was forgotten, as men beheld the brilliant genius and chivalric bearing which thus early shone forth in the son.

His record as Prince of Wales was well toned to inspire the nation with admiration; and the promise of his early days was stamped a true prophet by a career splendid and successful beyond the memory of man. Mortimer, the favorite and paramour of the Queen Dowager Isabella, had been the guiding spirit of the rebellion and the regicide; and when the young Prince ascended the throne, and a Council of Regency was appointed by the Parliament, this presumptuous assassin attempted to transfer to his own hands, not indeed the ostensible, but the virtual power. He surrounded Edward by his own minions, gave the Queen Dowager extensive grants of domain, entered into treaties with foreign princes, refused to consult with the officers of State, and, to crown his various crimes with one which outstripped every other, by a cruel stratagem he caused the death of an uncle of the King, the mild and amiable Earl

of Kent. But he displayed in these deplorable misdeeds ignorance of the character of the young King. An opportunity occurred to rid the State of such an enemy, and to give evidence of the high spirit of young Edward. Mortimer and the Queen were holding Edward in a sort of honorable confinement at Nottingham Castle; but he, having formed the design of seizing the usurper, and having attached to himself the good offices of the governor of the castle, succeeded in introducing some of his adherents through a subterraneous passage. The Earl, not suspecting, was resting in an apartment adjoining that of the Queen, and was without difficulty seized. He was tried, convicted of high treason, and hanged like a felon. This assertion, by one so young, of his personal authority and the dignity of the realm, was followed up by measures marked by their vigor and justice. To be formidable abroad, he must possess himself of unquestioned authority at home. Stringent executions of justice upon criminals availed to quiet disturbance among the lower orders. The barons, finding the grandson fired by the same powerful will which had given success to the grandsire, became again the orderly vassals of the Crown. The Scottish wars were now renewed, the English hosts advancing and seizing the northern strongholds, anon retiring from victories which had yielded them only a resting-place in the midst of hostile clans; sometimes seeming to have riveted Scotland to the English dominion, then with miraculous celerity hurled back upon their native soil; often exulting in the downfall of Edinburgh, as often swiftly retreating to avert ruin from Durham and York.

But a mightier ambition than had stirred the zeal

of the first Edward began to grow up in the fervid imagination of his descendant. Confident in his own ability, and reliant on the fidelity and valor of his subjects, he raised his eyes toward a higher pinnacle than the most aspiring of his ancestors had dared to contemplate. The union of two splendid diadems—a realm of Saxon, Celt, and Gaelic—the fusion of the two greatest of military powers, which, apart, neutralized each other, but, coöperating, might defy Christendom—this was the dazzling vision which fired the brain of the young monarch.

Philip, surnamed the Fair, King of France, left three sons—Louis Hutin, Philip the Long, and Charles the Fair; and one daughter, Isabella, the queen of the English Edward the Second. Each of his sons succeeded to the crown one after another, neither of them having been blessed with male heirs, and all having left daughters, who were, of course, excluded from the succession by the ancient Salic law. The death of the youngest of the brothers, Charles, left the throne open to Philip of Valois, nephew of Philip the Fair, a wise, politic, and liberal prince.

Through his mother Isabella, Edward the Third sought to establish his right to the French crown. A more preposterous claim could not have been conceived: for if the Salic law operated to exclude as well females as their heirs, his defective title was obvious; but if, as he was fain to argue, the male heirs of females could inherit, though the female ancestor could not, he was quite as unfortunate, for a grandson of Louis Hutin, Isabella's oldest brother, through his daughter, was living in the person of the fearless Charles of Navarre. It is evident, from the fallacy of every possible theory which Edward could

advance, that he sought merely a pretext for involving France and England in war. It is not to be imagined that he hoped to convince either the Pope, the French people, or his own court, by sophistries so palpably ridiculous. It is rather to be believed that he desired merely a nominal excuse. But Edward, although ambitious, and at times headlong in his action, was possessed of a spirit which, when a great end was to be sought, was capable of self-control. His caution was, throughout his career, the master of his impulses. Summoned, at the very time when his mind was educating itself for the grand stroke, to do homage for Guienne as the vassal of France, his prudence turned the sharp edge of his pride and his ambition, and he yielded to the call. Opportunity, with an astute warrior, is half the victory. Events, favorable to Edward beyond his hopes, shortly came, which opened for him the proper chance. They arose from those detestable feuds from which no nation was in that age ever safe, even amid the delusive quiet of apparent harmony and union.

Robert, Count of Artois, a brave and popular scion of the royal house of Valois, having incurred the ill-will of Philip by a series of offences, was banished from France. He had been a powerful means by which Philip had risen peaceably to the throne. This nobleman brought his woes to the court of Edward the Third. By diverse arguments, readily accepted by a willing ear, he sought to persuade Edward to assert by military force his visionary right to the French crown. Meanwhile the malcontent barons of France were already plotting and counter-plotting, arming and organizing their vassals, withdrawing from the capital, holding conferences with the Rhine

princes, and sending messages to the arch-conspirator, Artois, at London.

Disaffection had begun to sow its bitter seed broadcast; the depravity of mankind was a soil in which that seed flourished to a rank luxuriance. The end may be readily conjectured. Edward sent forth his embassies to ascertain who could and who could not be relied upon. Out of a series of negotiations arose a coalition composed of the free cities and duchies of Flanders, the Rhenish vassals of the Empire, the disaffected nobles of France, and made complete by the eager coöperation of the ablest of kings, backed by the most energetic and civilized of peoples. Edward, to conciliate the Flemish vassals of Philip, assumed the escutcheon of the fleurs-de-lis; to humor his German allies, he became the titular Vicar of the Empire. Thus he started out on his first French campaign; thus he brought into existence the third great feature of that martial spirit whose growth we have noticed—ultramarine conquest. At this point of history begins that long series of mutual animosities between England and France which has never since waned. Here, too, in a wider view, begin the endless complications of England in Continental politics, and her inevitable interest in Continental war and diplomacy.

Various was the fortune of Edward in his French wars, holding good analogy with his previous conflicts with the Scotch. His first campaign was a miserable failure. He persevered; he was blessed with the Black Prince for a son; Crecy and Poitiers followed on his perseverance and the valor of his heir. Fiercely and relentlessly those conflicts raged; thousands of brave knights and loyal spirits perished

year by year, by starvation, by sickness, by the sword, by the gibbet. Strangely and suddenly alliances were formed ; as strangely and suddenly their elements broke and came together in new combinations. Now the banner of St. George floated triumphantly over all northern France, now Philip was hardly safe behind the parapets of Paris, now John was led captive to England ; anon the English hosts were hurled back to the coast, and Edward barely escaped the broad chance of capture and death. It is the old story of martial vicissitude : nothing important gained or lost on either side, except terrible loss in men and resource. There is no reason to suppose that Edward, with all his ability and all his chances, would have succeeded nearly as far as he did, had not the intestine embroilments in France rendered all harmonious action and unity of purpose impossible. What we have seen was the state of England under Henry the Third and Edward the Second, seems to have been the state of France at the time of the English invasions. The great feudal vassals, many of them lords of duchies and kingdoms, and far from Paris, disregarded the controlling centre at the capital. At one time the Count of Montfort, at another Charles of Navarre, at another Marcel, Mayor of Paris, became the chiefs of formidable parties, and the strength of their adherents rivalled throughout France that of the loyal party. Three successive kings came to the throne and passed away amid these distressing and cruel animosities. When Edward the Third died, the Black Prince having preceded him by a little to the grave, the position of the two nations was ostensibly similar to that in which they had stood when he ascended the throne. The

possessions of England on the Continent continued to be confined to northern France; the French King still ruled with unquestioned authority the great fiefs which had been the inheritance of his grandfather.

But we shall see, when we come to our especial subject, that the precedent set by Edward was followed with far different results after the lapse of half a century. No longer were English kings content to domineer over the hereditary chieftains of Wales, to make raids among the stubborn clans of the north, or to employ themselves in settling the disputes and restraining the turbulence of their barons. Crecy and Poitiers were fatal to the repose of their royal minds. Those victories seemed to prove the superior endurance, valor, and skill of English warriors. At Crecy, Edward, with twenty-five thousand men, had vanquished Philip at the head of near one hundred thousand; at Poitiers, the Black Prince, with ten thousand, had scattered an army of over sixty thousand, and captured the person of the French King, John. On both occasions the remnant of a retreating host had turned at bay upon exultant pursuers, and the pride of numbers had vanished before a stubborn and desperate defence. Well might the proud kings of those rude centuries be flattered by such a record; well might they encourage visions of a future career pregnant with glory and dominion. It is not surprising that the descendant of a monarch who had exhibited in the streets of London, at the same time, two captive sovereigns,* should imagine that he might in time rise to the sceptre of both, and beget the line of their successors.

* Kings John of France and David of Scotland.

RICHARD THE SECOND, son of Edward the Black Prince, came to the throne as the successor of his grandfather, at the age of sixteen. The French wars for the time were over; and as the King of one country was an easy, indolent, and unenterprising man, and the King of the other a mere boy, animosities were not actively renewed.

John of Gaunt, whom we shall notice more particularly as the head of the family whence came the Lancasters, the second son of Edward, and therefore uncle to the King, had married the daughter of the King of Castile; and in the early part of Richard's reign the warlike spirit of the time was vented in an effort to vindicate his right to that Spanish fief. A source of discomfort to the Crown was the rebellion of Wat Tyler, which reached the importance of opposing a force of one hundred thousand men to the authority of the government. The apt spirit and presence of mind displayed by Richard alone preserved London and restored quiet.

The Scotch began once more to show indications of revolt. The French, shaking off their inactivity, threatened invasion. Amid such fast-gathering troubles the true character of Richard began to develop. He showed himself to be weak in judgment, totally devoid of administrative capacity, easily diverted from State affairs, deplorably open to the approach of parasites, indolent in the extreme. Gloucester, his youngest uncle, full of ambitious projects, and a favorite with nobles and people, used every artifice to get the power into his own hands. Richard, distrustful of his kinsmen and counsellors, sought consolation in the society of favorites, and was impatient of the presence of the great nobles at his court. Therefore, what had

happened in the time of Edward the Second was now repeated. Nobles combined on one side; the King, clinging to his favorites, bid defiance on the other. It was the old struggle in one of its many forms—in truth, feudalism against power at a focus. But the time had come when the barons were no longer irresistible—when the personal character of the King turned the balance. If he was competent to stand to his rights, he was the stronger party. His individual weakness alone stood in the way of his triumph. The King proved wanting; the confederated nobles found themselves in possession of the power. De la Pole, the Chancellor, a favorite, was degraded; Parliament was dictated to by the conspirators; the King found himself superseded; the Gloucester faction set up an oligarchy of twelve, who ruled in his stead. Impeachments and executions, of course, followed fast on such an usurpation; men of the highest rank and most venerable reputation were deposed, stripped of property, banished, beheaded, because they remained loyal to the Crown. Before a year had passed, however, a gleam of spirit appeared in the movements of the insulted King, and he seems to have taken cautious and judicious steps toward recovering his rights. After gradually removing ministers appointed by the cabal of princes, and acquiring enough authority to make some show of power, he was considerate enough of his own interest to affect reconciliation with the conspirators, and to gain popularity from the lower orders by some well-timed concessions. The only prince of the blood royal who was not double-dyed in the crime of high treason was the gallant Lancaster, *soi-disant* King of Castile; and he, having returned from his Quixotic sally in quest of royalty,

imparted, by his counsel and defence, a new purpose to the King to maintain his sovereignty. Soon after its resumption, the two easy-minded monarchs of France and England, having little taste for war, but inclined rather to the luxury and pleasures of peace, concluded a truce which was to last a quarter of a century.

But poor Richard had little peace, notwithstanding. Two obstacles were fatal to his desire for a tranquil reign. One was himself; the other was his restless, daring, and heartless uncle of Gloucester. The King gave himself up to idle and useless amusements; squandered on foolish superfluities the royal revenue; yielded his affections to unworthy and low-born favorites; was undignified in his familiarity with the populace, and turned his back on the serious duties of his office. Gloucester was ever watchful, ever scheming, ever conscienceless, ever secret. His ambition trained him to every art by which to achieve his end. Nothing turned his eyes from the fixed object of his aim. Able, and conscious of ability, he cunningly abided his time, meantime never resting, but turning events to his own account. The contrast of character foreshadowed the events which followed. While the thoughtless Richard pursued his round of frivolous indulgence, Gloucester was interpreting him to the nation after his own ideas; men were being taught to distrust the truce; soldiers were being made impatient for conflict; nobles were being assured of greater honor and greater influence; everybody was being persuaded that under Richard the glories of England were fading away, but, under Gloucester, would be surpassed by other and nobler achievements. To what height the Duke carried his

projects in his own fancy, it is not possible to say; certain it is that he sought to degrade Richard from the throne. Discovered in his conspiracies by the true friends of the King, he was arrested, and transported to the confinement of a prison at Calais; and there he was probably assassinated. A report of his death by apoplexy was circulated through England.

Once more, rather by the timely aid of well-wishers than by his own merit, the King ruled over his people in safety. Parliament was obsequious and obedient, favorite ministers were retained in office, and tranquillity was apparently restored. But hardly had one conspirator been done away with, than the hydra-headed genius of faction yielded other champions equally dangerous, and, as the issue proved, more successful. But as we now approach events which have a more intimate bearing upon our immediate theme, it is necessary to defer to another chapter an account of the melancholy, but to a great degree self-imposed, sequel of King Richard's reign.

We have related enough to make it apparent that he was a victim of his own weakness and the wickedness of others; and that, while the phase of military passion which developed itself in foreign invasion was comparatively dormant in his career, the other phase, internal strife, rose for the time as the controlling fact.

We have, with necessary brevity, taken a glance at the vicissitudes of the throne between the time of the last Crusades and the accession of the Lancastrian dynasty, for the purpose of setting forth especially the train of events which prepared England for the remarkable transactions with which the career of that royal house is full. Simple and natural are the

causes which produced the interesting sequences which it will be our duty to narrate. The great controlling power of action was constantly, through all these generations, that spirit of military ambition which we have before remarked. It was the resort of feudalism when there was external peace or a weak king; it was the instrument of the sovereign when he sought to lessen feudal power, and to divert to national glory what had always been the cause of national degradation—the rivalry between authority divided among many and authority proceeding from a centre. If we were to look forward to a century after the death of Henry the Fifth, we should find feudalism prostrate, and a race of able and vigorous sovereigns asserting with marvellous success a single source of government—that source the Crown. Through the centuries we have been regarding, that greatest transition of modern history was working its way to a distant culmination, with a slow and hardly perceptible pace, yet by a progress in the main organic and uniform. The power of feudalism was yielding; political power was drawing to a focus. The principles of chivalry were receding; statecraft was the crescent promise of the future. Apparently each was suffering the ups and downs of chance supremacy and chance weakness; apparently neither made a permanent foothold on the future. The barons were not foresighted enough to guard against forces which operated obscurely, whose bearing was toward a distant point, which did not interfere as yet with their means of ascendancy. The sovereign, equally obscure in prophetic vision, failed to encourage those silent and but little perceptible elements which were finally attracted by inevitable

events to the side of the throne, and became allies perfectly irresistible in the final crisis. Meantime the ordinary vices of a rude society, united to the ordinary vices of rank and wealth, retarded the change which was working, and postponed it till a time arrived when all circumstances were ripe for it. With its consummation we have nothing to do; but, being thrown by our subject in the midst of the chaotic and transition period, it is necessary to understand the hidden currents while considering the ostensible events.

In the constant struggle between monarch and barons, the barons had the advantage of precedent, of the remoteness and rudeness of human settlements, of consequent intimate relations with the lower orders, of all previous ideas. The King had on his side the advantage which time was ever strengthening—the natural tendency of society toward union, civilization, and interchange of trade and opinion. He had, besides, the advantage, in a general conflict, of the support of one faction of nobles who sought the destruction of another. Of course, as society became more and more cultivated, as the public mind became more conscious of the true position of affairs, monarchy loomed up, feudalism waned. Society has never stood still; its tendency, on a large scale, has been uniformly forward. Up to a certain point, therefore, and for the accomplishment of a certain stage of civilization, the principle of monarchy grew, overcame, became dominant. As the first great medium of union and social improvement, it took its place at the right time, and did its work in the march of humanity. It accomplished a momentous purpose.

During all this time the military system was

changing, receiving suggestions and improvements from actual experience, and modifying itself to the successive calls for its display. The old codes of chivalry, which had suited very well for the Crusades, began to be obsolete, although their principal features still controlled the movements of armies and the policy of wars. The vast inconsistencies with which those codes were enveloped still successfully opposed themselves to natural reason. The unequal justice which they dealt out remained to make the *dénouement* of every battle a scene of cruelty, revenge, and causeless crime, grotesquely commingled with generosity, self-sacrifice, and zealous respect for the gentler sex. The treasons they encouraged, the strange vows they imposed, the religious hypocrisy they made necessary, the jesuitical means they enjoined, still animated all classes in the career of the Lancasters.

But however much we may deprecate the arbitrary injustice with which chivalry was enveloped, it is impossible to withhold from the permanent virtues of that system our respect. In the march of ages its coarser features either totally disappeared, or were transformed into positive good. Its codes of honor were purged, by the process of a constantly growing civilization, of all that could harden the heart and foster ill sentiment, while yet they retained a spirit which emerged with honorable lustre from its crowd of contradictions. The age in which the splendid and romantic pomp of chivalry provoked ambitious rivalry passed gradually away, and took its place in tradition and history. The embattled tower no longer resounded to the clarion blast of the herald, or to the clattering onset of rival hosts. The knightly champion ceased to issue forth from the turreted bas-

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tion with graceful plume and burnished corslet, and gilded banner and emblazoned shield; but the spirit of honor, which made his valorous breast to heave with proud and passionate emotion, survived his age, and has descended to us of the present. And it will last through every war of word or sword, in spite of martyrdom and factious tumult, in ages of peace and prosperity, proof against false and levelling philosophies, unchanged by every metamorphosis of human progress; and its noble genius will be, as it has been in the past, reflected in honorable deed and unselfish sacrifice. It cannot pass away while man sets a value upon his good name—while there exists a sympathy for distress and helplessness—while the heart feels zeal to suppress wrong, and turns its indignation against oppression. Indeed, the best principles of chivalry cheer the path of an honorable man; they are the protectors of all misfortune; they rekindle dying hope; they are the merciful arbiters of human contention; above all, they are the steadfast allies of the Christian hosts, as they were in the days of old, when Jerusalem was to be reclaimed and infidels were to be expelled from the Sacred Land.

The good effects of these principles are, in truth, almost the only valuable inheritance which the middle ages left to future generations; they are the one bright page in that dark and mournful history; and even they are hardly discernible amid the confused mass of evil with which they were enveloped. Civilization has been the purging process; and thus Providence has ordained that, out of a rude and ignorant era, we have derived elements which have aided and supported an enlightenment which shrinks from its grosser features.

That dawning power which we have said was in the end to ally itself to the Crown, and perfect the downfall of feudalism, is now represented by the third estate of the British Constitution—the lower House of Parliament. Unnoticed and unfearred, the earliest struggles of the popular idea were permitted to proceed without molestation—despised, consented to, and forgotten. The other estates now acknowledge its predominant power; it bends both to its will; it may save or annihilate either or both in a day. It is essentially the post-monarchical development.

The Commons gradually approached, caught up with and joined, and then strode by the throne; and the three stages of English history have been feudalism, monarchy, a popular constitution.

That period in which we are thrown displays the first distinct, regular effort of the people to be heard; the election of Henry of Lancaster by Parliament was its first distinct triumph. In that era they had found the right spring to touch; by the instrument of *financial power* they extorted concession.

This House of Commons, now the just terrifier of tyrants, had its origin in the necessities of an usurper; its very birth was illegitimate. Montfort of Leicester, who ruled by force in 1265, in place of Henry the Third, was especially strong in the esteem of the lower classes. He conceived the idea of concentrating that strength by its organized exhibition in the legislature. Besides, then, the barons, bishops, and abbots, he summoned two knights of good birth from each county, erected and enfranchised the boroughs, and from them he caused to be sent those who should represent the middle and lower class of the community.

It is clear, from his character, that he neither knew nor cared what a revolution he was stirring up. Thus the passing necessity of a tyrant grew to be the permanent civilizer of the State. It gradually became a matter of habit with the sovereign to summon, at the same time with his barons and prelates, representatives of the commonalty; at first giving them but feeble voice in the conduct of affairs, but yielding more and more to their influence as the necessity of obtaining supplies at their instance became more imperative. It was to them that malcontent factions looked for support in treasons against the Crown; it was to them that the King appealed when driven from his hereditary power. Already, in that benighted age, the Commons began to act as the balance between opposing forces. But no thought was yet had of admitting commoners to the councils of State; the great offices, the military commands, the lord lieutenancies were still filled by the ancient aristocracy—occasionally, at wide intervals, by low-born favorites of royalty.

Edward the First, so complete was his dominion, had but little use for organized popular approval. Edward the Second was too contemptible to obtain it, and vastly too foolish to seek it.

In the time of the third Edward, Parliament came to be distinctly composed of three bodies—the nobles and ecclesiastics, the knights of the shires, and the burgesses. The two latter subsequently became united; but at present the electors of the people were too weak to assert an equality with the gentry. On the King's return from his deplorable failure in his first attempt to conquer the French, he found his funds low, his people dispirited, his army meagre and ill-

provided, and his good name dimmed. Some remedy must be had for such a state of things; for he must not only retrieve his position as sovereign, but prosecute with renewed energy his foreign projects. His mind evidently hit upon the only possible course to pursue. The barons were as poor as himself; the lower estate must be courted. Then came unusual concessions, the royal consent to greater liberty, and a dignified stand made by the Commons. It was a mutual bargain, to which the King was reduced by his necessities, and into which the Commons entered to increase their voice in the State. The King wanted men and money; the Commons granted them. The Commons demanded conditions; the King yielded to them.

Afterwards, in the same reign, the Commons showed their spirit by joining the Peers for the purpose of restraining the height to which royal power was attaining. They insisted on a reaffirmation of the *Magna Charta* by the King and his whole household. They demanded that peers should be tried by their own order for public offences. They even required that the King should only appoint ministers duly approved by the council and the barons. Then, having received the royal assent to these presumptuous measures, they granted him large supplies. But as yet the young strength of the Commons was not well seasoned for a long strain, and the association with the barons could not be cordial enough to continue; so when the wily Edward had secured the supplies, he protested against the late law, declared it not binding, and, trusting to the divisions of his Parliament, coolly disregarded every item of the

treaty. After two years of tacit acquiescence, Parliament, at his request, repealed the law.

Although Leicester may be justly called the founder of the House of Commons, it was in the reign of Edward the Third that it approached to system and regular action. His warlike enterprise and unceasing activity in every department of State affairs compelled him to seek unusual supplies and unusual support. These were only to be gained by persuasive and reciprocal methods; they were not to be forced. He was therefore absolutely driven to grant popular liberties, to court popular leaders, to further popular justice. Perhaps he would have been even more willing than he was to take that course, had he foreseen that this infant power was in time to become a Hercules standing before the throne to save it. Such was the authority which the Commons obtained under him, that ministers of the Crown were impeached, his mistress was banished by their order, and they made efforts, attended with some success, toward regulating the elections to their chamber.

The death of Edward the Third, and the succession of a mere child, gave the new estate an apt occasion for exerting their recently-conceded authority; and they were not slow to seize it. That they exercised it with temper and caution indicates that they were fortunate in the leadership of wise men. At so critical a moment, the advantage of moderation was incalculable.

For the first time, they were left free to choose a Speaker; and their choice of De la Mare, a bold and outspoken, no less than sagacious and incorruptible man, displayed their intention to assert a power, yet to assert it without arrogance. Having taken this

step, they refrained from a participation in the choice of the regency, and, by a petition to the Peers, gave into their hands the undisturbed discretion of settling the government and instituting guardianship over the King's person. But, the regency once established, the Commons took another step forward. They remonstrated against the treasonable combinations of the barons for the purpose of using illegal powers. They urged that the officers of State should be named by Parliament during the minority, in which they should have a voice.

Upon their dissolution, they declared the necessity of their being summoned annually, and appointed two treasurers of the fund they had voted for the King's use. Subsequent Parliaments displayed an equally worthy spirit of independence, and more and more, as the years went by, added to their influence as a power in the State.

Of course, during this process of growing popular authority, the usual disorders which attend the transitions of nations from less to greater freedom became prevalent. Hence we read of riots and seditious orators, rude philosophers proclaiming the equality of man, arrant demagogues inciting the vulgar to overthrow the monarchy, foolish resistance to stringent laws, robberies, murders, and arsons. These are, at least, evidences that the lower classes began to consider themselves as of increasing importance, and that the ball which had been set in motion would now with infinite difficulty be checked.

This was the position of the lower House at the period of the usurpation of Henry of Lancaster. They had come to be recognized as a formidable element in the State; inferior, indeed, to the barons,

but possessing, through their financial power, a restraint upon the license of royal encroachment, and, through their concordance with the Crown, a restraint upon the presumption of the Peers.

Having now viewed the military spirit of the centuries which immediately preceded the Lancastrian line, and having shown what forces were in progress toward a broader civil system, it is fitting to revert briefly to a subject which has an important and vivid interest in regarding the acts of that dynasty.

The Church had, for centuries before the reign of Richard the Second, met with no greater calamities in their English supremacy than an occasional quarrel with the sovereign, short-lived contests with the barons, and a temporary alienation of lands and convents. The tenets of their faith had continued undoubted; their edicts had met, if not with approval, at least with systematic obedience; their supremacy, even over the temporal affairs of the people, was vast, and hardly disputed; the treasuries of their cathedrals, monasteries, and prelates overflowed with gold, while their lands embraced the most lovely, fertile, and prolific spots on the island. They were masters of a system which controlled alike the passions, the interests, the pleasures, and the sentiments of the people; and were in possession of the most coveted privileges—of wealth unbounded, of power irresistible, of rank unsurpassed. The Roman Pontiff had assumed authority of a most arrogant and overbearing nature—appointing and annulling without regard to the temporal power, confiscating land, and showing himself in every manner an absolute despot. Throughout Christendom, his clergy were the willing and even eager ministers of his rapacity and ambition. Out of so

extensive and so absolute a dominance, grew naturally avarice, and the corrupt satellites which follow in its wake. Every thing began to be bought and sold—benefices, pardons, excommunications, the execution of the law or its avoidance, high ranks, the degradation of kings and nobles, the murder of peasants, the overthrow and exaltation of politics. After a little, the Pope began to cheat the English priests, and the English priests to hide their gains from the Pope: so we find in the thirteenth century that his Holiness, distrusting and hating the native clergy, poured into England, with the king's sanction, a multitude of Italians, who swallowed up the preferments, and, little heeding the complaints of their parishes, monopolized the worldly comforts of the country. Against such an intrusion the hatred of the people began to boil up and vent itself. It became unsafe for these Italians to go abroad from their houses. They awoke in the night to find their barns in flames, their cattle scattered, their thick crops plundered. It was with trembling that they attempted, at indecently long intervals, to perform the sacred rites of their office. It happened to be in the time of a weak and superstitious king, who clung to the Pope's crosier as his best defence, alike from the attacks of English priests and from those of English subjects. Here then were King and Pope against people and priesthood; but the abuse became too atrocious; the King tried to resist the Pope, the Pope threatened extreme penalties, and vacillation, confusion, and concession marked every step in the conflict. At the end the triple crown still issued fulminations, plundered the treasures, trampled on public and private rights, and debased the dynasty. Every crime sullied the acts of the successors of

the apostles: no tyranny was too cruel or graceless for the representative of Him who proclaimed "peace on earth, good will to men." But up to the time of Richard the Second no cardinal doctrine was impeached; the spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope was everywhere conceded; his power of extreme penalties remained intact; even temporal authority over potentates was acknowledged. The Church, on the whole, had continued irresistible. But the grand assault did not come gradually and with premonition, neither did it cease at the outer wall.

There arose a man of piety, of courage, and of learning; one intrusted with the dignity of professorship at Oxford; one everywhere recognized as able in intellect and blameless in private life. To the mind of JOHN WICKLIFFE the gross abuses of Papacy came with vividness and startling appeal; his conscience and his zeal armed him for a terribly uneven conflict. It was in his single thought that the reformation was born in England. He began with the abuses of acknowledged power, content as yet to leave unmolested that power itself. He inveighed against practices which were declared crimes by the tenets of the Church, and opened his pregnant career by arraigning the priesthood with charges of theft, bribery, and neglect of duty. Growing bolder as he found his efforts received by many with favor, and not being without protectors among malcontents of noble birth, he at length openly attacked the cardinal articles of church faith and church discipline. He denied the transubstantiation of the Body and Blood in the mass. He pronounced excommunication lawful only when prompted by religious justice, and not at the caprice and jealousy of the priesthood. He defended

the right of the civil power to appropriate the lands of the delinquent clergy, and went so far as to oppose their occupancy of temporal estates at all. He denounced indulgences, the worship of images, pilgrimages, and monasterial corporations. The Pope, he said, had no power to declare rules of faith; was by no means infallible; had but a limited authority; was powerless in foreign states; in fact, was nothing more than the local Bishop of Rome.

In two doctrines, he went even beyond those who began the German reformation: he doubted the special efficacy of prayers, and he held marriage not only to be permitted to, but obligatory upon, the clergy. The consternation of the hierarchy may be imagined, when Wickliffe translated the Bible, scattered the grateful harbinger abroad among the people, and absolutely attracted to his own theories nearly one-half the population of the realm; when John of Gaunt, the most moderate and popular of the princes of the blood royal, and Percy of Northumberland, hereditary Earl Marshal, and the most powerful of the subject nobles, defended, encouraged, and protected the reformer; when such new and startling doctrines spread, as fire over a prairie, throughout their enslaved dominion. The relaxation of the feudal system, the honor and influence conceded to men of learning, the constantly growing enterprise of the community, added to the constant disputes yearly recurring between the Courts of London and the Vatican, had prepared the way for this sudden and wonderful change.

The Primate was prompt in his attempts to quell such glaring heresy in its inception; but all the prestige of long settled power failed to avail against

the natural promptings of the popular reason. Wickliffe was expelled from Oxford, examined before prelatical councils, imprisoned, persecuted in his property and person, and harassed by every device which the fertile brains of a crafty priesthood could invent. Nevertheless he escaped the greatest pains of their vengeance, and, after a life of unceasing turmoil and trouble, died in old age in Leicestershire. It is a striking fact, that throughout Wickliffe's career, the lower House of Parliament was in a manner favorably disposed toward him, and was the frequent means of averting the extremities to which the clergy would reduce him. While the King and most of the nobility seemed to acquiesce in, and in many cases to urge vehemently those punishments which were proposed by the prelates, the Commons acted as the conservators of judicial order, and the guardians of free opinion. Not indeed flatly and boldly so, but as far as they could with prudence and without danger to their own safety. After the death of the great reformer, his followers went on increasing in number and power, defying boldly the rage of the prelates, holding large meetings in obscure places, and advancing every year some new dogmas in opposition to those which had once been the common belief of all. They began to question the uses of confession, and the efficacy of priestly absolution. The reverence and worship accorded to saints were reprovèd; they refused to keep saints' days, to seek their intercession, or to kneel before their altars. The use of images, as well the host as statues and pictures, they came to regard as idolatrous. They denied the peculiar sacredness of church dignities. They even went so far as to denounce the use of oaths. It cannot be

denied that the Lollards, who were the heretical generation which followed after Wickliffe, did not confine their attacks to church doctrines and their abuse. There was, mixed up with religious zeal, a tendency to defy and resist the civil power. Of course, in such a revolution of ideas, occurring during the very period of growing popular power in Parliament, there was a vast deal of haranguing about equality, the rights of the people, the vanity and tyranny of kings, and the overbearing insolence of nobles. Those who rose against the Church were apt to be allied with those who threatened the throne, and were fain to indulge in treasons, while asserting the rights of conscience. Therefore, in the disorders which began to be oft-repeated as well as formidable toward the close of Richard's reign, were detected many Lollards; and in the covert meetings held for the purpose of listening to heretical orators, were found also those men who strove to degrade beneath the feet of the people every existing principle of the government.

The religious fury of the enthusiasts raged more fiercely every week; and finally, they declared the sacraments to be blasphemies, purgatory and penance fatal lies, the Church the synagogue of Satan, the Sabbath a Jewish ordinance, and that for priests not to marry was a most damnable sin! The Church and the King, united against malcontents composed of parties who were the enemies of both, and united for the destruction of both, succeeded in suppressing the outbreaks which were become so frequent and annoying; and the peace of the kingdom was to a degree restored. But the fire, smothered, still burned, and anon broke forth with full vigor; ideas holding the

essence of truth do not pass back to complete oblivion; and in the succeeding reigns the opposing forces again met, and power built on superstition again triumphed over the infant cause of religious revolution.

But no sooner had a temporary restraint been put upon this first great calamity of the Church in England, than another misfortune, not indeed so portentous, yet breeding a host of troubles, arose to divide and distract her throughout Christendom. Gregory the Eleventh died, and left the succession to the tiara to be contested for by the Italian cardinals on the one side, and the French cardinals on the other. The latter predominated in the holy college; but the election being held in Rome, they were driven by menace, and under the duress of a rabble, to give their votes for the Italian aspirant, who received the tiara with the title of Urban the Sixth. Having, however, escaped the local duress to which they had been subjected at the Papal capital, the Frenchmen proceeded to protest against the election, to declare it illegal, and to choose Count Robert of Geneva Pontiff, who set up sacred state at Avignon, and called himself Clement the Seventh. On the one side, Urban claimed to be elected at the proper time, place, and manner, and by a majority of the electors; on the other, Clement urged that an election procured by force was void, and that when a majority of the college could choose freely and fairly, they had designated him. Instantly the line of division ran through the Christian nations, and Europe was found to be well balanced between two Popes. Each nation of course sided where their own policy dictated, and France being schismatic, England stood for him who presided at St. Peter's. We find the Church, there-

fore, at the accession of Henry the Fourth, struggling with two great difficulties: a heresy subdued, but not exterminated; a schism open, bitter, and in its extent universal. Yet she was so far a great power, that kings found their best interests in courting her favor, and that to degrade her enemies was to exalt their own dominion.

The march of the laws of the realm, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, was in general rapid, and uniformly in a forward direction. Occasionally they were for a little retrograde, in consequence sometimes of wars and civil dissension, oftener of weak or despotic kings, and the all-absorbing tyranny of ecclesiastics. But it seems right to venerate the first Edward as the Justinian of England; for no sovereign, before or since, has been so solicitous for the institution of good laws, the due execution of justice, and the stability of the constitutional fabric. No one saw more clearly the injustice of baronial influence, and no one more successfully forwarded the downfall of feudalism. The barons were compelled to exhibit greater leniency to their vassals; to secure to them the rights of trial and protection; to use moderation in their claims for service and rent pay, and to require of them only those services which their relations justified.

Edward paid personal attention to his judges and sheriffs, looking to it that they were prompt and just in duty, and that they were empowered to execute their judgments by a sufficient force. So formidable had become the crimes of murder, robbery, and kindred evils, that in the plenitude of his administration he erected an absolute commission, who should summarily try and punish offenders of that nature. The

debasement of money was provided for by a prosecution of usurers which looked much like the persecution of a sect. The revenue of the Crown was systematized, and although Edward managed to obtain a greater than usual, he kept within the limits of conceded authority in its procurement. The jurisdiction of the various tribunals was settled; the office of justice of the peace created; suits for the recovery of debts, and for the preservation of private rights, instituted; the overbearing influence of the council in the judicial process restrained; the provisions of the Great Charter favorable to the lower classes impressed and enforced.

Edward did not confine his attacks to the barons; he struck many a sturdy blow at the temporal power of the Church. The great statute of Mortmain was the product of his effort, whereby no lands could pass to the clergy which should afterwards be unalienable. And the Pope found himself matched against a man of iron, when he strove to nominate to vacant dignities.

Indeed, this suddenly but securely erected fabric of the common law, which drew order and subordination from a chaotic disregard of civil authority, remained with but little modification down to the time and through the reigns of the Lancasters. Its founder was by no means a patron of freedom; his oppressions of the people were sore and frequent; his will was incorrigible: but he used tyranny with the honest desire of promoting the public good; he was ambitious to secure stability, to give his subjects a sense of protection by the equity and permanency of law, and to rear as his own monument a constitution which should live beyond the ephemeral distractions of his

age. Thus, outliving the effects of all the violent events of those centuries, remains to-day the system of Edward the Great, having received in its progress the accumulations of a constantly growing experience, yet in its essence the same which received its genius at his hands, raised by the almost silent, yet careful skill of the noble monarch, and taking its place as a noiseless and potent element in the transition of society.

We have now reviewed the more obtrusive elements which gave tone to the English monarchy at the time when Henry Bolingbroke, by the un heard of fiat of the popular will, overturned the rightful succession, and founded in his own person a new, powerful, and vigorous line of kings. We have observed the various courses which the military spirit, brought to system during the Crusades, took, after the Crusades ceased to elicit and guide it; how it developed in three forms, proceeding from the confined arena of local war to the pursuit of contiguous conquest; then, as it became more confident and more enduring, launching forth into the presumptuous ambition of foreign subjugation. We have remarked the continued vitality, resulting from these several phases, which rooted in the public mind the genius of chivalry. Having established the fact that this military spirit was without doubt the controlling and predominant feature of those times, we have seen that the grand movement in the direction of a novel system had commenced, was progressing, and was quietly approaching the consummation, by the modest origin and unheeded growth of the House of Commons; that, though apparently as often antagonistic as allied to the interests of the Crown, the influence of popular

opinion was on the whole combining with it to overthrow feudalism. We have found ourselves in the midst of that transition; and we shall be able to discern, as we proceed, that under a new and revolutionary dynasty, it kept its course almost without interruption, certainly without permanent retardation. Thence turning to the state of that potent and wonderful hierarchy the Papal Church—potent by reason of its superstitions, prestige, and wealth; and wonderful in the universality and completeness of its sway—we ascertain that at the time we have reached, though crippled by the double incubus of an unconquered heresy and a general and bitter schism, it is still the refuge of kings, the dictator of religious sentiment, and the arbiter of equal powers. We have seen that the common law, which at present holds its sway alike in England and America, was placed upon its broad foundation in the reign of Edward the Great, and was refining and completing the constitution in the era at which we have paused.

Commerce had increased despite the commotions of the times, and the ideas of political economy were becoming more definite and practical. Manufactures, more especially of woollen textures, were beginning to flourish, and to compete with soil profit. Many improvements in the art of war were naturally invented; among which the most important, perhaps, was that of artillery, used for the first time among English soldiers by Edward the Third, at the memorable battle of Crecy. Among the nobles, the arts of hospitality and the interchange of courtesies and visits had become far more frequent than in ancient times; and the Order of the Garter, a distinction which has down to this day been an object of ardent ambition

to the most illustrious generals and statesmen of England, was founded in 1349 by Edward the Third. That King did a worthier thing when he limited the definition of treason, before uncertain, to distinct heads.

The English language, having been in process of formation ever since the mixture of races, had now become the recognized medium for the expression of thought, and had so far prevailed, that the use of French, even in the proceedings of courts, had ceased. The universities had only in the later reigns assumed a regular and systematic discipline, and become the recognized rendezvous of the religious and literary aristocracy. Chaucer and Gower, the fathers of English poetry, and Mandeville, the father of English prose, had already given fair promise of a noble literature.

Having thus noticed the general position of England up to the reign of Richard the Second, it is proper to proceed to those events which directly led to the usurpation of the Red Rose; which opened upon England the most dreadful of her civil wars, and the most splendid of her military triumphs; which gave her three kings, who, whatever their faults and crimes, have illumined that portion of her history with a heroism, ability, and chivalrous achievement, not surpassed by the age of Edward the Third, nor equalled by any later age.

CHAPTER I.

*"His mien is lofty, his demeanor great;
Nor sprightly folly wantons in his air,
Nor dull serenity becalms his eyes."*

JOHN OF GAUNT, DUKE OF LANCASTER.

KING EDWARD THE THIRD had five sons and four daughters. Edward, his oldest son, famous under the chivalric title of the Black Prince, died of consumption just before his father left the crown open to a successor. The prince had rivalled the King his father, both in military renown and in the affection of the people. A peculiar charm lies around the Black Prince's history—a charm heightened by the manifold excellence of his character. He was not more conspicuous for his valor and coolness in battle, than for the benevolence of his heart and the sweetness of his temper. He was generous. He was quick to feel for misfortune. He was moderate and just. He shunned temptation, and was upright in his morals. Few names descend to us in the history of that dark era, around which group so many virtues, whose lustre is tarnished by faults so few and trifling. In him were exemplified the more exalted qualities of chivalry, while in his great soul the grosser elements found no place. War failed to harden his heart to the impulses of a noble nature; neither did it make him

arrogant and impatient of opposition. The blandishments of a regal court did not enervate him, or weaken the prompt and persevering tone of his mind. In a semi-barbarous age he was considerate, humane, and temperate. He was a Plantagenet, and yet looked lovingly upon the people whom he thought himself destined to rule.

Of the second son of King Edward, Lionel Duke of Clarence, but few memorials worthy of record remain. He was twice married, but died in early manhood. His first wife was the daughter of Lord Ulster; his second, the daughter of the Duke of Milan. It was during the honeymoon of his second marriage, which was being spent in Italy, that the young prince died. By his first wife, Elizabeth de Burgh of Ulster, he had a daughter, whose son, afterward Earl of Marche, became the heir to the throne expectant on the death of Richard. Clarence gave promise of those characteristics which made his brother Edward and his father illustrious.

The third son was JOHN OF GAUNT, DUKE OF LANCASTER, of whom it is our purpose to speak at length, as the head of the afterward royal house of Lancaster.

Edmund, known both as Earl of Cambridge and as Duke of York, was Edward's fourth son. He was a prince of mild disposition, possessing a dislike of care, and traits rather negative than either good or vicious. He was ill suited to the turbulent times in which he lived, and he was rather fitted for the condition of a private gentleman, than for the contests of faction and the intrigue of courts and camps. He neither manifested the capacity of the Black Prince, nor the ambition of his brothers

John and Thomas. His part in the history of the times was almost a passive one, in which he was made the tool of the restless schemes which occupied the more energetic princes of his family.

The youngest brother, however, made his mark in the events which crowded the romantic drama of his generation. Thomas, Earl of Buckingham and Duke of Gloucester, was, of Edward's family, the most restless, ambitious, and unscrupulous. He was not even chivalric, a quality which often gilded the characters of cruel and heartless tyrants in a semi-barbarous age. He possessed a lion-like courage, which often carried him to rashness; he was cunning, and vigilant to perceive and seize his opportunity; fertile in the resources of invention; cruel, hypocritical, treacherous. His ambition and his boldness made him a constant conspirator against the peace of the realm. No tie of blood or service was safe from his assault. His power of dissimulation was marvellous. He was a relentless despot over his own faction; he had no friendship for any man, no memory for a faithful service, no compassion for misery however general, no pride of house or nation. He was a royal villain, whose villany was of the most base and grovelling character. He was a prince of the blood with no patriotic impulses, and no sympathy for the unhappy distractions of his country; but made her misfortunes his own stepping stones to the usurpation of the crown.

The four daughters of Edward the Third were married—Isabella to the Earl of Bedford, Joan to Alfonso King of Castile, Mary to Montfort Duke of Brittany, and Margaret to Hastings Earl of Pembroke.

The conspicuous virtue of some historical charac-

ters is their freedom from the vices and barbarisms of the age in which they lived. The conspicuous virtue of others is their exemplification of the best class of prevailing ideas and habits of the age in which they lived. Edward the Black Prince would have been conspicuous in any age and in any nation. John of Gaunt, his brother, lived in the only time in which his character could have had a perfect development—at the precise period in the progress of civilization when qualities such as he possessed could have rendered great and important service to the world. He was fitted to the age of chivalry, the epoch of the heroic. He was moulded to be a hero of romance; and that not only of military romance, but also of civil and religious romance. As a private man he would have made himself distinguished; as a prince of the blood royal he became illustrious. Don Quixote is a satire, because the hero adopted the thoughts and habits of a heroic age in a prosaic age. In himself he resuscitated a dead chivalry. He strove to reconcile an alluring romance to the stupid facts of a generation which had forgotten war, which only thought how to live by food and fire. John of Gaunt would have been equally ludicrous and equally attractive in any other era than his own. He was among the most conspicuous of those enthusiastic knights who filled the interval, between the fall of Jerusalem and the exaltation of the Red Rose, with deeds which kept in mind the expeditions of Raymond of Toulouse, and which gave promise of Agincourt and St. Albans. He was Quixote in the right place, with a royal coronet upon his head. He had the power, the will, and the opportunity to be a hero. Thackeray's Thomas Newcome is John of Gaunt

toned down to the nineteenth century, civilized by the national progress, transferred from royalty to the gentry, enlightened by a finer thought—yet the soul of like personal courage and honor. Except that John of Gaunt would always have been a reformer. Col. Newcome disliked modern velocity; John of Gaunt would have revelled in it, and would have rushed to its van. If he could not lead an army against the East, if he could not plant the Christian flag on the heights of the Sacred City, he would strike for the life of Poland, he would hurl the Pope from the throne of St. Peter, he would answer the weeping heart of Hungary, he would leap to blot out the wrongs of the enslaved millions everywhere. If he could not have led a military crusade, he would have pioneered an intellectual and moral crusade. If he could not have fought for a fact, he would have staked his life for an idea. And yet John of Gaunt, in his own time, was a reasonable man. He did not outrun his age. Such a character as we have described was fit for the turmoil of that century. Action, not logic, brought success. In John of Gaunt the spirit was willing, and the flesh was strong, to act; to act in unison with his age, and to be conspicuous above his age. He neither exhibited the power nor the variety of virtues which his brother the Black Prince possessed; neither did he have his capacity for conducting war and for sure and rapid movement; neither did he use victory in moderation and accept defeat with equanimity, as did Edward. In short, he was not, as Edward was, a very great man. He possessed in an eminent degree the qualities which impel to trial, but in a less degree those which conduct to success; he was deficient in the qualities

which restrain undue impetuosity, which make success complete and useful, which forbid the impulse to control the reason. He probably rejoiced less in his relation to the royal line than in his descent from Edward the Third the hero, and his fraternal bond with the Black Prince who won the day at Poitiers. The record of an hundred negative Plantagenets was outshone and obliterated by those few mighty hours which passed at Crecy. To emulate the example of his father and brother, and to enhance the lustre which had already made his immediate family immortal, was John of Gaunt's controlling ambition. As a young man and a middle-aged man, he was a hero; as an old man, he was a patriarch. The first part of his life was consecrated to war, the latter part to wisdom.

Still, there were faults in the character of John of Gaunt, as it appears dimly in the far-off centuries. His integrity was not above suspicion; it could not hold against great temptation. His temper was at times morose, always sober. He took no pains to be affable; he cared not to please the people. Those gentle graces which soften and beautify the warrior spirit of the Black Prince, those subtle arts which darken the perfidious character of Gloucester, were equally wanting in their brother of Gaunt, who could neither charm the multitude by natural sweetness of manner, nor by the insinuating hypocrisy of a villain who had his purpose. Mr. Hume says that John of Gaunt was not even enterprising; but he must mean that he was not ambitious of the crown, nor of the direction of the government; for his life was one of almost ceaseless activity. The opulent and flourishing city of Ghent, in Flanders, gave this prince the

title "of Gaunt," that being his native city. There he was born, in the year 1340, during the passage of Edward the Third, with his queen Philippa of Hainault, through the Low Countries on their way home from an unsuccessful expedition against France. On becoming of age, Prince John was created Earl of Richmond, and was admitted to the House of Peers. He married Blanche, the beautiful daughter and heiress of the Duke of Lancaster. The latter nobleman was long one of the leading statesmen of the country, being accomplished, just, brave, and humane; vigorous in war, equitable in government, prudent and loyal as a baron of the realm. He was descended, in the third degree, from royalty; had so long and so well proved himself a faithful subject and loyal counsellor, that he was promoted from an earldom to a dukedom; was a warrior from youth; was well read in science and history; and was esteemed equally by the king and by the people. He had mixed in the great events of his time. He had commanded an army in conjunction with the King of Navarre against the King of France. He had come to the succor of the Countess of Montfort, who, for her infant son's sake, was still resisting King John. He had been Edward's lieutenant in his greatest expedition against the French. The glorious success of that expedition had made Edward exultant and defiant, and he had resolved to crush the prostrate enemy. The Dauphin (John being in London Tower, brought thither by the Black Prince) sued for peace. Edward rejected all proposals from the captive monarch, and demanded terms ruinous to French independence. Lancaster had contributed largely to the success of the campaign. In

every victory his part had been conspicuous and brilliant. He now sought to moderate the exorbitant demands of the king. He reasoned with him, pointed out the folly of over-confidence, the dreadful result of a possible defeat. "My lord," said he, "this war you are carrying on is wonderful to all men, and not too favorable to you. If you persist, it may *cost* you your life; and it is doubtful to me if you succeed to the extent of your wishes. I advise you to accept the honorable proposals which have been made to you. For, my lord, we may lose in one day more than all we have gained in twenty years." Edward was at last prevailed upon by his cousin. He went out of the camp, and, betaking himself to the shrine of Our Lady at Chartres, vowed to the Virgin Mother that he would accept the peace. The articles were drawn up; the two monarchs, Edward and John, met at Calais; and the result was, that the famous treaty of Bretigni was concluded, which gave back to France her king, untrammelled, and brought the joy of peace to the wearied nations.

Henry Duke of Lancaster, called by his contemporaries the "good Duke of Lancaster," died of the plague in 1360, amid general sorrow and regret. He was laid on the side of the high altar of the collegiate church at Leicester, which his father had founded, and where his wife already reposed. He was the last male heir of the Lancastrian line. By his wife Isabel, daughter of Lord Beaumont, he had two daughters, who survived him. Maude, the elder, married, first, Ralph of Stafford, then William Duke of Zealand. Soon after her father's death she came back to England, and died, it was suspected, by poison. Blanche, as we have said, married John of

Gaunt; this being permitted by a dispensation of the pope, which was rendered necessary on account of their affinity of blood; and as the heir of the house of Lancaster, she brought the title of her father to her husband. Thus John of Gaunt became "time-honored Lancaster." The character of Blanche of Lancaster is but dimly illustrated by the history of the times; we only know that she was one of the beauties of the court, and that she possessed a sweet and equable temper. Her period of married life was short; she died in 1369, soon after the death of Queen Philippa. As the mother of a brilliant line of kings, it is a matter of regret that so little of her history has been preserved. Before she died, she gave to the world Henry of Bolingbroke.

The conclusion of the treaty of Breigny left a large unoccupied army in the hands of King Edward and the Black Prince. The latter, dissatisfied to return home and yield up the arts of war for those of peace, sought to direct his military power into some other channel, now that no excuse remained for joining issue with the ancient rival of England. An opportunity very soon presented itself, and we arrive at that romantic episode in the history of those times, in which were cast the obtrusive events of John of Gaunt's career, and which have been most efficacious to preserve his name and deeds to later generations.

Don Pedro the Fourth, King of Castile, son and successor of Alfonso the Good, was then holding a dread reign over one of the fairest of the western kingdoms. Even his surname "the Cruel" fails to express the utter ferocity and inhumanity of his character. He should rather have been called "the Atrocious." His crimes knew no bounds, either in

their variety or in their bitterness. Passionate, savage, a scoffer, ambitious, despicably selfish, licentious, with a heart of stone, an insolence of manner, and a cunning craftiness of mind ; he was the perfect model whence later tyrants might aptly derive a refinement of villany quite unsurpassed, even by the Borgias of Venice or the Médicis of France. At the prompting of his favorite mistress, Maria de Padilla, he murdered the young and lovely Blanche de Bourbon, his queen, cousin of the Queen of France and of the Countess of Savoy. Some say that she was poisoned by his order at the castle of Medina Sidonia ; others suggest the more horrible death of strangulation between cushions. In every part of his kingdom he sought the death of the greatest and noblest barons ; either being fearful of their influence, or indulging the malicious pleasure which his nature derived from the mere commission of crime. No one, however closely allied to him by blood or fidelity, was safe from his capricious cruelty. He was, withal, an arrant rebel against the Church, which was, to the Castilians of old, an impious crime, far worse than oppression. He disregarded the rules of the sacred authority ; seized the episcopal revenues ; threw the priests into dungeons ; defied the Pope, and insulted his legates ; and persecuted the faithful. Pope Urban remonstrated ; King Pedro laughed. Pope Urban thundered forth the sentence of excommunication ; King Pedro made a coarse jest.

His father Alfonso* had had a mistress, by name Eleanora de Guzman, who had borne to him three bastard sons, Dons Henry, Frederick, and Sancho. The old King had loved them well, and had given to

* Alfonso XI. reigned from 1312 to 1350.

Don Henry, the eldest, the county of Trastamare for heritage. This Don Henry was an intrepid and enterprising knight, popular, fond of adventure, and of a high and chivalrous spirit. He served under John of France at Poitiers, and was much beloved by that king. Don Pedro again and again sought his life. He was not even content to strip him of his province, but pursued him wherever he went. As for Don Frederick, the King seized him without ceremony, and at once put him to death. Eleanora, the mother of the unfortunate princes, had likewise fallen a victim to his thirst for blood, and his hatred for all who were in any way related to him.

After Pope Urban had declared Pedro a heretic and infidel, his Holiness summoned the King of Aragon and Don Henry to Avignon. The birth of Henry was legitimated, and he was declared the heir to the Castilian throne. Pedro the Cruel began at last to quake with apprehension, for he knew that beneath and around him was a grumbling volcano of popular hatred near to its crisis, which in the presence of a champion would hasten to burst forth. All the neighboring potentates detested him; the Church was most bitter against him; his barons waited and longed and prayed for vengeance; the people, broken in spirit by his outrageous tyranny, had laid up the long account of his oppressions in their memory, and watched for the signal to rise and annihilate him. The Count of Trastamare at once made preparations to invade his brother's territory. He had the hearty coöperation of the Pope, the King of France, and the King of Aragon. The "independent companies," which had served under the Black Prince in the late wars, were enlisted in the cause. Sir Bertrand du

Guesclin, Constable of France, an old and famous warrior, became one of the leaders of the expedition. Thirty thousand men were assembled, devoted to the cause of Henry of Trastamare. One hundred thousand francs were supplied by the Pope, the French King, and the great barons. These crusaders for liberty and usurpation, under the young John de Bourbon, Count of La Marche, set out on a sort of triumphal journey through the friendly domain of Aragon. Everywhere they were received with joy, and filled with substantial plenty by the inhabitants; while Peter the Ceremonious, King of Aragon, encouraged them with informal welcome, in their passage over against Pedro the Cruel, his neighbor. The tyrant was in a great rage; but it was an impotent rage, and availed him nothing. He summoned his barons and peasants; they not only did not obey, they hastened to join the invading army in multitudes. Bourbon passed the Ebro—the Rubicon of the undertaking. Pedro fled to his lovely Seville, thence to the small fortress of Corunna, in Galicia. There he crouched, with no companions but his wife and his young daughters, Constance and Isabella. We shall hear of these damsels hereafter.

Meanwhile the bastard brother made a gala march, a bloodless campaign, through the kingdom without a king. The people met him and cried, "Long live King Henry! Down with Don Pedro, who has treated us so cruelly and wickedly!" It was not a sudden frenzy, it was the deliberate and practical election of a sovereign. Without a battle the Count took possession of the country, and at the city of Burgos he was crowned by Castilian prelates, and received homage from Castilian princes and

generals. He made a progress through the cities, and insured the confidence of his new subjects. No opposition manifested itself; a peaceful revolution had established a new dynasty upon the throne of Castile. Pedro the Cruel, undismayed by misfortune, cast about him for help. The Black Prince had been his friend; to him he sent an embassy of knights to beg the Prince's assistance. Edward received them at the monastery of St. Andrew, near Bordeaux. Meanwhile Pedro, becoming alarmed for his personal safety at Corunna, followed upon the heels of his embassy, and appeared unexpectedly before the Black Prince. The dethroned King was met by his host on the road, and conducted with great pomp into the city. After several conferences, both at London and at Bordeaux, it was resolved that the English should attempt Pedro's restoration. The barons of Aquitaine and the King of Navarre were induced to join in the enterprise. Many of Edward's barons and lieutenants had gone with the expedition of Henry, and were now at his court. These were summoned away by their chief, and left the Castilian court regretful, but obedient. King Henry generously gave them presents, and his free permission to depart.

The "independent companies," composed of adventurous soldiers of all nations, also set out from Castile, to return to the service of the Prince of Wales, twelve thousand strong. Sir John Chandos, a general well beloved by the Prince, brought them through the unfriendly county of Foix. After a successful battle with the French, who would not have them pass their territory, at Montauban, the companies reached the Prince with but little diminution of force, and were put into quarters in the mountains. Men-at-arms began to

flock to his standard from all quarters, eager to participate in an enterprise which seemed to promise so much romance, adventure, and plunder. Many were sent away, for Edward was distrustful of strange soldiers. Provisions were gathered with alacrity and in abundance. And now John of Gaunt appears upon the scene. The King of England, when the preparations were nearly complete, sent over eight hundred men under his younger son, as his contribution to the cause. John of Gaunt, whom we shall now call the Duke of Lancaster, was in his twenty-seventh year; and, although not popular with the people, was much beloved and trusted by his father and eldest brother. He crossed the Channel with his armament, and landed on the French coast at St. Mahé de fine Pôterne, whence he marched to Nantes. There he was sumptuously feasted and entertained by the Duke of Brittany, who was a malcontent vassal of France, and a brother-in-law of the English prince.

When he arrived at Bordeaux, he went to the monastery of St. Andrew, where the Princess of Wales, famous as Joan the Fair Maid of Kent, had recently given birth to her first son, afterward King Richard the Second. After a short visit to the Princess, he proceeded on his march, and was received with joyful welcome by Edward at Dax. Here he first met with Pedro the Cruel; and it is probable that at this time he was first attracted to the infanta Constance, daughter of that king, whom he afterward espoused. The Duke was first employed by his brother as an envoy to the King of Navarre, whom he sought to gain as an ally, and through whose dominion he wished to pass. The mission was successfully accomplished.

The Prince of Wales commenced the march of his well appointed army in the month of February, through the dangerous defiles and over the cold passes of Navarre. The whole army were in exuberant spirits, confident, eager for the onset. Since so great a force could not make the passage of the mountains simultaneously, it was divided into three divisions; these crossed on three successive days. The van body was led by the Duke of Lancaster; with him as lieutenants were Sir John Chandos, the confidant of the Black Prince, who had twelve hundred pennons with his arms emblazoned thereon; Sir Guiscard d'Angle and Sir Stephen Cossington, marshals of Aquitaine; and scions of the noble and chivalrous English houses of Beauchamp, Hastings, and Neville. Under these were ten thousand cavalry. The Prince of Wales and Don Pedro, with about an equal number, crossed on the day after; and on the third day followed the titular King of Majorca with the remainder of the army.

Henry the Bastard was sustained on the throne by the mass of his subjects, by the neighboring Kings of France and Aragon, and by the lesser potentates whose territory lay upon the confines of Castile. He had, above all, the hearty coöperation and advice of the renowned Du Guesclin, a man venerable both as a warrior and as a counsellor. He soon raised an army of one hundred thousand men; treble the number of that under the English Prince. But contrary to Du Guesclin's earnest advice, Henry resolved to give offensive battle to the invading host.

The great conflict took place near the village of Navaretta, early in the morning of the 3d of April, 1367. The Duke of Lancaster was first attacked

with his division, by Du Guesclin; and in a very brief time the whole line was hotly engaged. Lancaster gained the highest applause from all sides for his valorous and knightly bearing, and for maintaining a difficult ground against fearful odds. Don Sancho, a brother of King Henry, was the first to give way, in the centre; after that it was only a question which of the other Castilian divisions should yield first. Defeat soon became retreat; retreat accelerated itself into disordered flight. Numbers had succumbed to valor and generalship. The victory of the Black Prince was complete, terrible, decisive. It once more revolutionized the dynasty of Castile. For the strength of the good usurper, Henry, fell on that field; he had no other resource to save his crown but in that army, which was now a hopeless rabble. The losses were greatly disproportionate; the invaders lost but four knights and forty privates; of the Castilians were slain nearly twenty thousand.

The throne of the distracted kingdom reverted by this conquest, accomplished by a single action, to the legitimate tyrant. The glory was monopolized by Prince Edward; the fruits by Don Pedro. The victory had hardly been gained, before this monster showed his cruel and perfidious character. He was eager to murder the prisoners in cold blood; he desired to put mercenary and foreign swords to Castilian necks. After he was once more secure in his former power, he showed another quality, a fit companion of cruelty—ingratitude. Edward's army had not been paid—they were distressed for food, for clothing, for means to return to their families. Pedro delayed payment on various pretences (pretences are never wanting to a soul whose life is a perpetual lie);

and the troops were obliged to return without their wages. It was the shortsightedness of a villain, who in his career of crime is unconsciously reckless of his safety, and who of all precautions usually omits the very one which alone can avail him. Thus Pedro threw away the very friendship without which he would still have been an exile, the alienation of which left him exposed without defence to that resistless home party, which still clung to his brother Henry. That enterprising prince, accompanied by the great general Du Guesclin, returned from France with a fresh army; all Castile flocked to his standard. The brothers met at Montiel; Henry made the attack with great impetuosity; Pedro's army was little more than an armed and undisciplined rabble, but preponderated in numbers; the fight was long and bitter. Finally, the tyrant's force was repulsed with great slaughter. Pedro himself, abandoning his men, retired to the castle of Montiel. Finding that he would be easily starved out there, he sought to escape in the night. He was taken by the watch, and brought before Henry. He went into the presence of the victor undismayed, being a bold man; not, as tyrants usually are, a coward. Henry, in a rage, rushed upon him, and brought him to the earth; and, drawing a poniard, plunged it into his brother's breast. Thus died Pedro the Cruel of Castile. He was but thirty-five years of age; but within that narrow space, what a life, prolific in crime and conflict, had he led!

Henry was now able to resume his usurped sovereignty, not only without resistance, but with the joyful consent of his subjects. Pedro left no male heirs, but two daughters—the infantas Constance and Isabella.

Two years after the expedition into Castile, the Duke of Lancaster lost the fair Blanche, his wife. He had been fighting gallantly the while, under his brother the Black Prince, who never rested. There had been plenty of work to do in France; and these two princes had found constant employment congenial to their active natures. Bordeaux had been their headquarters, and this cheerful town bore the double aspect of a military station and the rendezvous of a gay court circle. From all those nations and provinces which were hostile to Charles the Wise, the adherents of the princes were gathered. Among them were the barons of Gascony. These barons, in 1369, proposed a marriage between the Duke of Lancaster and the eldest of the lovely daughters of Pedro the Cruel. This was soon after the death of the Duchess Blanche. The proposal of the Gascons met with the concurrence of the Duke, for they anticipated his wishes. He sent off an ostentatious embassy of knights to Bayonne, where the infantas were living, in secluded grief at the loss of their father and their sovereignty. They at once acceded to the proposal, and set out to join the Prince's court. When they approached Bordeaux, the Duke went out of the city surrounded by a brilliant cortége of nobles, and conducted them into the city. The marriage rites were performed at Rochefort, a small village near Bordeaux; and on the same day a great feast, such as were the delight of princes in those days, was given to the concourse which attended on the occasion. The bridal pair lingered for a time at Bordeaux; and a season of festivity and good cheer was kept up for several weeks in honor of the marriage, by the gallant knights and light-hearted beauties of the little court.

The younger infanta, Isabella, was afterward married to the Earl of Cambridge, Lancaster's younger brother. The marriage of the infanta Constance with an English prince gave much alarm and anxiety to the new King of Castile, who foresaw another attempt upon the Castilian throne; and he speedily sought an alliance with the King of France, to defend himself from the invasion which now seemed imminent. The warfare between France and England continued, with here and there a brief armistice. The invasions of the English possessions in France by the French King provoked constant retaliation, and the history of those turmoils exhibits the usual alternation of victory and defeat when the conflicting powers are nearly equal. In all the campaigns John of Lancaster was a conspicuous officer, often commanding in chief in the absence of his brother the Black Prince, and invariably adding to his renown as a skilful, calm, and intrepid general. The Prince of Wales, after a long and painful illness, which had often kept him from the field when his whole heart was there, died in the height of his illustrious career, and after a life of unexampled virtue and valor, in 1376. He was forty-six years of age. King Edward the Third had one glory above all others—one pride, which was far above ambition and jealousy—Edward the Black Prince. The decease of this dearly-beloved, it may be said adored, son, broke down that majestic spirit which had so long sustained with serene fortitude the vast cares which a warlike age and people demanded. The blow was fatal to both mind and body. The vigorous intellect became enfeebled; the sturdy constitution, which had coped with fifty years of battle, lost the integrity of its strength, and yielded to this

last vital shock. Within a year the mortal remains of the great monarch were tenderly borne to the Great Abbey, and laid with that royal line of which he was the most illustrious example.

Richard, only son of the Black Prince, then in his twelfth year, ascended the throne. A regency was formed consisting of his three uncles, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and the Dukes of York* and Gloucester. The administration of the government was mainly confided to the Duke of Lancaster, the eldest brother. The indolence of York, and the restlessness of Gloucester, made each incapable, in the eyes of court and people, of the grave trust. The young prince was the heir to domestic intrigue and foreign war. France on one side, and Scotland on the other, in close alliance and bitter in their hatred of England, caused constant apprehension and conflict. The Duke of Lancaster, in the name of his Duchess, the daughter of Pedro the Cruel, claimed the crown of Castile; and Don Henry, the reigning king, was consequently in perpetual warfare with the southern allies of England. The King of Navarre, whose dominions were contiguous to Castile, had maintained the war with vigor for a long time. Finally the news came to Lancaster that the combatants had become friends; that they had made an alliance offensive and defensive; that Navarre's son had married Castile's daughter; that Henry was dead; and that his son, Don John, had been crowned King of Castile. John of Portugal still remained faithful to the English interest and in hostility to Castile, and favored the restoration of Pedro's line.

The Duke of Lancaster took the bold resolu-

* The Earl of Cambridge was created Duke of York at Richard's accession.

tion of attempting the recovery of the throne in the name of Constance. While preparations were being made, he was sent into Scotland by Richard to make a truce; and was absent from London when the Wat Tyler insurrection occurred. This gave opportunities to the enemies of the Duke to charge him with treachery, and to declare that he purposed seizing the Scotch crown. These reports were spread by the insurrectionists themselves, who further showed their enmity by demolishing his palace of Savoy, as a prelude to other deeds of violence. When the troubles were quieted, Richard sent for his uncle; and Lancaster, returning through the cities of Yorkshire and Cambridgeshire, everywhere received a welcome which exhibited the popular repudiation of the slanders against him. A quarrel with the Earl of Northumberland, who was sustained by the King, produced much ill-nature between the uncle and nephew for a while; indeed, after Richard grew to manhood, his relations with the royal princes were far from amicable.

Meanwhile the King of Portugal had thrown down the gauntlet to the King of Castile, in assertion of the right of the infanta Constance to the Castilian crown. There were other causes of dispute, but this was the main plea for war. Ambassadors had arrived from the court of Lisbon, appealing to Lancaster and York to hasten to defend the birthright of their consorts. The adventurous nature of Lancaster awoke to a summons which called him to a congenial project. A crown was the end, his favorite occupation the means of the proposed enterprise. The King, however, desirous to make use of his skill in diplomacy, had retained him in England to conduct negotiations

with the Scotch, and to arrange a marriage on his behalf with the daughter of the German Emperor. But the Duke of York had gone to Portugal with a considerable force, and attended by many valiant and experienced barons. The alliance with that kingdom had been strengthened by a marriage between the King's daughter and the Duke's son. The allied forces had made some successful incursions into Castile; French troops had come to the succor of Don John; the forces on both sides had been assembling for the great struggle; Lancaster himself had prepared an armament at Southampton when the King sent him into Scotland. As soon as the Duke had settled the difficulties in the north, and arranged the marriage of the King, he turned with alacrity to his favorite scheme of leading a large force to join his brother in Spain. The news of the various successes already gained stimulated his zeal, and hastened the preparations. Having designated his son, Henry Earl of Derby, his lieutenant in the kingdom, he embarked with his consort; attended by his son-in-law, Sir John Holland, as constable, Sir Thomas Moreaux as marshal, and Lord Percy as admiral of the fleet. Upward of two hundred sail accompanied him; and his force consisted of about four thousand men. Among the nobles who joined the enterprise were many of the most illustrious in England—Beaumonts, Talbots, Despencers, Willoughbys, Hastings, Calverleys, and Clintons. On his way thither he met the French at Brest, and raised the blockade which they had imposed on English ports.

The army landed at Corunna, and after a brief delay marched on St. Jago. That place yielded without a struggle. So propitious an opening of the campaign was duly celebrated by feasting,

carousing, and good cheer, by imposing ceremonies in the cathedral, and sacred processions of thanksgiving. Meanwhile French succors were pouring in for Castile, and Portugal was hastening to support the English. Rouelles, in Galicia, was the next conquest; then Villeclope yielded by capitulation. Lancaster met King John of Portugal, and cemented their amity by marrying his daughter Isabella to that sovereign. An incident now occurred which interrupted for the time the immediate object of the expedition. Lancaster claimed a sum of money as due to him from John, the new King of Aragon, and he applied for it through the Archbishop of Bordeaux. The prelate was detained as a prisoner. Lancaster, quick to resent insult, and not overprudent, at once invaded Aragon, and seized the castle of Castelbon. The King of Aragon thought it best to yield, and the Archbishop was released. The war in Castile was again resumed, and the former success was repeated. The crown began to seem a reality; it appeared to be almost within reach. Ribadavia, Maures, Entença, all Galicia fell before the advancing legions. The forces of the Portuguese and English, hitherto operating separately, joined at Orense, and together crossed the Duero. But now, after a campaign which had been an almost constant succession of triumphs, and when success seemed certain, sickness broke out in the army, supplies became scarce, and disaffection and discord threatened the dispersion of the hitherto victorious alliance.

To add to their misfortunes, large reënforcements from France under the Duke of Bourbon were about to be added to the Castilian army. Lancaster's army, decimated by malaria, suffering for want of

provisions, weakened by the necessity of garrisons along the line of their communications, dispirited by the apathy of their allies, were discouraged by the prospect of a conflict with the fresh veterans of the combined armies of France and Castile. The Duke himself, broken down in health, and appalled by the accumulating difficulties that were thickening about him, was compelled to abandon all hope of success. The greatest of all his evils was the pestilence, which, in the hot season, raged remorselessly through his army, sparing none, prostrating alike the bravest leader and the humblest soldier. The Duke became dangerously ill; his army was disbanded, and made their way back as best they could. When Lancaster was sufficiently recovered, he departed to Bayonne. The King of Castile at once resumed possession of Galicia. Thus ended that famous enterprise to conquer a crown, which was worn by a king of the people's choice; Quixotic in its conception, but bold, chivalrous, and worthy of admiration, if only for the ability and energy with which, until disease demolished the fair prospect, the enterprise was conducted.

The King of Castile was a prudent man; he was not content with present security; he sought the permanent establishment of his crown. He considered the friendship of England necessary to this end. When, therefore, his late adversary, the Duke of Lancaster, returned home after the disastrous termination of his scheme of conquest, King John sent to him a proposal of marriage between his own son and heir and the eldest daughter of the Duke. A French prince of the blood, the Duke de Berri, had sought the hand of this princess, and the negotiation had nearly been successfully concluded, when this

new competitor appeared against him. Lancaster had no hesitation in deciding between the rival aspirants. He preferred to secure amicably to his descendants that inheritance which he had vainly sought to conquer. The Lady Catharine was betrothed to the heir of Castile, and the young bride was accompanied by her mother to her adopted land ; the mother being the legitimate heiress to the throne which the daughter was now to share. This alliance having been happily accomplished, Lancaster, who had now passed the prime of life, applied himself to the more laudable, if less brilliant, achievements of reconciling the differences at court, and concluding treaties of peace with foreign nations. Gloucester, during the absence of his elder brother on the Castilian expedition, had accomplished the usurpation of royal power, and had lost it again ; the King had resumed his legitimate authority, and the domestic disturbances had apparently subsided. The return of Lancaster, and his declaration in favor of the King, settled the conflict, and secured to royalty its legitimate prerogatives.

In 1394 the Princess Constance died. Lancaster, who does not seem to have been inclined to domestic solitude, soon after espoused Catharine Swinford, of no high degree, who had formerly been a lady of Blanche's household. Gloucester and York, who acted together as the leaders of the opposition at court, protested against so degrading a connection ; but the King, whom Lancaster had befriended against his brothers, confirmed the marriage, and created the eldest son who was born of it Earl of Somerset. Soon after, Richard made over the rich and prosperous province of Aquitaine to Lancaster and his heirs forever, reserv-

ing their homage to the English crown as vassals for the fief. Gloucester's party consented to this, since it afforded the opportunity of putting Lancaster at a distance. The latter found, however, on his arrival in Aquitaine, that the inhabitants were ill-disposed to receive him as their governor; and their protests soon became so loud, that both the King and the Duke thought it advisable that Lancaster should return to England, much to the chagrin of Gloucester. This daring prince once more strove to wrest the throne from its feeble occupant; but the King now resisted him with unexpected vigor; York, always vacillating, came over to the support of the Crown; Lancaster remained true to the King; and Gloucester was immured in the dungeon of Calais, where he was probably soon after put to death by violent means.

The Lady Catharine Swinford, whom Lancaster had married for his third wife, had formerly been his mistress, and had been employed in the household of the first Duchess. She had borne him three children before the marriage: one of whom was created Lord Beaufort; another, Thomas, became a priest, and rose in the Church to be Lord Bishop of Lincoln. The affection of the Duke for this, his last spouse, was devoted and sincere; and his children by her rivalled their older brothers and sisters in his love. The latter part of Lancaster's life was employed in affairs of State, in protecting, as far as he could, the integrity of the Crown, in negotiating with the foreign embassies, and in composing the differences of the nobility and princes. He was regarded by all as the most trustworthy of the royal princes, and as having inherited more conspicuously than any of his

family, the moderation and clearness of understanding which had eminently marked the character of his father. In the royal council, as he was the first in rank, so also, by his personal merit, he was the first whose opinion was sought and respected. Whatever ambition the record of his life exhibited him to have possessed, it was observed that in no act had he warranted a suspicion of his fidelity to the occupant of the throne. On the contrary, when the unpopularity of Richard, and the confusion which constantly prevailed in the domestic affairs of the realm, afforded the opportunity for an unscrupulous and courageous man to attain to sovereignty, Lancaster had always appeared as the most powerful and zealous supporter of the reigning monarch. It is a singular instance of a persevering, able, and ambitious prince, in a rude age, who having abundant occasion, and certain of large support, nevertheless turned aside from the great temptation, and made his example conspicuous for the constant loyalty and honor of his life.

We have already spoken of the Wickliffe reformation, and of the course the Duke of Lancaster took during that vital crisis in the history of the Church. He not only, therefore, appears as the representative of the age of chivalry, as a statesman without a blemish upon his loyalty, as a prince whose moderation and sense of justice were lent to the preservation of the State; but also in the nobler and more venerable light of a patron of religious reformation, in times when the Papacy possessed a power which demanded and enforced the fealty of the greatest sovereigns, and when to be a reformer was to endanger liberty, life, and reputation. How can we, who live in the pure enlightenment which has grown from that

early struggle for religious liberty, praise too much that high-minded prince, whose strong arm protected those earnest men—whose power and reputation shielded the weaker party in the bitter struggle—whose interposition averted from the truth-seekers of a transition age, the doom which the wrath of a mighty hierarchy sought to cast upon them! This is the light in which we love to regard “time-honored Lancaster;” for here he rises above the ambitions and errors of his age; here he is the knight-errant, whose aspirations may soar to a higher crown than those of earthly principalities; here his name stands with that of Wickliffe, as a pioneer of Christian faith, as a champion of free conscience, as a benefactor to all the future.

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, lived to witness the important event (which we reserve for another chapter) which led to the establishment of his son and heir upon the throne of England. To the very last the venerable soldier was the guardian of Richard’s safety; and, had his patriotic example been followed by his descendants, the most mournful and most absorbing conflict which English history presents—the Wars of the Roses—would have been wanting to the romance of the Middle Ages. We are called upon to narrate, in the pages which succeed, how the descendants of the patriarch forgot, not only the political purity, but also the religious championship, which might have been so graceful an inheritance; how ambition led them to put treacherous hands upon the person of royalty, to seize the sovereign power, and to trample upon the rising spirit of resistance to Papal tyranny; how heroically and brilliantly, nevertheless, they maintained themselves,

until a large majority of the kingdom sustained them in usurped power, and united to repel the foreign hosts who sought to replace the legitimate heirs; how, out of their evil lust of glory, proceeded manifold blessings to the realm, and how it hastened, on the whole, the current which had already begun to set toward a broader light and a larger freedom.

CHAPTER II.

"Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?"

THE REBELLION AND USURPATION OF HENRY OF LANCASTER.

THE usurpation of the Red Rose grew out of a conversation which took place, one day, on the road between Brentford and London. A nobleman, riding along toward the metropolis, met another nobleman, and talked treason; thence budded forth insurrection, usurpation, regicide, and two glorious reigns. Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, was a middle-aged man, active, restless, and of great influence, the Earl Marshal of the realm, and honored, despite his implication in divers conspiracies, at the court of King Richard the Second. He was one of those politicians who are never contented; who plot and counterplot incessantly; who are always running their heads, fearlessly to be sure, but indiscreetly, into danger of decapitation. His late transgressions made him fearful lest Richard should visit him with vengeance; and his treason now amounted to a desire to overturn his royal enemy, so that he might no longer be feared. He had a long and garrulous tongue, one which talked him, as we shall see, to destruction. On this road, between Brentford and London, where he was riding,

he chanced upon Harry Bolingbroke,* Duke of Hereford, Lancaster's heir, and cousin to King Richard. The two were old confederates, and had been fast friends—as friendship is among princes. Both hated the King; each had a sufficient idea of his own importance, and was convinced that that importance was not appreciated at court. Norfolk, who was always ready to air his suspicions, began to talk about court affairs, and to insinuate that the King was hypocritical in his friendly professions. He sought to alarm Bolingbroke with doubt as to his safety. "We are on the point of being undone," said he. "Our fate will be like that of others before us. The King is going to annul the record of our pardons." Bolingbroke thought it would be marvellous if the King belied himself. "It is a marvellous and false world that we live in," was Norfolk's philosophical reply. "I know well, that had it not been for some persons, my Lord, your father Lancaster and yourself would have been killed when you went to Windsor after the parliament. Albemarle, Exeter, and I have pledged ourselves not to submit to the undoing of any lord. This malicious project belongs to Surrey and Salisbury, drawing to themselves Gloucester. [This was the King's cousin Edmund.] They have sworn to undo Lancaster, yourself, Albemarle, Exeter, and me." "God forbid!" cried Bolingbroke. "It will be a wonder if the King assents to such a design. He now gives me good cheer, and has promised to be my good lord. Indeed he has sworn this, by St. Edward the King, to me." "Aha," returns the Earl Marshal, "so hath he often sworn to me even by God's body; but I do not trust him the more for that. He is trying

* Bolingbroke was at first Earl of Derby, and was created Duke of Hereford by Richard.

to draw the Earl of March [the legitimate heir, grandson of Lionel of Clarence] into the scheme." "If that be so," says Harry, "we can never trust them." "Certainly not. If they do not destroy us now, they will some time in the future." Here the discourse ended, and Norfolk, never distrusting his companion, chuckled in the conviction of having excited Bolingbroke's wrath. Bolingbroke, however, treasured up the conversation in his memory, and when he arrived at court, detailed it to his cousin the King. Richard at once summoned a council at Haywood Palace, and commanded Bolingbroke to recount what had been said, in the presence of the State officers. This he did, on his allegiance, the King having already granted him a general pardon. He was then remanded to Parliament, and there, before the assembled lords, again produced his charge against Norfolk, in writing. The next morning he saw the King in private, and, falling on his knees before him, thus addressed him: "My liege lord, there have been riots, troubles, and evil deeds in your realm, to the offence of you and your royal estate; and in them I know I have taken a part—not, however, for an evil end, or to displease you, as I did not then know that I was doing wrong. But now, sire, I know it, and acknowledge my fault. Wherefore, sire, I cry your mercy, and beg your pardon." This discourse was pleasing to his Majesty, who, with all his faults, had not a vindictive heart. He raised the Duke from the ground with assurances of full pardon.

While this storm was brewing against Norfolk, that nobleman kept studiously away from Parliament. After Bolingbroke's public avowal, he was arrested and brought before the King at Oswaldstre.

He bitterly protested against the charges against him, and denounced Bolingbroke in indignant terms. Falling on his knees at the foot of the throne, he exclaimed: "My dear lord, with your leave, if I may answer your cousin, I say that Henry of Lancaster is a liar; and in what he has said and would say of me, he lies like a false traitor as he is." Bolingbroke replied with words equally exciting. An affray in the presence of royalty would have been the result, had they not both been arrested. The quarrel had gone so far, that neither party, according to the chivalric notions of the day, could recall what had been said, without personal dishonor. It was therefore determined by King Richard and his counsellors that the affair should be referred to what was called, "a high court of chivalry." This court consisted of an assembly of the principal barons and military knights of the realm; who, having heard the circumstances, adjudged some contest of strength as a trial to the opponents. Richard summoned such an assembly to the castle of Windsor. From far and wide came the great barons and knights, gorgeously caparisoned and equipped, their emblazoned banners borne before them by gaudy heralds, and their trains winding far behind them over the rugged and tortuous roads. Assembled within the capacious walls of the castle, the two disputants, Bolingbroke and Norfolk, were brought before their peers, and the cause of discontent was announced. Bolingbroke distinctly and boldly reiterated his charge of treason, and the conversation which had taken place on the journey from Brentford to London. Norfolk once more gave the lie to his accuser, saying: "I did indeed speak with disrespect of certain lords, but in noth-

ing did I reflect on the character of majesty." The judges, as was the custom of that time, referred the final decision to "the judgment of God": that is, they ordered wager of battle to be joined, and he that best thrust his lance upon his enemy's body, was to be deemed as having the just cause and the truth on his side. Norfolk, taking his gauntlet from his right hand, threw it at Bolingbroke's feet, and said: "Henry of Hereford, I present my glove, and shall prove, my body against yours, that you are a false and wicked traitor." Bolingbroke stepped back a few paces. After a short silence, advancing toward the throne, he threw his glove down also, and said: "Earl Marshal, I say that thou art a false and wicked traitor which I will bodily prove on thee; and here is my glove."

The traveller who makes a pilgrimage to the decaying but still majestic ruin of Kenilworth, would find himself amply rewarded by extending his jaunt to the neighboring town of Coventry. He would there find not only an interesting specimen of modern English town life, but the remains of a civilization dating far into antiquity. The traditions of Coventry yield many rich memorials to the historian and romancer, who seek to depict the manners and events of the olden time. One of Tennyson's most touching pieces preserves the legend of that Lady Godiva, who did bitter violence to her modesty, that she might relieve her townspeople of a designed oppression. Coventry seems to have been a favorite spot for jousts and tournaments, for highway exploits, for valiant conflicts, for fairs and festivals, for royal pageants, for gorgeous marriages and baronial orgies. Chivalry there illustrated its most stately adornments, and the barbarities of which its concomitants almost compel

admiration. The quaint old chroniclers, and the novelists and poets of later days, seem to linger with delight around the name of Coventry. Many of the relics of the romantic ages still remain—curious habitations, crooked and unpaved streets, crumbling walls, and primitive chapels. One half expects to see the gay cavalcade of Elizabeth once more prancing into the town, the crowds of gaily-dressed peasantry filling the streets, the goodwives jostling each other at the narrow windows, the banners of crimson and gold floating above the host of plumes, the steel of helmet and lance glistening in the sun, bugle notes resounding along the highway, and, most exciting of all, the train of the auburn-haired Maiden Queen herself, riding in state among her people, Leicester bending toward her from his warrior steed, and the gay-hearted Raleigh, happy in the royal favor, ever at her side.

Coventry was the spot designated where trial should be had who, in God's judgment, was the real liar and traitor, Henry Bolingbroke or the Earl Marshal Norfolk. A combat between two princes of royal blood naturally caused great excitement throughout the country. The nobility and gentry summoned their retinues, took down from the baronial walls their helmets, cuirasses, and lances, donned their cloaks of velvet and gold, unfurled their emblazoned heraldic pennons, and galloped off with all haste to Coventry. The youths flocked together to witness what was becoming a rare sight—a tournament, the import of which was life or death. Even the fair damsels of that not delicate era longed to lend their inspiring presence to a scene which should recall the romantic exploits of the crusades, and in which manly valor, ever admirable in gentle eyes, was to achieve

the victory. The royal cortége, with Richard and his kinsmen of Lancaster and York, and followed by swarms of courtiers with brilliant equipages and noble steeds, passed out of the metropolis and took the highway through Middlesex and Warwickshire toward the scene of trial. City folk and country folk deserted their accustomed occupations, and were bent on their share in the stately pageant. On the spot designated for the duel, canopies and tents were erected; the royal pavilion, whence floated the escutcheon of Plantagenet, was prepared for his Majesty the King; and around it rose the platforms designed for the great barons attendant upon the occasion. On the morning of the sixteenth of September, the little town overflowed with somewhat of its ancient life, the streets were crowded with people and equipages, and the gaudy processions of knights and soldiers clattered over the pavements, regardless of those on foot, and ever and anon coming in collision with each other. Bolingbroke and Norfolk had arrived on the evening previous, and had passed most of the night in consultation with their adherents. Bolingbroke had been closeted with his father, the venerable Lancaster, and had received from him the wise counsels of his affection.

The royal bugles sounded, and the royal party entered the pavilion. The barons, with their attendants, took their places around the space cleared for the duel. The meaner multitude crowded into every nook and corner capable of containing a human body. The heralds proclaimed the wager of battle, and summoned the good knights to enter the lists. The trumpet for the onset gave the blast. Bolingbroke, making the sign of the cross, advanced, adorned with

that device of the red rose which afterward became so significant; his shield held above his head, and his lance put in rest, directed toward his enemy. Norfolk muttered, "God speed the right," and kept firm to his ground. A deep silence fell upon the scene—a breathless expectation of the catastrophe. All eyes were intent upon the two glistening knights, on the point of combat. But, when the lances were about to cross, of a sudden the King arose from his throne, threw down his truncheon between the combatants, and in a loud tone commanded them to desist. "I take," said he, "the battle into my own hands. I cannot suffer a contest which, in any event, will disgrace the blood royal of England. Have done, fair cousins, and await my judgment of this grave matter." This, of course, ended the contest. The Dukes retired at once to their stations, and the assemblage had to be content with a peaceful termination of the entertainment. The King, resuming his place on the throne, began to confer with his chief officers, and kept all in suspense as to what would be the issue of the matter. Finally the King again arose, and proceeded to announce the result of the conference. Henry of Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, was commanded to leave England within four months,* and was to be exiled from the kingdom for the space of ten years. The Duke of Norfolk was banished for life, and was to abandon all hope of ever returning to his native land. The sentence was more severe than was expected, and caused many murmurs among the nobles who adhered to either party. Both were popular; on the contrary, the King had but few partisans,

* Froissart, vol. ii., chap. xcvi., says fifteen days; but more accurate authorities say as above.

and those were mostly timeservers who sought riches or power by his favor. The tournament having reached this unsatisfactory conclusion, the spectators separated, and the royal retinue turned their faces back toward London.

Bolingbroke, much chagrined at what he considered the tyranny and jealousy of the sovereign, sullenly set about his preparations for departure. In this state of feeling he was encouraged by many of his friends, especially the Percys, who were his most powerful adherents, and who had many grudges against Richard on account of past indignities. The popularity of Bolingbroke among the people was manifested wherever he went; he was received with cheers and words of open sympathy; and it flattered his pride and his indignation to find that he had the good-will of the subjects against the sovereign. When the limit of his stay in England approached, the King was holding court at Eltham; there were with him the Dukes of Lancaster and York, the Earl of Northumberland and his son Henry Percy (afterward famous as Hotspur), and the Earls of Salisbury and Huntingdon, the latter of whom had wedded Bolingbroke's sister. Thither went the exiled prince to take leave of his father and kinsmen, and to pay that last attendance on majesty which courtesy required him to perform. When he was admitted to audience, Richard, approaching him in a gentle and conciliating manner, said to his cousin: "As God may help me, fair cousin, the words which have passed between you and the Earl Marshal have much vexed me. I have judged the matter to the best of my understanding. To relieve you from somewhat of your pain, I will reduce the term of your banishment to six

years. Make your plans accordingly." "Sire," answered the Duke, with as much grace as he could summon up, "I humbly thank you; and when it shall be your Majesty's good pleasure you will extend your mercy." The Duke of Lancaster then conducted his son to his closet, and advised him to go to the court of France at once, and thence to make his petitions for a remission of the sentence. Lancaster entertained a tender fondness for Bolingbroke, who indeed had long evinced an unusual spirit and much of his father's clearness of understanding, and engaged him in a protracted and affectionate interview. Taking leave of his father and the court, Bolingbroke returned to London and made ready for immediate embarkation.

On the morning of his exodus from the capital, the streets were thronged with multitudes of the citizens, who manifested their sympathy with him by many lamentations. It is said that forty thousand persons gathered on the line of his route that morning, within the limits of the city. The lord mayor, and a concourse of the higher citizens, attended him; and he was surrounded by many nobles who had long been his partisans and confederates in every adventure. He was greeted by acclamations on every side. The people said: "Ah, gentle Earl, will you then leave us? We will never be happy till you return. None can be compared with you. You are our idol. You have never done any wrong. It is shameful that you should be thus driven from among us." * Most of those persons of quality who had joined him in the city, attended him to Dover; and when he embarked, many and affectionate were the assurances that his friends would re-

* Froissart.

main constant to him, and would further his interests at home, while he was an exile in foreign lands.

He had sent before him messengers to the French court, soliciting of King Charles the Sixth permission to reside during the term of his banishment at Paris. When Bolingbroke arrived at Calais, his messenger had already returned, and was awaiting him with a favorable reply from the French King. Charles had likewise sent with the messenger a knight, Sir Charles de Hangiers, with orders to conduct the noble exile through his dominions to the metropolis. The enmity between the Kings Richard and Charles made the latter quick to seize an occasion to show attention to one, whom the former had misused; yet he was probably somewhat reluctant that so spirited and ambitious a prince as Bolingbroke should seek refuge at his court. Bolingbroke set out on his journey toward Paris accompanied by a brilliant retinue of French and English knights, such as was worthy of his exalted rank. Everywhere in his progress through the counties he met with enthusiastic welcome from the people, who often came out of their towns in multitudes to receive him, and to tender him the hospitality of their vicinity.

There was at that time in Hainault, a powerful nobleman, William Earl of Ostrevant, a cousin of Bolingbroke's, and a knightly and courteous gentleman. When he learned that his cousin was proceeding to France, he sent two knights to invite him to Hainault, where he would be joyfully received and sumptuously entertained. Bolingbroke, however, desirous to reach Paris without delay, declined so generous an invitation, and continued his journey toward the capital. As he approached his

destination, the Dukes of Orleans, Berri, Bourbon, and Burgundy, princes of the blood royal of France, came out to meet him, followed by a long train of nobles and prelates. The meeting was cordial on both sides, and the cortége of mingled English and French entered Paris with great display and amid much enthusiasm. King Charles received Bolingbroke on the steps of the Hôtel de St. Paul, which was at that time the favorite royal residence, welcomed him to his dominions, and assured him of his protection and good-will while he should tarry near the French court. Bolingbroke's bearing toward the King was so courtly and agreeable, that he became at once a favorite, and received attentions on every hand; while his winning manner toward the populace charmed and won the Parisians, as it had already gained the hearts of his own countrymen. After taking wine and refreshments with the King of France, the Duke was introduced to the Queen, Isabella of Bavaria, who detained him some time, and entertained him with elegant hospitalities. Thence he went to the Hôtel de Clisson near the Temple, which had been provided for him, and supped with his English companions.

A succession of balls, dinners, and pleasure excursions celebrated his arrival in Paris. The King and princes exerted themselves to the utmost to relieve the monotony of his exile. In no court could he have been more gracefully received; for the French then, as now, were especially skilful in the arts of pleasure and entertainment. Yet Bolingbroke, who had a thoughtful cast of mind, and passed much time in the contemplation of the closet, was often oppressed by melancholy, and awaited with impa-

tience the expiration of his term of banishment. A man so proud and independent of spirit was ill satisfied to owe the necessities of his existence to the favor of a foreign monarch, or to live idle while events of moment were going forward in Europe. The sum of five hundred crowns, to be sure, was drawn weekly from the French treasury for his maintenance; and constant regard was paid to his comfort and dignity. But this seemed to put him in an attitude of dependence upon Charles, and this consideration made him ill at ease. Even the fascinating attentions of the brilliant and beautiful Isabella of Bavaria, the queen of Charles, could not reconcile the young noble to his lot.

A chance soon seemed to offer a relief from his impatience. About this time an invasion of Hungary by the Turks, Tartars, and other infidels took place, which threatened the existence of that kingdom. Fortunately for Christendom, the late schism in the papacy had just been healed by the vigorous action of the King of France, who had seized the Pope of Avignon, Benedict, and forced him to abdicate his claim to the sacred throne. The Christian nations, therefore, once more united under the Roman pontiff, Urban, could devote themselves to the expulsion of the common enemy from the soil of Hungary. This project awoke the activity and chivalrous ambition of those knights and adventurers who loved the pageantry and excitement of war, and whose chieftains were the sons of the royal houses throughout Catholic Europe. Boucicaut, Marshal of France, who had just returned from the conquest of the little papal court at Avignon, was designated as the leader of the French armament, which was to hasten to Hungary. He began his preparations with all despatch. The stir and bustle in military circles ex-

cited the attention and aroused the enthusiasm of Bolingbroke. His temper just then was well toned to such a project as that contemplated. It struck him as a favorable occasion on which to exercise himself in those martial arts which were congenial to him, and to withdraw himself from dependence upon the hospitality of Charles. If he should go to the Hungarian war, he would make his name known and honored by a brilliant career, and the tedious length of his term of exile would pass rapidly away. He therefore sent to England a knight named Dymocke, to solicit the consent of the head of his house, his father, the Duke of Lancaster.

The envoy was received with cordial welcome by the venerable prince, who had grieved sorely at the banishment of his favorite son, and who had learned with pride that his manly character had won the friendship of the French court. Dymocke found Lancaster at Hereford Castle, having lately taken but little part in public affairs; and here the envoy was entertained with profuse hospitality. The Duke's answer to his son regarding the Hungarian expedition was, however, unfavorable to Henry's hopes. He advised him not to go, but either to remain at Paris, or to travel for amusement in Spain and Portugal. It is probable that the old man felt the near approach of death, and wished his son to be near at hand, in case his forebodings proved true, that he might succeed without difficulty to the inheritances of Lancaster and Hereford. Indeed, the doctors who attended the aged Duke assured Dymocke that disease had so far penetrated his system that his death might be looked for at a period not far remote. This consideration determined Boling-

broke, however reluctant, to tarry at Paris, and to give over further hope of present adventure.

Bolingbroke's banishment took place in September, 1398. About the Christmas time following Lancaster began to grow rapidly worse. In February, 1399, this venerable and illustrious prince died, mourned by the court and the people, but to the ill-concealed joy of the King. He had brooded over his son's exile, and the feelings natural to one so affectionate doubtless hurried on the disease which overcame him. He was the last of those heroic children of the great King Edward the Third, who emulated and kept in mind the fame of their father; for the Duke of York,* the last surviving brother, was, as is evident, of so gentle and retiring a disposition, that he seemed not of the same blood with his kinsmen.

The death of the Duke of Lancaster gave rise to many surmises on the part of the nobles and citizens in England, as to what course Richard would now pursue toward his cousin Bolingbroke. The rich inheritances which Lancaster had enjoyed in his own and his wife's right lay idle, and awaited their rightful possessor. A seat in the King's council, due to a prince of the blood royal, was vacant. Would the King forget his jealousy of Bolingbroke, pardon his offence, remit further punishment, and generously recall him to the rank and estate of which he was the heir? By putting confidence in his cousin, said some, Richard would gain to himself a wise counselor and an active general; his throne, now tottering, would be propped up by the strong support of a royal Duke, at once the pride of the nobility and the universal favorite of the people. Several courtiers

* Known also as the Earl of Cambridge.

were bold enough to hint these considerations to Richard, and to warn him against the danger of still encouraging the enmity of so proud and popular a nobleman. But Richard was obstinate. He weakly gave way to his anger, and indignantly sent the officious counsellors from his presence. Then, as if to defy the indignation of his cousin and of his subjects, he sent his officers to seize the estates of Lancaster, devoted the rents to the royal treasury, and commanded that none of the proceeds of the inheritance should be conveyed to Henry at Paris. At the same time he wrote a letter to the King of France, announcing the death of John of Lancaster, the expressions of which but feebly concealed the exultation which that event had given him. Meanwhile, he did not deign to intimate the news to Henry. The latter, however, received the intelligence from his private couriers before Richard's letter reached the court of France, and appeared publicly with his retinue in full mourning. He ordered the obsequies of his father to be performed with great pomp at Paris; and the King of France and the royal dukes manifested their sympathy for Bolingbroke by attending the ceremony in a body. He was visited by the principal personages at the metropolis, and received abundant proof that the malignity of his royal cousin was by no means approved of by the French.

Bolingbroke, whose titles had been Earl of Derby and Duke of Hereford, was now Duke of Lancaster; he stood second in the succession to the throne; and as the heir presumptive, the young Earl of March, had hardly reached the years of manhood, he was the most considerable subject of England. The reflection that one entitled to stand so near the throne was not only

subjected to ignominious exile, but was also deprived of his estates, and the object of repeated insults from the King, wounded the just pride of the injured prince, and excited in him a spirit of ambition and revenge, which his vigorous character made worthy to be feared and conciliated. While such thoughts occupied his mind in Paris, the English people, and especially the people of the metropolis, who were strongly attached to him, began to grumble at so monstrous an injustice, which filled the measure of the iniquities to which they themselves had been subjected by the foolish tyranny of Richard. To the commonalty may be added the great house of Percy, the virtual sovereigns of the north, and other nobles, who, from a consistent adherence to the Lancaster family, or dislike of the measures and bearing of Richard, were encouraged to espouse the cause of the new Duke. Thus Lancaster could safely reckon on the French court, a majority of the English nobility, a great proportion of the English people, the personal weakness of Richard, and the justice of his own claim, if he desired to resist the capricious tyranny to which he had been subjected.

A practical demonstration of the good-will of King Charles and his family was, about this time, added to the expressions of sympathy of which they had already been profuse. Marie de Berri, Countess d'Eu, was the daughter of the Duke de Berri, the next younger brother of Charles the Fifth, and uncle of the reigning sovereign. She was the most beautiful and charming princess at the court; was twenty-three years of age, and had been twice married, to Louis Count de Blois, and to Philip d'Artois, a heroic knight, who had fallen at the head of a Christian legion in the Hungarian Crusade. Charles pro-

posed this lady to Lancaster for his wife. Mary de Bohun, his first wife, had died some time before. Such an alliance would greatly augment Lancaster's influence, and would insure to him the coöperation of the French court in whatever designs he might form, to recover his patrimony. He listened, therefore, with much satisfaction to the proposal, and the preparations for the nuptials went forward on a scale befitting a princess of Valois and a royal duke of England. King Richard heard of the proposed alliance with alarm and indignation. He was little desirous that his enemy should be thus strengthened. He determined to exert his authority to prevent the match. For this purpose he sent the Earl of Salisbury to Paris with a strenuous protest against the marriage. This nobleman was reluctant to perform so unpleasant a task; possibly he foresaw the rising sun of Lancaster. The King finally overpersuaded him, however, and he departed on the mission.

He met with no little difficulty at first in shaking Charles's resolution. He represented to him that Richard regarded Lancaster as a traitor to England; that it would be an insult to the English crown to wed a princess of the house of Valois with a rebel and malcontent; that such an event would naturally create a breach between the sovereigns; and that the harmony now existing between the nations could only be preserved by breaking the alliance between Marie and Henry. The easy and amiable temper of Charles the Well-Beloved yielded to this appeal, having a natural dislike to war, and being inclined to adopt measures most favorable to harmony with England. The marriage had been proposed rather on account of the personal popularity of Lancaster, who gained the good-will of all

with whom he associated, than from any reason of State policy. It was now abandoned because the King was unwilling to defend a caprice at the peril of his country. Perhaps, could Charles have seen into the future, he would have adhered to the alliance. The royal determination was made known to Lancaster by Charles himself, who approached the subject in so winning and gracious a manner, and with such evident regret, that the Duke was fain to take the unwelcome news in good part. When he heard that this was Richard's doing, his desire to retaliate greatly increased, and his agents passed with redoubled frequency between London and Paris. His adherents in England, rapidly augmenting, became bolder in their plans, and louder in their complaints.

The last affront gave them a fertile theme by which to direct the popular indignation against the King. Poor Richard, already sufficiently disliked, began to be detested. Everywhere he went he met with cold looks and averted heads; sometimes men moved away as he approached; sometimes hisses and groans greeted him; sometimes he heard "Long live Lancaster!" echoed through the crowd. The persecution of the "good Duke" was on all hands denounced. The King's favorites were not secure in passing from their houses to the royal antechambers. The only personage of the royal family who was not affronted in the streets was the gentle Queen Isabella, the sister of that generous King Charles who had welcomed and protected the beloved exile. On one occasion Richard provided a tournament at Windsor for the public diversion. A gorgeous pageant was prepared. A word passed among Lancaster's friends: "Let no Lancastrian be present at Windsor!" When the day

for the tournament came, the attendance was so small that the affair proved a failure. This was an alarming evidence of the strength of Bolingbroke, and afforded, as Richard could not but perceive, much ground of encouragement to his supporters.

The quarrel between Richard and Lancaster was assuming the magnitude of a national one; and it seemed that the great majority were arraying themselves against the sovereign. The principal friends of the Duke met together in frequent consultation; the King's tyrannies and insults to Lancaster were kept constantly before the people; emissaries were despatched to the distant counties to sound the feelings of the gentry; spies were set upon the King; those favorable to the Duke armed themselves; and an industrious correspondence was constantly maintained between London and the Hôtel de Clisson.

When these hostile counsels were at their height, and when the daily occurrences in the metropolis must have warned him of his insecurity, Richard had the inexplicable imprudence to set out on an expedition to suppress some troubles in Ireland. Roger Mortimer, Earl of Marche, had been slain in attempting to quell an insurrection. The rude natives of Erin were still in arms, defying the Crown. The King was enraged at the death of his cousin, and at the continued audacity of the subject race. He left London in the midst of impending dangers, and went over to Ireland to administer chastisement. A train of knights followed him, with much murmuring and discontent; some, friendly to him, being indignant that he should so expose himself to rebellion at home; others, not so well affected, being angry that they should miss the chance which seemed to offer to the friends of Lancas-

ter. The King's armament consisted of about twelve thousand men. The Earl of Northumberland and the brave Harry Percy, his son, absolutely refused to attend him. A messenger of Richard, sent by him to Alnwick Castle to summon these barons, was immediately ordered back with the answer that they should not obey the summons. The King, incensed, and spurred on by his ministers, issued an order banishing the Percys from the realm. When this sentence reached the ears of Northumberland, he summoned a council of his friends and adherents; for he was virtually sovereign in the northern shires. They advised that he should ask an asylum of King Robert in Scotland, but that he should remain on his estates until compelled to depart by force. It was shrewdly conjectured that Richard had sufficient difficulties to encounter without entering upon a civil war with rebels so able to defend themselves. They therefore felt secure in tacitly resisting the King's decree. The King of Scotland, an ally of Charles of France, and an enemy of the King of England, promptly responded to the appeal of his neighbor. He offered him protection in the Scotch territory, and a force, if necessary, to conduct him thither in safety.

The commotions in England daily increased, and grew to such proportions as might well alarm the court of Richard. Hardly had he turned his back upon the capital, when discontent boldly reared its front in all directions. As the King receded from the only place where his royalty was secure, the premonitions of the approaching storm became loud and frequent. The courts of justice were obliged to suspend their sessions. Trade, to a great extent, ceased. It was unsafe for merchants to travel. Theft met with no punishment, hardly

with a rebuke. The laboring classes neglected their work to meet together in treasonable conclaves. Farmers woke in the morning to see strange and fierce-looking men carrying away their grain, and driving out of the yard their pigs and sheep. Noblemen took their families up to London to escape the dangers of districts which no longer possessed the restraints of law. The enemies of Richard saw in this a coming opportunity for vengeance. Meanwhile the royal authority, where it attempted to preserve order, was resisted and usually overcome. Even those who had not a dislike to the King were forced to cry out loudly against him, for neglecting the peace and safety of the realm to indulge a petty spirit of revenge.

The Londoners, from the first thoroughly imbued with hatred of the King, and having an enthusiastic affection for Bolingbroke, were quick to take advantage of the crisis. They had not forgotten that John had bent beneath the power of his barons, that Henry the Second had succumbed to the demands of the people, that Edward the Second had died a prisoner at Berkeley Castle. The childhood of the generation which was now in the full vigor of life and enterprise, had been passed during those memorable events, when Isabella had placed her son on the throne in the lifetime of his father. They had not forgotten the idea thus illustrated, that there was a remedy for the weakness and tyranny of kings, a remedy which was thorough, a remedy which would not fail of its purpose. The only necessity was for a prompt, zealous, and able leader; and to answer this necessity, their hearts directed them at once toward Henry Duke of Lancaster. The lesson of insurrection had been taught them by their fathers. Richard had forgotten that which should have been his

best heritage. He was insane to persecute him who was probably the only man capable of achieving a successful revolution. Instead of depriving him of a pretext—instead of disarming him by generosity, confidence, and kindness—he overwhelmed him with reasons for resistance and rebellion. Poor King! wretched potentate! you are doomed rather by the weakness of your nature, and the wickedness of your counsellors, than by a purpose of deliberate tyranny. In your adversity you force the great and wise to forsake you, and your crown itself drags you down to a felon's death!

Thomas Fitz-Alan, Archbishop of Canterbury, and a scion of the proud and powerful house of Arundel, was an active prelate, and a partisan of Lancaster. He was at once prudent and fearless; and the authority of his office, no less than the dignity of his descent, made him an appropriate envoy from the English malcontents to the Duke at Paris. It was resolved that Fitz-Alan should go in disguise to Lancaster, that he should represent to him the situation of affairs in England, that he should invite him to come over and vindicate his own rights and those of the people, and that, if the Duke consented, he should accompany him to some English port, whence he might sally forth as the chieftain of the popular party. The Archbishop promptly accepted the trust, and secretly made preparations to depart. When he was ready, he set out for France, so privately that his absence was not remarked till long after he had reached the continent. When he arrived at Cologne, having chosen a roundabout route for the greater safety, he rejected such of his personal apparel as might betray his rank, and assuming the rude garb of a wandering friar, made a pretence that he was going

on a pilgrimage to the Isle of France. His guide soon brought him to the metropolis, where from prudential motives he still continued his disguise. After satisfying himself of the situation of the Duke of Lancaster, and that he was ready to listen to propositions such as he had been instructed to make, he visited him at the Hôtel de Winchester, a palace of the Duke of Berri's, which had been tendered to Lancaster as a residence, instead of the smaller mansion of Clisson.

Lancaster received the Archbishop with undisguised joy, surmising that he came as the envoy of his friends at home, and on a mission of no small importance. A long consultation was held in the Duke's closet, during which Fitz-Alan described the wretched state into which England had fallen through the follies of the King. He informed Lancaster of the good feeling existing toward him everywhere, and urged him to take prompt action in returning and attempting the restoration of order and good government. "The people are determined," declared he, "to rise against Richard of Bordeaux; they will suffer him no longer. He has brought them well-nigh to ruin; he has seized their estates, imprisoned their persons, permitted robbery and murder, neglected their interests, and taken their means of living. It is for you, noble Duke, to deliver them from this weak and wicked reign; it is your task to be the wise arbiter between an obstinate monarch and an injured people. The chance is yours; once lost, it goes to other hands to do the work, and you never will be able to regain it. I therefore beseech you to accompany me to England, and put your noble person at the head of the outraged people, and as their leader to demand a restoration of peace and justice. You will be met by the

rejoicings of a whole nation, and that your own native people."

Lancaster listened to the prelate with close attention until he paused. The habit of his mind was deliberate, and although what he now heard doubtless filled him with the profoundest satisfaction, he had too much sense to rush headlong into any project, however fair. For some time he did not speak at all; but leaning out of the window and gazing upon the gardens below, gave himself up to intense and anxious thought. Then turning to the envoy, after expressing his gratification at the kind feeling exhibited toward him in England, he said: "What your Grace has said requires much thought. I should be unwilling to begin such an experiment without the certainty of success; failure would be fatal to the hopes of the people. I will call together those of my counsellors who happen to be in Paris, and will submit your communication to them. Their advice will doubtless be consonant with my own judgment, after I shall have duly deliberated on a matter of such high moment." The council, when called, had but one thought and one word. "Go forth, brave Duke," came from all mouths; "go forth, and vindicate the glory of your descent. Prove yourself worthy of the blood of Edward the Victorious and Edward the Black Prince. Accept the hearts of the people. Raise the standard of resistance to tyranny; snatch the crown from its debasement. We will follow you through every danger; we will defend you from every peril. Let not this appeal from our countrymen be unanswered. Hasten, gentle prince, to respond to the summons by which Providence, through the mouths of the people, calls on you to be their deliverer." Such addresses could not but delight the ambitious heart of

Henry. They echoed his highest desire. A glorious prospect seemed to open before him. It is probable that he did not, at that time, dare to think of the crown; but it was sufficient happiness to humble his royal enemy, to recover his proper rank and privileges, and to add to his influence as the first subject in the realm, the gratitude of a country restored to the blessings of good government. The counsel of his friends at Paris, then, was readily approved. With the utmost secrecy he set about maturing the scheme, and preparing to carry it into execution. So quietly did the work go forward, that no one, except those implicated, suspected that any thing unusual was taking place. Meanwhile emissaries were constantly passing between the Percys and Lancaster, the plot was rapidly maturing, and the friends of the cause were getting ready for the crisis.

It was thought best to conceal the whole matter from the court of King Charles, and even from the sovereign himself, and that a pretence should be made that Lancaster wished to visit the Duke of Brittany, his relative, by which alone suspicion would be allayed. The Duke of Brittany had married a daughter of Edward the Third of England, and was, therefore, an uncle-in-law of the Duke of Lancaster. This gave a show of reason for the proposed visit. King Charles, much regretting to lose the companionship of so gallant and amiable a man, nevertheless acquiesced in his departure, entirely blind to the real design. Lancaster, whose acquaintance at the French court was very large, thought it policy to give a series of entertainments before his exit. He spent the last weeks of his sojourn in Paris in conviviality and in the expensive pleasures of the age.

The Hôtel de Winchester night after night resounded with feasting, revelry, music, and dancing, and received within its portals the royalty and chivalry of the most gallant and vivacious of nations. The farewell supper given by Lancaster is described to have been regal in its profusion and magnificence. The uncles and brothers of Charles the Sixth were present, and added dignity to the scene—the haughty Burgundy, the avaricious Berri, the gentle Bourbon, and the handsome and elegant Orleans. A French escort was ordered to conduct Lancaster and his suite into Brittany.

On the morning designated for his departure, the scene before his hotel was full of life and confusion. The gay cavaliers, full panoplied in their richest mantles, their crimson and white plumes rising gracefully from new-burnished helmets, bearing upon their breasts the antelope of the Lancasters, the swan of the Herefords, and above both the ominous red rose of Harry Bolingbroke, and doubly armed, as if for a warlike purpose, gathered in the street, chatted, laughed, bade farewell to French intimates, and awaited the coming of their lord. Squires and lackeys hastened about with anxious faces, bustling hither and thither to give final orders, and scrutinizing the elaborate outfits which had been prepared for the journey. Here and there might be discovered the melancholy visage of a Parisian beauty, who had come to catch a last glimpse, and to receive a parting tender word, from her English lover, whom she would caress no more. Royal servants were going to and from the Louvre, conveying souvenirs of kingly favor, and aiding to give éclat to the departure of so esteemed a guest. The French escort, led by a knight of fair renown, generously mounted and equipped, mingled freely with the English train.

Finally, Henry, with the Archbishop, in disguise as a gentleman attendant, by his side, came forth from the hotel, clad in armor, and prepared in all respects for a long journey. The cavalcade at once formed, and took its course out of Paris by the gate of St. Jacques, followed by a large concourse of people, who bade adieu with much regret to the gracious Duke of Lancaster. When they reached Blois, a halt was ordered, and a knight and herald were despatched to the Duke of Brittany, to make known to him the approach of his cousin. When the Duke heard the message, he exclaimed to Sir William Perriere, the envoy: "Why, my lord, has our nephew stopped on the road, since he intends to visit us, and has not come directly hither?" Sir William replied that courtesy toward his Grace made it just to request permission to enter Brittany. "It is foolish," returned John; "for there is no knight whom for these last seven years I should more gladly see in Brittany, than my fair nephew Lancaster." So kind a response moved Henry to set out at once from Blois, and hasten to Nantes, where his uncle the Duke awaited him. The meeting of the princes was most affectionate. The Duke John had long preferred the children of John of Gaunt to the rest of his royal relatives, and his especial favorite among them all was Bolingbroke, whose early exhibitions of spirit and gallantry had charmed him when from time to time he visited England. Every species of entertainment customary in that age was provided for the amusement of the guest, and every day added evidence of the sincere good-will of the Duke of Brittany.

When Lancaster observed his uncle so kindly disposed, he resolved to make known to him the real object of his departure from Paris, and to seek his ad-

vice in the present dilemma. After he had related to him the circumstances of his banishment, the seizure of his estates, the jealousy of Richard, the prevention of his marriage with Marie de Berri, and the humiliating insults to which he had been subjected by the King of England, and when he added his determination to seek redress by boldly entering England, as he had been urged by the people, the Duke John fully approved of the design, and declared it to be practicable. "Fair nephew," said he, "the straightest road is always the best and surest. You are in a distressing situation, and ask advice. I therefore recommend you to trust to the Londoners. They are powerful, and can compel Richard to come to terms. I will assist you with vessels, men-at-arms, and cross-bows, to convey you over the sea, and to defend you against the dangers you may meet with."

This distinct approval of his determination spurred Henry to accelerate his plans and to complete his preparations for crossing the channel. He hired three vessels to convey his attendants and soldiers; and, the wind becoming favorable, he embarked for his native country, carrying with him the best wishes of Duke John of Brittany. The voyage was rapid and successful; and on the fourth day of July, 1399, Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster and Hereford, and Earl of Derby, once more planted his foot upon English soil at Ravenspur, near Hull, in Yorkshire.* His force and attendance was so small that little suspicion was created by his arrival; the Archbishop Arundel allayed what there was, by declaring them to be a troop sent by the Duke of Brittany to reënforce King Richard. Before leaving his vessel, Lancaster had so disguised

* Froissart says Plymouth; all others Ravenspur.

himself, that even those who knew his person would fail to recognize him. Messengers were immediately despatched to London and to the Percys, announcing the presence of Henry in England, and calling on his adherents to rise and maintain his cause throughout the realm. The little band of twenty started toward the metropolis, with Henry at their head. Ere long the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, with numerous and completely armed retinues, joined them from the north; and as they progressed, the little nucleus swelled and swelled, till the body began to assume the proportions of an army, and Henry, at first a lord surrounded by a body-guard, soon found himself a general at the head of thousands.

Edmund Duke of York, uncle to the King and Lancaster, was acting as Regent in the absence of Richard in Ireland. When he heard that a formidable host was accumulating, and with a rebellious design was advancing on London, he issued a proclamation, calling on all true subjects to assemble at St. Albans, and to defend the throne. Forty thousand men answered the summons. York put himself at the head of this hastily-gathered army, and prepared to intercept the insurgent forces. He found, however, to his chagrin, that his forces were not animated by a spirit which presaged success. Indeed, a disinclination to march against Henry soon manifested itself; and when the royal troops learned how, flushed with success and hope, the insurgent host was advancing, they became quite disheartened, so that the Regent was fain to abandon the intention to assume an offensive front.

As Henry progressed, the royal troops became less and less inclined to put themselves in his way. The Earl of Wiltshire, who had been posted with a corps of

knights to oppose him, retired from his path, shut himself up in Bristol, and awaited the issue. The nobility, as well as the common people, began to flock to the Lancastrian standard. Lancaster, when he approached the main army under York, sent to his uncle and besought him not to obstruct his passage to London, declaring his intention to be only to recover his just rank and estates. York, always preferring peaceful measures, incompetent to command, fearful of his soldiers, and persuaded by his officers, returned an amicable reply, and forthwith Henry's army was swelled by the concurrence of those who had convened to oppose him. He marched at once to Bristol, laid rapid siege to that town, and reduced it with little difficulty. Lord Wiltshire and his lieutenants were executed, and most of his soldiers joined the rebellious, now become a revolutionary, column.

Henry found himself in command of full sixty thousand men. The lieutenants who led the divisions of his army were from the oldest and most chivalrous houses of England. By his side rode the chief priest of the State Church, Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, no longer constrained to disguise his sacred dignity, but attired in the flowing surplice and coroneted mitre of his exalted office. Harry Percy, hardly more than a boy, yet already a warrior of high renown, was the centre of as brilliant a group of noble youths as could have been collected from any court in Europe. A large proportion of the landed property of England was represented in that army. In military, civil, and religious talent, the assemblage was much more conspicuous than was the camp of their sovereign and adversary. The enthusiasm and confidence was all on one side. The King's friends de-

cided their chance hopeless, before they raised their hands to resist. A large majority of the prelates were to be found in Richard's train; and their influence was incalculable in securing the adhesion of the peasantry.

The messengers who had gone before to the metropolis, had prepared the citizens for the approach of their favorite. No one any longer heeded the law or the royal authorities. All respect for the kingly dignity was thrown aside. Richard's name was openly jeered and laughed at. A large concourse of citizens met together at once, and it was resolved that they should go out *en masse* to welcome Henry to London. The Lord Mayor put himself at the head of his constituents, surrounded by noblemen and civic dignitaries, and passed beyond the city walls without molestation from the officers of the King. Henry had meanwhile taken the direct road from Bristol to London, and was rapidly approaching the city. At Guilford, about twenty-five miles from London, he met the Lord Mayor and the citizens, received their congratulations and assurances of support, and the night was spent in merrymaking and needful repose.

Early on the following morning Henry, with the Archbishop on his right hand and the Lord Mayor on his left, and followed by his rejoicing army, resumed his march. As he approached the capital, men, women, and children in a dense mass flocked out on the road to welcome him hither. Nobles and priests, attired in the splendid habiliments of their orders, appeared in his path and hailed him as the deliverer of the Church and the State. "Welcome! welcome! good Derby!" resounded on every side. Rude eulogies on Henry of Bolingbroke were mingled with curses on Richard of Bordeaux. It was unmistakably a revolution—a

revolution into which the large preponderance of all classes entered. The people's will, for once, spoke loudly and with no doubtful import. Their chosen lord was come—the transition of allegiance was both sudden and decisive. In the midst of an ovation which surprised those who had been most sanguine, Henry rode with a calm and majestic air, his countenance only betraying his exultation by a placid smile, and his whole demeanor complacent, yet full of dignity. In the height of an excitement such as made his companions restless and wild with joy, the hero of the pageant exhibited no passionate emotion, and was throughout deliberate and self-possessed. He returned, indeed, the salutations of the multitude by graceful bows and an occasional kind expression, and showed his appreciation of their affection in a manner which, though calm, left no doubt of sincerity. His noble carriage and the elegant repose of his features drew admiration from every breast. His smile, singularly attractive, reassured every one of those full and anxious hearts. He looked, indeed, according to those who witnessed his entrance into London, every inch a king, a worthy Plantagenet, a true champion of regal dignity. Lancaster was escorted to his own house in the city, and there received the great state and religious dignitaries who were at that time in London. The dowager Duchess of Gloucester, who, it may be conjectured, thoroughly detested Richard for the murder of her husband, came with her daughters to encourage and stimulate her nephew. Her son Humphrey, now Duke of Gloucester, was with the King in Ireland, in compulsory attendance.

The whole city had the appearance of a gala day; the shops were closed; the people flocked about the

streets in gay attire, all having fastened a red rose to their breasts; the chariots of the nobility and prelacy were passing rapidly to and fro; the praises of Henry were in every mouth, and the one cry was for the deposition of Richard of Bordeaux. Having discharged, with thanks and presents, the faithful band of Bretons who had escorted him to England, Lancaster quickly raised a force of twelve thousand men, and set out by forced marches toward the west, for the purpose of encountering the King.

Richard did not receive intelligence of the invasion of his crown until Henry had been three weeks in England. He was still in Ireland when the news reached him. Many officers of his army, who had known the events, had shrunk from disclosing them to the King. Sir Richard Scroop at last found courage to speak. Richard for the second time in his life exhibited a prompt and energetic spirit, such as had quelled the riots of Wat Tyler. He ordered Salisbury to sail with a considerable force to Conway, in Wales, and to incite the Welsh to an active defence of the royal standard. Richard himself would follow with the remainder of the army from Waterford. Salisbury succeeded in gathering a fair number from the Welsh mountains. Richard landed soon after at Milford with his suite and five or six thousand soldiers. But this force had no sooner found themselves on English soil, than the discontent with which they had followed the King to Ireland increased, and their favorable inclinations toward Henry appeared. The next morning after his disembarkation, the King arose and looked out upon his camp. To his utter chagrin it seemed almost deserted. During the night whole battalions had left their

tents, and were now full on their way toward the usurper's headquarters. Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, and Richard Earl of Arundel, had disappeared. A council of war, called immediately, exhibited a woful paucity in number, and great depression of spirits. It was discovered that even among the inferior force that remained, there were loud murmurs and much wavering. The King, notwithstanding, exhibited more resolution than his most courageous counsellors. "I will not fly in the face of my subjects," said he. It was a rash speech, but a brave one. The lords and bishops urged him to fly to a place of safety; he was no longer secure with his own army. It was folly, they said, to march with a despondent force against an exultant force, twice as large. Some wished him to retire from the kingdom altogether; others said this would be virtual abdication, and proposed that he should join the forces under Salisbury at Conway. The latter advice, after much discussion, prevailed. That night Richard, accompanied by Exeter, Surrey, Scroop, Feriby, and the Bishop of Carlisle, crept away in the disguise of a monk, and turned toward Conway. About the same time the Duke of Albemarle and Sir Thomas Percy fled in another direction to join Henry. The flight of the King was successfully accomplished. When it was discovered, the army disbanded, and many followed their late companions into the camp of the victorious prince.

Meanwhile Richard, having arrived without any mischance at Conway Castle, found to his grief that what had happened to him had also occurred to Salisbury. That nobleman was found to be in command of a pitiful troop; most of his army had, like that of Richard, deserted. The neighboring castles were ex-

amined, and proved to be deficient in force, soundness, and provisions. Then Richard seems to have felt that his crown was lost to him. The two bastard brothers of the King, the Duke of Exeter and the Duke of Surrey, were sent forward to treat with the advancing insurgents, now become revolutionists. Meanwhile Henry had made good progress, each day adding to his force, and the people all along his route greeting him and cheering him on with joyful acclamations. At Cirencester Gloucester and Arundel joined him; and as he drew nearer and nearer the western coast, the deserters from the royal standard flocked about him in constantly increasing numbers. He began to feel himself secure of the supreme power, and no doubt by this time had determined to place the crown on his own head.

When the envoys of the King, Exeter and Surrey, came to him, they were courteously received, and treated with kind consideration; but Henry had reasons for detaining them, therefore they became in a manner his prisoners. His idea was that Richard would escape, when he found resistance hopeless, if the Dukes returned to him; but would await them in Conway Castle. He desired above all things to make sure of Richard's person. He therefore sent forward the Earl of Northumberland, his most powerful adherent, to make specious offers to the King, and to detain him by every means till Henry should come up. The propositions submitted to the King were, that he should govern according to the constitution of the realm; that he should deliver up Exeter, Surrey, Salisbury, and the Bishop of Carlisle, to be tried for the murder of Gloucester; that Lancaster should be made grand justiciary. An

interview was also requested between Henry and Richard at Flint Castle, which was near by. These terms the King accepted, and having made Northumberland to swear fidelity, at once prepared to meet his cousin and enemy.

By this time Henry had approached so rapidly that the King, having mounted and come out of the castle on his way to Flint, observing the banners and symbols of the red rose flaunting to the breeze in the distance, exclaimed: "I am betrayed! God of Paradise, assist me!" Northumberland now came up with several hundred lances, and informed his Majesty that he would escort him to Castle Flint. Richard turned his horse, as if to retrace his steps to Conway; but the Earl, seizing the bridle, declared that he should not turn back, but that it was necessary for him to be conducted to the Duke of Lancaster. The unfortunate monarch was obliged to submit to this indignity, and without further resistance suffered himself to be conveyed under the surveillance of the Earl's troop to the designated spot. It may be imagined that the evening and night were spent in sad apprehension and foreboding, and that the fallen prince, though wearied, failed to obtain his needed rest. He was held as a prisoner in the castle, and could get no communication to his friends at a distance. The guards of the Earl of Northumberland kept vigilant watch. The royal bird was at last fairly and securely caged.

In the morning he arose, dressed himself, and ascended the donjon-keep of the castle. He beheld a great and brilliant host of soldiers, with banners bearing the escutcheon of Lancaster, winding along over the broad beach which swept beneath the castle walls

toward him. This sight, which brought with it the certainty of his fate, at last unnerved him, and he sank to the pavement in a paroxysm of grief and despair. Henry, meanwhile, accompanied by a small body-guard, approached the moat, and knocked loudly at the gate. In answer to the demand from within who he was, he shouted: "I am Henry of Lancaster, and demand audience of the King." Richard, after a little hesitation, ordered his officers to admit Henry and eleven followers within the walls. The wicket was therefore opened, and the rebellious Duke marched into the presence of his sovereign rather as if he were the master than the vassal. The King, when he saw his cousin thus proudly advancing, changed color and was about to speak; but Henry interrupted him, and asked him if he had breakfasted. "No," said Richard, "'tis yet early morn; why do you ask?" "It is time you should breakfast," answered the Duke, "for you have a long way to go." "Where?" asked the terrified King. "To London." Richard was urged to eat by his attendants, and he tried to swallow a meagre breakfast; but so oppressed was his heart, that it was with difficulty that he ate enough to sustain him.

He was then formally taken prisoner by Henry, as well as such of his adherents as were there present. Strict orders were given, however, that none of the King's friends should be robbed, or deprived of any article whatever, except their swords. The King was mounted on one of Lancaster's horses, and Salisbury on another. Richard and Henry rode down through the court of the castle and over the drawbridge together, in deep conversation; the King with his head bowed down, his eyes on the ground, and his countenance

full of distress; Henry proud, calm, and serious. Shouts of derision, but ill repressed, met the fallen King as he rode through the throng of his once loyal subjects. Henry ordered the army to take the road to Chester, and himself conducted the King thither. From that place writs of election were issued at the demand of the Duke for a new Parliament. After three days of rest, the journey toward London was resumed without incident until the cortège reached Lichfield. Henry had already disbanded the greater part of his forces.

At Lichfield, Richard, having given up all hope of safety while in the hands of his cousin, attempted to escape by slipping down from the castle tower in which he was confined at night, into the garden below; but here he was taken in the act of flight by the vigilance of Henry's guard, and restored to confinement. This incident increased the Duke's haste to reach London, and he passed rapidly through Coventry, Northampton, and St. Albans with his royal prisoner. When they were yet distant from London about six miles, the Lord Mayor and the companies in livery came out to meet the cavalcade and to escort the princes within the city. The obsequious attentions of these city fathers were observed to be directed almost entirely to Henry, while Richard was scarcely vouchsafed a recognition. Ever thus, from the beginning of the world, have those been insulted who have fallen from a high estate. The multitude follows successful usurpation, but never offers a shield to fallen dignity.

The King was reduced to entreat Henry that he should not be conveyed through London. The reasonable request was granted. When they reached

the gates, he was sent under a strong guard by way of Westminster to the Tower. Lancaster, separating from him, proceeded through the city in great state, and, entering St. Paul's Cathedral, ascended the high altar, and occupied himself in earnest prayer.

Having thus accomplished the bold design of possessing control over the royal person, Lancaster strengthened the defences of the metropolis, and organized a force of thirty thousand men for the purpose. He next summoned such of his adherents as were near at hand for a consultation; called to his counsels the powerful Percys; annulled the banishment of Warwick; and ordered an immediate session of the new Parliament. The result of his deliberations with his friends is readily conjectured. The resolution, which had probably been for some time fixed in his mind, was now openly announced. The climax to the revolution must be a change of dynasty—the Lancasters must be Kings of England. It was resolved, first, that Richard should be compelled to abdicate in favor of Henry; second, that Parliament should be induced to confirm Henry as King, as of the people's choice. After much expostulation, threat, entreaty, and insult, poor Richard consented to sign away his royalty, and to transfer his inheritance to his successful and implacable enemy. Articles of abdication were drawn up. By them the King absolved his subjects of their allegiance and devotion to him as King of England. He renounced all royal power. He declared himself incompetent to reign. He was made to say that he had justly incurred the degradation which he now suffered. He made an oath never by act or word to revoke his present abdication. Finally, he announced Henry Duke of Lancaster his

successor, in token of which he bestowed upon him the royal signet which he wore on his finger.

The Parliament which had been summoned came up to Westminster thoroughly Lancastrian. They were ready to act the will of the usurper, and to confirm the usurpation. Articles were framed by Henry's command containing a list of charges against Richard. They declared him to be guilty of the confiscation of Henry's property; of the murder of Gloucester, and other princes and barons; of tyranny to the people; of favoritism and neglect of duty;—hardly any misdemeanor of which a King could be guilty was omitted. The populace of London were in a constant ferment; they loudly demanded the death of Richard. They seized his faithful knights, tortured them, and put them to death before his eyes. These atrocities so alarmed Richard, that he sent to implore Lancaster to protect him from his own people. On the 20th of September, amid great excitement, the Parliament convened in Westminster Hall. The throne stood vacant; a cloth of gold, with the lion rampant and the fleurs-de-lis embroidered thereon, covered the royal seat. Near the throne, a little below it, Henry of Lancaster took his place. Parliament at once turned their attention to the great crisis which was now upon them, in the presence of a multitude of people, who crowded the corridors and ante-chambers.

The King's abdication was first read; after that the coronation oath. The articles of impeachment were produced, in proof that Richard had violated the coronation oath. The subject was then open for discussion. Only one voice was heard in opposition to the general opinion. Thomas Merks, Bishop of

Carlisle, dared to speak fearlessly and bitterly of the usurpation. This bold prelate was instantly seized and committed to the Tower. The vote being taken, it was resolved without a negative that the throne was vacant. Eight nobles rose, and proceeding to the daïs, declared Richard degraded from the dignity of royalty. Then for the first time the Duke of Lancaster stood up amid deep silence, the whole assembly rising in deference to his authority. He solemnly made the sign of the cross, and, after a moment of deliberation, distinctly and calmly spoke: "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I, Henry, Duke of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, and Earl of Derby, do challenge this realm of England, on three grounds. First, that I am descended by the right line of blood from the good King Henry the Third, inasmuch as my ancestor, Edmund, Duke of Lancaster, was the eldest son, hence entitled to the throne. Secondly, that I have conquered the realm, and that by the will of the people thereof. Thirdly, that Richard of Bordeaux hath freely resigned the crown into my hands. I therefore conjure you, my lords, knights, and gentlemen, to pronounce your opinion and will upon this my claim."

The response was unanimously favorable to his pretensions. The Primate advanced, and taking Henry by the hand, brought him to the foot of the throne. The Duke knelt a moment in prayer, arose, and, placing Richard's signet upon his finger, seated himself beneath the royal canopy. The throne was so elevated that all could see him; and when he did this certain act of sovereignty, the applause was loud and prolonged. Archbishop Arundel, as soon as order was restored in the excited assemblage, harangued

them with a disquisition on the virtues of their new ruler. Henry followed briefly and to the point : "Sirs, I thank God, and you, and all the estates of the land. I would have you think that I should disinherit no man but for the good of this realm. I will try to rule justly—as a father over children, rather than as a king over subjects."

The Parliament was then dissolved. Its members were summoned to a new Parliament in six days. Henry named his officers of state, and received their oaths of allegiance. The ceremonies at Westminster being at an end, the new King, whilst heralds in gorgeous array proclaimed HENRY THE FOURTH from every elevation, and the acclamations of the people resounded along the narrow streets through the city, went in royal state to the palace of his ancestors. As the deserted and stricken Richard stood at his window in the Tower, he saw streams of soldiers and people in vast confusion filling the streets beneath, and the iron entered his heart as the cry, "Long live our gracious King Henry!" assailed his ears from every quarter, and drove the last hope from his breast.

Thus the House of Lancaster was elevated to the sovereignty of England, by the consent of the people and of Parliament, peacefully, by a revolution as quiet and bloodless as that which ushered in William of Orange three centuries later. There can be no doubt that the usurpation of Henry was pleasing to the nation. The contrast between his character and that of Richard made him more beloved than he would otherwise have been, and Richard more hated. The new monarch represented, too, an element theretofore foreign—a popular choice. It was the first time that Englishmen had had a voice in designating the pos-

essor of the crown. The hereditary succession was interrupted by that new and startling power—popular election. It was the will of the people that Richard should be deposed, that Lancaster should reign. By their aid Henry made the bloodless conquest, and their representatives placed the crown upon his head. Through the concurrence of both estates, the popular estate and the baronial estate, Henry was able to begin his reign without constitutional opposition, almost unchecked by a single dissenting voice.

We will now proceed to ascertain how the new prince used this power, and in what manner he succeeded in establishing his descendants upon the throne. We shall find the same ambitions, rivalries, jealousies, heroisms, and treasons filling the record, that universally appeared to sway the fate of the nations in the middle ages. We shall find the courageous and moderate Bolingbroke subject to many of the temptations which beset royalty, and attacked by the fury of feudal audacity as his predecessors had been. But, if we mistake not, we shall see through this short and pregnant reign, a spirit worthy of a descent from Edward the Great, moving the destiny of England, and sustaining the royal dignity with a constant vigor and watchfulness such as is rare among those who are born to reign.

CHAPTER III

"O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armor, worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety."

THE REIGN OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH, SURNAMED BOLING- BROKE.

THIS prince, who by so peaceful, and yet so complete a revolution, had placed the crown upon his own head, was no ordinary man. The most salient features of his character are not to be inferred from those qualities which are usually most conspicuous in those who have successfully usurped and revolutionized kingdoms. In some respects he was ill-fitted to be the leader of an insurrection; but where he was wanting, circumstances rendered the deficiency no obstacle to his triumph. In other respects he was far more capable than the leaders of popular disquiet are apt to be; for, as he afterward proved, he knew the wisdom of moderation, he forgot to revenge personal enmities when his enemies became his subjects, and, it seems, he had learned the art of governing well. He was far superior to most princes of that age, both in culture of mind, and in habits of thought and study. His nature was a contemplative one; it was also a religious one. From early boyhood he had been precocious as a student both of languages and of theol-

ogy. But, while he was engaging himself in pursuits so well fitted to refine his intellect, he was constantly mingling in the vivid activity of the royal court, listening to the debates of the King's councillors, drinking in from his father's lips the narratives of heroic valor and the achievements of armies, taking a hearty share in the varied festivities and the stately pageants of the palace, and partaking with intense interest in those exercises which strengthened his sinews, and prepared him to imitate, in due time, the ambitious designs for which his ancestors had so long been famous. He was thus, in his youth, both quiet and active. He sought to take advantage of each opportunity which his high position opened to him. Always temperate and abstemious, he yet joined in the gay excitements which surrounded him; and while he refused to give way to excess, enlivened by his cheerful disposition, and gave a higher tone to the conversation by the elegant learning of which he had become possessed. He had in no common degree that facility of temperament by which he could turn with ease from the grave topics of sober contemplation, to the world which bustled so gayly and so boisterously around him, taking part in each with equal zest.

When he grew to manhood, he was at once one of the most popular and one of the most highly respected of the nobility. John of Gaunt frequently took him into his counsel, and learned to pay that deference to his son's suggestions which would have honored older men. The aim of Henry continued, to improve himself in every direction. He observed with a critical eye the events which were being enacted before him. He read carefully both the history and the traditions of England. He weighed the characters

of men in his mind. He sought the companionship of priests and the learned men who resorted to the court. He watched the effect of the measures which the King adopted. He made himself familiar with the system of the papal hierarchy, and understood the controversy which had sprung up with the heresies of Wickliffe, and which afterwards convulsed England under his own reign. His manners, when a young man, are described by contemporary writers as having been singularly attractive; his smile enticed the love of all who approached him; his voice was calm and melodious; his bearing full at once of dignity and graciousness; yet he had a spirit by no means slow to insult. He resented affronts with a promptness which surprised those who had only seen the bland side of his character. No man was prouder than he of descent from heroes and kings; none were more punctilious in the preservation, by deference, of the princely dignity. He seems to have thought that probity and learning were the proper qualities which should illustrate the true rank of royalty, and to have felt that something further than hereditary prestige was necessary to engage the obeisance of the people.

His thirst after knowledge, especially that knowledge of men in which he seems to have been unusually proficient, prompted him, while yet young, to make several tours in foreign lands. In 1390, when he was but twenty-four, he led "a noble band of soldiers" to Prussia, where he mingled in the war then proceeding between the German Christians and the infidels. Two years after, he again went to the same country with three hundred men, and after some time spent in martial activity, made a journey to Venice. From the island city he repaired on a solemn pilgrimage to

Jerusalem, and spent an entire year in religious contemplation in the Holy Land. Thence he went to Cyprus, Pavia, back to Milan.

The Duke of Milan was a warm friend of the royal family of England, and was so estimable a sovereign that his subjects named him the "*Comes Virtutum*." He received Henry with regal ostentation, gave him a series of entertainments, and lodged him in the palace. In company with his host, Henry visited the church of St. Augustine, at Pavia, where reposed the remains of St. Augustine, of the philosopher Boëthius, and of that noble young Lionel of Clarence, who had died so far away from home, in the midst of the felicity of his honeymoon. Parting from the excellent Duke, Henry proceeded through Bohemia, Germany, and France, back to his own country. During this tour he doubtless had ample opportunity to indulge in his favorite studies. He is said to have been especially attentive to observe the different systems of government, the manners of the people, and the foundations of papal power in the Christian temporalities. He must have devoted himself with zest to the study of theology, while residing in the Holy Land; certain it is, that he became thoroughly confirmed as a champion of Catholicism, and deeply imbued with the necessity of maintaining the supremacy of the Church. In this regard he differed with his father, John of Gaunt, whose distrust of Popery, and favorable inclinations toward Wickliffism, gave the heresy much encouragement. Henry was probably sagacious enough to see that, in the precarious times in which he lived, royalty could not resist both internal faction and the enmity of the Pope, and that a necessary method by which to overcome the former was by a

close alliance with the latter. The double motive of sincere conviction and the preservation of the integrity of the crown, seems to have actuated him to espouse the cause of the priesthood in England.

Having gone to the Continent as a soldier, he had remained there as a student. He returned home to commence his career as a statesman. While John of Gaunt was absent on his expedition against Castile, Henry took his place at Richard's council, had charge of the estates of Lancaster and Hereford, and was one of the King's most prudent and able advisers. This variety of his occupations gave him a great advantage over his colleagues at court. It is probable that he was implicated in some of those unsuccessful plots, which at different times threatened Richard's throne. There was but little cordial feeling between the cousins. Henry regarded with contempt the effeminacy and extravagance of the King, and Richard was both fearful and jealous of the vigorous character of Henry. "We are governed by gourmands," said Henry. "I must prune this overgrown limb of royalty," said the King. The courteous and graceful manners of Henry compelled the good-will of the nobility; they could not be jealous of one who was always a gentleman. By the populace, as we have seen, he was devotedly admired. As a soldier, although he executed no deed of brilliant renown, he was brave, persevering, and moderate. He was wanting in the marked genius which had distinguished the conduct of the two Edwards at Poitiers and Crecy, and which afterwards, in a yet higher degree, shed lustre on the royal line at Agincourt. Henry's characteristic was to be excellent in most things, but conspicuously great in none. He had a kingly na-

ture, a loftiness of soul, which was and is yet rare among crowned heads. His greatest fault was his bigoted and extreme devotion to the hierarchy ; what tyranny he exercised was religious.

His portrait, as it has been preserved to us from old prints, which the coins of his time furnished with the features, represents a sober, contemplative face, with melancholy eyes, a broad forehead, and square head ; yet having an expression of latent fire and courage, and full of lofty dignity. It bears out the character which we would deduce from the descriptions which the old writers have left. The countenance is a positive one ; there is no doubt left on the mind, that such a face was the index of rare ability and power. The character we have presented does not justify the conclusion, that Bolingbroke was a restless and over-ambitious conspirator, or that he sought for merely personal ends to overthrow the King. He doubtless had the ambition to govern, but not to that immoderate degree to which, did we not know more of him both from his previous and subsequent actions, he might be supposed to be subject. It takes away very much from the stigma of usurpation, that in depriving the legitimate possessor of his crown he rendered a service to his countrymen, that he replaced an impotent reign by a vigorous reign, and that in his favor was elicited for the first time in English history that remarkable act, a popular appointment to an hereditary office. A quaint old writer, who himself saw Henry both as subject and as sovereign, says of him, in estimating his character : "He observed the ways of justice ; he honored the servants of God ; he studied the Bible ; he had a very tenacious memory ; he was a studious investigator of

morals; he was an eager student of government." Having thus introduced the new King to the knowledge of the reader, we proceed to recount what occurred during his brief reign.

Henry of Lancaster, at thirty-three, found himself a successful usurper to the throne. His predecessor was a despised prisoner in the Tower; the kingdom was in peace; opposition was totally crushed; the Parliament was not only acquiescent, but enthusiastic in support of the new dynasty; the great barons cheerfully swore allegiance, and took their places at the head of the armies, and around the council board; and the prelates hastened to prop up a prince, who had evinced a bigoted devotion to the splendid and corrupt hierarchy of Rome. The first step taken was to dissolve the Parliament, and to summon a new legislature. The next was to prepare for the coronation, at that day an impressive and important ceremony, by the superior magnificence of which Henry thought to elicit the admiration and reverence of his people.

The day designated was Monday the thirteenth of October, celebrated as the festival of St. Edward the Confessor and King. On the Saturday previous, Henry, having now assumed all the state of majesty, proceeded to the Tower, which was then used for the double purpose of a palace and a prison. He was attended by those of his late confederates for whom he designed the honor of knighthood, in recognition of their part in the revolution. On his arrival at the Tower, as was the custom, the King and his attendants retired to their chambers and bathed. The next morning, which was Sunday, the ceremony of conferring the order of knighthood took place in the hall, the candidates being habited in long green coats

lined with minever (a kind of ermine such as the bishops wore), and having upon their left shoulders a double cord of white silk with pendent tufts.

After a sumptuous feast in the hall of the Tower, Henry returned in state through Cheapside, the Strand, and Whitehall, to the palace of Westminster. The procession on this occasion is described as having been most brilliant and ostentatious. Henry himself rode on a white charger, bareheaded; around his neck glittered the jewelled order of the King of France; his broad body was enveloped in a German jacket, whose texture was the finest cloth of gold; and upon his left leg was to be seen the blue garter, symbol of supreme knightly dignity. Upwards of six thousand horse escorted him—among them the highest baronial, civil, and military dignitaries of the realm. The young Prince of Wales, then but nine years of age, was conspicuous near his father, with his bright visage and careless bearing; the haughty Northumberland and the brave Westmoreland rode beside the sovereign, who might be said to have received the crown from their hands; the nobility were represented in goodly numbers—hardly any great baronial name but was borne by some one in that gorgeous throng; and last of all followed, in all the consequential pride of civic dignity, the corporation of the capital, and the companies of London, led by their wardens, wearing their curious liveries, and displaying the ensigns of their respective trades. The streets through which this pageant passed were decorated with taste and care by the enthusiastic populace. Mottoes and expressions of welcome faced Henry at every turning in bewildering numbers. Tapestries hung in festoons from house to house, repre-

senting the life and triumphs of the new King. In Cheapside nine fountains were set up, whence gushed, in circling and splashing streams, unlimited wine of varied hues. The people gathered in the streets and on the housetops, and greeted with loud acclamations the appearance of their favorite and master; while he, riding slowly and complacently along, returned their salutations with a quiet suavity which was long remembered by those who saw him. The usual occupation of the bath followed upon the arrival at Westminster; then the King, after public prayer, retired.

The morning of the coronation day came, and Henry, as soon as he was dressed, called his confessor, and confessed himself. Thence he proceeded with his household to the chapel, where his soul sought further purity by the ceremony of three masses. The bishops, attended by many priests, assembled at the Abbey, and went thence in procession to the palace. The return to the Abbey was made by the church dignitaries going first, and the King and nobility following them. The King, adorned with the royal robes, went on foot; above him was borne a canopy of blue silk mounted on silver staves, to which were attached four ringing bells of gold, and supported by four burgesses of Dover, as was their ancient privilege. The dukes, earls, and barons wore scarlet robes reaching to the ground, mantles of rich ermine, and coronets of gold surmounted by hoods of ermine. On the King's right hand walked Henry, Prince of Wales, bearing the sword of mercy; on his left Northumberland, who had been created constable, bearing the sword of justice. Westmoreland, as Earl Marshal, bore the sceptre before the King. The scene within

the Abbey, as the procession entered, must have been superb. In the centre of the spacious nave was erected a high daïs, covered by a crimson cloth, and thereon the ancient throne, adorned with cloth of gold, worked with the heraldic symbols of English royalty; and over the throne hung a rich canopy. The interior was crowded with the nobility and best gentry of the land; and the fair sex, arrayed in gaudy ostentation, attended to lend graceful presence to the scene. The King proceeded to the throne and took his place thereon, arrayed in the royal robes, but having as yet no crown upon his head. Arundel, the primate, ascended the daïs, and addressed the multitude. "God hath given us this man," said he, "to be our lord and sovereign. Is it your will that he should be consecrated and crowned King of England?" The assent was boisterous and unanimous; loud praises were mingled with the harmony of the single "ay;" hands were uplifted as if to swear allegiance. Henry then came down from the daïs.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, assisted by the prelates, stood at the altar, whither the King advanced. With the solemn Latin service the primate administered the rite of consecration; the King was consecrated on the head, the breast, the shoulders, the back, and the hands. Thus he became holy in the eyes of that superstitious age. As the head of the English Church he was then enrobed as a bishop, having a hood on his head, and shoes of crimson velvet upon his feet. Spurs, to indicate the church militant, were clasped about his ankles. The sword of justice was drawn, and having been blessed by the primate, was placed in the royal hand; Henry replaced it in the scabbard, and the primate girded it, thus sheathed,

about his waist. The hood was displaced to make way for the crown of St. Edward the Confessor, which was blessed by the primate, and put upon the royal head. This was the consummation of the ceremony which invested Henry completely with the sovereignty.

Then followed the feastings and revellings which formed such a contrast to the preceding solemnities, and which gave a vent to the jubilant feelings of the courtiers. The courtyards of the palace were ornamented with unique fountains; and from the mouths of lions, the tridents of Neptune, and the petals of marble flowers gushed wines, whence all might drink in common. Within the vast hall were spread five long tables, laden with the richest viands which the European markets could supply. At the head of the first sat the new monarch on a throne; by his side stood the Prince of Wales, to serve his royal father; and below Henry the archbishops and bishops were arranged in order of dignity, while at the foot of the table was the Earl of Westmoreland. At the second table were the five great lords of England; at the third the Lord Mayor and civic dignitaries of the metropolis; at the fourth the newly dubbed knights; at the fifth the rest of the company, below the order of nobility.

As the feast was proceeding merrily, a loud knock was heard upon the oaken doors. A knight of renown advanced into the hall, full-armed, upon a steed nobly barbed with crimson panoply. Another knight went before him, holding his lance, while Dymock himself held his drawn sword in his hand, and a naked dagger glistened at his girdle. Advancing to Henry, he kneeled and presented him a paper. In it was announced that "if any knight or

gentleman should dare maintain that King Henry was not a lawful sovereign, he (Dymock) would offer him combat in presence of the King, when and where his Majesty should be pleased to appoint." This challenge the King ordered to be proclaimed by his heralds in every part of London; and, as may be readily imagined, none stood forward to oppose himself to successful usurpation. Thus closed the memorable day on which was confirmed in royal state the first English King of the people's choice.

The Parliament which had already confirmed Henry's occupation of the throne, now, at his request, declared his eldest son, Henry, to be the heir apparent to the monarchy; and at the same time the young prince was created Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and Aquitaine, and Earl of Chester. The attainders which Richard had instigated against the Earls of Warwick and Arundel were cancelled, and those peers, ardent partisans of Bolingbroke, recalled from exile. The crime of treason was defined to be restricted to the description in the law of Edward the Third. In all their acts the members of the Parliament showed themselves to be wholly in the interest of the new King; who, when he had obtained from them what measures he pleased, dissolved them.

Before, however, Parliament rose, several matters of the first importance relative to the security of Henry's throne were disposed of. Lords Rutland, Kent, Huntingdon, Somerset, and Despencer, who had received from King Richard higher titles in the peerage, were arraigned on the charge of murdering the Duke of Gloucester, uncle to both the late and the present monarch. This gave rise to a fierce and long continued discussion in the House of Lords; chal-

lenges passed to and fro, bitter denunciations and insults were repeated day after day; and had it not been for the moderation and wise temper of the King, personal violence would have ensued. So complicated and changeable had been the politics of the different lords, that it only needed an occasion to revive old insults and long cherished enmities. The issue was, that the mildest punishment which royal generosity could exercise, was visited upon the arraigned nobles. They were merely deprived of the higher titles with which they had been adorned by Richard.

Soon after, the Earl of Northumberland came to the House of Peers with a message from the King, which, he said, must be considered in the most secret manner. The King sought the advice of his lords as to what disposition should be made of the abdicated King Richard, who was then confined in the Tower. At the same time Henry expressed his solicitude to protect his cousin from personal harm, which was probably sincere, as it was in harmony with his humane and cautious character. After a debate in secret conclave, the peers united in the opinion that the ex-King should be conveyed privately and quietly to some retired castle, and separated from all who had shown themselves to be attached to him. The King then came down to the House and declared Richard a state-prisoner for life, in open session. The ex-King was removed first to Leeds Castle, and finally to Pontefract Castle, where in the sequel he departed this life.

Although the power of the usurping monarch seemed to be now completely established; although the evidence of his popularity was overwhelming;

although he had an obsequious Parliament, a devoted court, a settled domain, peace among his counsellors; his own example of insubordination was too recent and too successful, not to stimulate the ambition of powerful lords, and to stir up dissension in his kingdom. There were two sources whence he had reason to fear an attempt against his power: one from powerful enemies, and one from powerful friends. It was nothing more than one who had usurped regal authority had to expect, that he should be forced to encounter constant rebellion and resistance. It was the fruit which he had sown, and which he must reap.

The six lords whom we have mentioned as having received so light a punishment for their more than doubtful complicity in the death of the royal Duke of Gloucester, were jealous and turbulent men, whose restless natures could not flourish under a quiet reign. They had been the guilty tools of Richard in his least pardonable crimes. They were not grateful to Henry because he refrained from taking their heads, when they thoroughly deserved it. Their only hope of regaining their former importance in the councils of the realm was to overturn Henry, and to restore Richard. Soon after the close of the Parliamentary session, they met secretly at Westminster, and formed a plot of assassination. Arrangements were made for assembling a force of their retainers sufficient for the purpose; the details were agreed upon; a certain part in the bloody drama was assigned to and assumed by each. It was determined that the King should be enticed out of the metropolis, on an occasion when he could be surrounded by the agents of the assassins, and despatched without ceremony. The King, with the Prince of Wales, was invited to preside over a tour-

ney at Oxford, which, he was assured, would be unusually brilliant. The insidious tongue of the Earl of Huntingdon, Henry's own brother-in-law, conveyed the treacherous request. Henry, suspecting nothing villanous from such a source, promised to attend the pageant. A band of ruffians was selected to rush upon the royal pavilion, and strike down both the person of majesty and the heir to the throne. Then one of the conspirators was to proclaim the restoration of Richard.

When the day arrived that had been selected on which to commit the regicide, the plans of the conspirators were complete. No obstacle seemed to intervene, or to promise prevention of the villanous design. King Henry had retired from London to his favorite castle of Windsor, and was to proceed thence to Oxford on the morning of the tournament. But the near approach of the catastrophe startled one of the confederates, whose principle of honor (or of fear) was not wholly dead within him. He determined to discover the whole scheme to the King. The Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York, and cousin to the King, was a young man of craven disposition, of bad heart, easily led by others, and by no means a model conspirator. He inherited from his father a dislike to turmoil, while yet his facility of temper and malignity made him the ready dupe of those who were about him. When the conspiracy was just ripe, this prince hastened to Henry at Windsor, made known to him his danger, and urged him to retire at once to London. Meanwhile the day of the tournament wore wearily away to the confederates at Oxford, in momentary expectation of their royal victim, yet ever mistrustful that some treason to their purpose had prevented his

arrival. The approach of evening made it no longer possible for them to contain their impatience. They were not men to shrink, now that danger was fully upon them. Gathering together a force of five hundred followers, they hurried with all speed to Windsor. They hoped to find Henry there and but feebly defended, and to assassinate him with little difficulty. But on their arrival they discovered, to their utter discomfiture, that the royal bird had flown on the evening previous.

Nothing was left to them but to make best their escape, the possibility of which had now become doubtful. The next day Henry was close upon their heels with a powerful army. The conspirators, still clinging to the ghost of a hope, resolved to attempt to rouse the country, and separated, each toward his own section, to summon their retainers; Huntingdon to Essex, Kent and Salisbury to Cirencester, Despencer and Lumley to Bristol. But Henry's loyal subjects not only refused to come beneath the insurgent standard, but took revenge out of the hand of the law, and themselves punished the traitors. Huntingdon, albeit the brother-in-law of the King, was dragged by the populace from the marshes where he had tried to conceal himself, and was tortured and put to death by the rude yeomanry before the castle of Pleshy. The mayor and corporation of Cirencester, at the head of the citizens, environed Kent and Salisbury, and having taken them, ordered the penalty of instant death. The citizens of Bristol treated in like manner the two lords who had sought refuge there. The same summary justice was visited upon other conspirators in different parts of the kingdom; till the lawlessness of loyalty became so prevalent, that Henry, always moderate in retaliation, and never bit-

ter in his enmities, was constrained to command his people to desist the carnage, on pain of death.

Henry was now convinced that there would be no long-continued peace to his crown while Richard lived. This conspiracy, so formidable, and planned with so much ingenuity, was indeed defeated; but it was a warning. Its greatest strength had been, that the traitors could use as their rallying cry the name of a living and legitimate monarch. There would obviously be no possibility of quenching discontent; the only remedy was to make discontent powerless, by depriving it of its most dangerous weapon. It was plain that Richard must disappear. Here occurs the great stain which sullied more than any other the name of Henry of Bolingbroke. A few weeks passed, and it was announced that Richard was dead. The court said that he died by self-inflicted starvation. More lately, the writers inimical to the House of Lancaster have declared that the friendless monarch was starved by order of the King. Narratives more reasonably verified, and on which Shakespeare at least relied, relate that he was assassinated by Sir Robert Exton, in his cell at Pontefract Castle. Richard's death occurred on the 13th of February, 1400, at the early age of thirty-four. His corpse was brought in state to London, and his face exposed to the gaze of the populace in St. Paul's, for the space of three days. Thus Henry sought to persuade his subjects that the fealty due to Richard had ceased, since he was dead. This event seems to have elicited but little comment. Richard had become so thoroughly contemptible, that none regretted his death, excepting those who lost the excuse which his name gave for insurrection.

Henry was forced to turn at once to his foreign

relations, when domestic tranquillity had been restored by the removal of the instrument of its disturbance. Isabella of France, the young bride of the late King Richard, was in England at the time of her husband's death. Her father, Charles the Sixth of France, when he heard of the deposition, and then of the death of Richard, was so much alarmed for the safety of his daughter, that a paroxysm of insanity took him with unusual force. He had been much subject to such attacks; so much so, that his realm was governed in fact by his two ambitious and inimical uncles, the Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans. These princes, of whom Burgundy was at that time the most powerful, though the less popular, were very indignant at the usurpation of Henry, and seized what they regarded as a promising occasion to attack the English possession of Guienne, on the French coast.

They counted, with little judgment, on the co-operation of Bordeaux, the principal city, because there Richard had been born, and his memory was highly regarded by the Bordelais. Two forces, under Burgundy and the chivalrous young Bourbon, advanced upon the English province. When, however, they came to Bordeaux, they found that city unwilling to transfer its allegiance. The Bordelais were shrewd enough to perceive that under a kingdom so distracted as was that of France—torn by jealousies, weakened by an insane head, the shuttlecock of contending vassals—their taxes would be high, the draughts upon their population large, and the protection afforded them poor indeed; whereas, under the prosperous reign of a capable foreign King, they would abide in peace, their property would be secure, and their burdens light. So that Burgundy

and Bourbon retired from a fruitless and mortifying failure. Henry the Fourth was little inclined just now to engage in war with his neighbor. On the contrary, he sought, by every means, to pacify the turbulent nobles who governed France. He sent an embassy to solicit a recognition of his sovereignty. He received with marked cordiality the envoys who came from the French King to ask that Isabella might return to the parental palaces. He urged the propriety of a marriage between the child-queen and his young heir, which Charles was so foolish as to decline. Cheerfully overlooking the slight, Henry permitted the princess to depart with her jewels, withholding, as necessary to himself, only the dower which she had brought to Richard's coffers.

Hardly had his difficulties with France ended, before he determined to cultivate the martial spirit of his people by attempting that ancient ambition of English monarchs, the subjugation of the contiguous realm of Scotland. There was so little concord in the government of that country, that the occasion seemed to offer a favorable prospect of success. King Robert was in the dotage of extreme old age. Prince David, the heir apparent, was dissipated, reckless, and took no interest in the political events of the court. The Duke of Albany, younger brother of the King, was organizing a party in his own interest among the nobles, and raised his audacious hopes to the throne itself. The military organization of Scotland was in a pitiful state of inefficiency. Henry, having derived a new supply from the taxation of clerical incomes, now raised an army by summoning the vassals of the crown to his standard. He called upon King Robert and the Scottish nobility to convene at Edinburgh,

and do homage as vassals of England. The Scottish heir apparent, for the first time in his life, exhibited a rare courage and ability. He fortified the castle of Edinburgh, and took such measures as to render the project of the King of England hopeless. Henry, after an unsuccessful and inglorious campaign, retired to his own dominions. The humanity with which, notwithstanding his discomfiture, he protected the lives and property of the population on his line of retreat, from the outrages which his soldiers were tempted to commit, are celebrated with great praise by the historians of the age.

The rise of the discontents in Wales, immediately after his return from Scotland, bereft Henry of that rest which he would willingly have sought. Owen Glendower, an active and popular chieftain, had arisen, bid defiance to the English crown, and had put himself at the head of a great multitude of his countrymen.* King Henry promptly marched his army westward, and engaged in a fruitless warfare with the wily and active rebel. The campaign here, as in Scotland, proved a most discouraging one. No other result came of it than long marches, sickness, and discontent among the troops. Glendower would make a hasty incursion into the English counties; then retiring to the fastnesses of his own bleak hills, would defy his enemy to follow. Three times Henry in person made the attempt to subdue this audacious chief; each time he was fain to withdraw to his capital without having accomplished his object.

A new source of trouble arose whilst he was on his

* A more particular account of Glendower's rebellion will be found in Chapter IV., where Prince Henry's share in these events is narrated.

last expedition to Wales. A report had been circulated that Richard was still alive. Sir Roger Clarendon, a natural son of the Black Prince, had declared that he had seen the King in person. The Scots made this a pretext for ravaging the northern counties of England. They were led by Hepburn of Hales, a bold but imprudent chief. The Scotch Earl of March, who had quarrelled with the court,* now joined the Percys of Northumberland to repel this invasion. He encountered Hepburn at Nesbit, and totally routed him, capturing nearly his whole force. Douglas now appeared as the champion of Scotland. With an army of ten thousand Scotchmen, that indomitable warrior came thundering over the border, and spread ruin far and wide along the banks of the Tyne. He advanced upon the English territory with a reckless courage all his own. Bent on the destruction of March, whom he regarded as a traitor, he gave full license to his soldiers, and preserved but little order in the ranks.

He proceeded in an ill regulated march almost as far south as Newcastle, whence, having satiated the troops with plunder and malicious destruction, he leisurely retraced his steps toward Scotland. But he was soon brought to his wits in a startling manner. The Earl of Northumberland, Lord Percy, and the Earl of March had planted themselves quietly in his rear, with a large and disciplined force. He found himself intercepted; he must fight through the opposing column, or surrender his whole army. The English were found to be drawn up on an elevation near Milfield, not far from the Scottish border. Douglas

* March was disgusted with the Scotch court, because Prince David, the heir apparent, had been betrothed to his daughter, and had broken his plight.

promptly seized and posted himself upon a neighboring elevation, called Homildon Hill, and awaited the attack. Harry Percy, in his impatience, would have charged up Homildon with his horsemen; but March told him to order the archers forward alone. This splendid corps descended slowly to the valley, and thence directed their shafts, with fatal precision, at the Scottish line above. The Scotch remained for a while immovable; at every volley from below large numbers fell; still no Englishman was yet hurt. At last, Douglas, drawing up proudly, turned to his soldiers and addressed them: "Oh, my brave fellow soldiers, what fascinates you to-day, that you stand like deer and fawns in a park to be shot, instead of showing your ancient valor, and meeting your foes hand to hand? Let those who will, descend with me, and in the name of the Lord we will break that host and conquer, or if not, at least die with honor like soldiers!" Then setting the bold example, Douglas dashed hotly down the hill, and with great shouts his faithful soldiers followed. The archers slowly yielded to the assault, always shooting, however, as they retired. As the Scottish chief at the head of his bands approached, a volley, sharp and simultaneous, came from the English bows, which brought Douglas himself to the ground with five wounds, and deprived him of an eye; while other brave knights fell on every hand around him. The Scotch were thoroughly disheartened when they saw their brave general vanquished, and fled back into the Tweed, where many, in the hurry and confusion, were drowned. Douglas, Murdac (nephew of the King), the Earls of Moray and Angus, with many others of less note, were taken prisoners by the victorious Percys; eight hundred

Scotchmen lay dead upon the hill-side; and the border warfare was once more decided, for a time, in favor of the southern kingdom. This battle, called the battle of Homildon Hill, was fought on the feast of Holyrood, September 14th, 1402. If Henry returned disappointed from his expedition against Wales, he had the satisfaction to learn of the defeat of enemies equally troublesome and far more hated. He sent orders to the Percys not to ransom the illustrious captives, but to await his further commands. Northumberland was very indignant at this, since the ransoms were in that age considered as just spoils of the victors. The proud Earl came sullenly to London with Murdac and several other prisoners, and brought them to the King at the palace of Westminster. Sir Adam Foster, one of the Scotch, kneeled at the foot of the throne and besought the royal leniency for himself and his companions. Henry received the obsequious knight coldly and haughtily; but turning and addressing Murdac, he said: "Bear thy captivity with patience, knight; thou hast fallen into my hands, fighting like a brave knight in battle." Then with the stately courtesy characteristic of him, he entertained his noble prisoners at his own table.

The course which Henry adopted in refusing to allow the ransom of Percy's prisoners was the first cause of irritation between him and his proud vassal. Other causes adding their weight to the discontent, the breach grew to hatred, and in the end a formidable and dangerous rebellion resulted from the pride and anger which had been excited. Henry's path, much as he desired it, was not destined to be a peaceful one. One distraction followed so closely on another, that the most vigorous efforts were necessary to

avert the destruction which a combination of difficulties might effect. His safety was due to the wise sagacity and well-governed temper which marked every act of his regal career; and it would be a violence to our nature not to admire the ability with which he averted every calamity which threatened his crown, and handed it, with undiminished integrity, down to his successor.

A truce had been concluded with France; yet the French nobility viewed with dread and envy the increasing stability of the usurper's occupation. The Duke of Orleans, brother of King Charles, was a brave, noisy, quarrelsome, ambitious young man, always fighting tournaments, or intriguing against Burgundy, his uncle, for control of the government. He was thoroughly selfish and devoid of principle—willing to sacrifice every other interest that his own might prosper. When Bolingbroke had been an exile at the French court, this prince had treated him with every token of confidence and affection, had been solicitous for his comfort, had been constantly his companion, had sworn eternal friendship, had used every exertion to consummate the proposed marriage with his cousin Marie de Berri, had urged him to resist Richard, and had assured him of every aid which he was capable of giving to the end of recovering the duchy of Lancaster in England.

Henry's surprise may be imagined when he received from this once ardent friend a challenge to meet him in combat, giving as a cause of quarrel that the times were dull, and that Orleans sought occasion to gain renown! The terms proposed were, that they should each lead out a hundred knights in person, armed with lance, battle-axe, sword, and dagger; and

that, animated merely by patriotic rivalry, they should engage in single and deadly combat. Henry, who was both amused and indignant, treated the messengers with contempt; and dismissed them from his presence without the usual courtesies. He allowed some time to elapse before he deigned to reply to the arrogance of his former friend. At length he wrote a long letter to Orleans, which is rich in irony, yet full of haughtiness. He declared that he was amazed to receive a challenge, most of all from Orleans, and in time of peace; he dissolved the friendly confidence which had once existed between them; he denied that kings were open to challenge to personal combat except from kings. "As to the idleness of which you complain," he continues sarcastically, "it is true that we are less employed in arms and in seeking honor than our noble ancestors; but God is great. When it pleases him, we shall follow their footsteps. It seems to us, that a prince-king ought only to fight for the honor of God, the common benefit of Christendom, or for the good of his kingdom, and not for vainglory or an ambition wholly temporal." The last sentences breathe a loftier sentiment than we find to have been often uttered in that rude era; they show the essentially religious character of Henry's cogitations. The letter closed with a severe castigation of Orleans for his faithlessness, and pointed out, in no mincing terms, that a knight's honor was disgraced by a disregard of truth.

The French prince, upon receipt of this missive, indulged in a paroxysm of bootless rage. He at once forwarded another challenge to Henry; adding now a new cause of quarrel. His niece Isabella, he said, had been sent ignominiously home without her dower.

Henry was a usurper and a murderer. It was the office of a prince of France to avenge the death of Richard as the spouse of a French princess, as well as to assert by combat Isabella's right to the dignity of an English crown.

Henry's reply was cool and bitter. "In regard to the dignity we hold, it appears you do not approve of the manner in which we have obtained it. Certes, we are greatly astonished at this, for we made you fully acquainted with our designs before we departed out of France, at which time you approved of our voyage, and promised us your assistance if we required it, against our very dear lord and cousin, King Richard, whom God absolve! We wanted not your assistance; and we hold your approbation or disapprobation in no account, since God and our people, the free inhabitants of this kingdom, have approved of our right."

Orleans, thoroughly vanquished as far as the verbal contest was concerned, and finding in the royal epistles but little encouragement that his *ennui* would be relieved by pricking the royal person, returned to the equally congenial occupations of insulting Burgundy, abusing the insane King, intriguing with his brothers' wives, and fighting duels with injured husbands. A complaint from Henry to the French court put a stop to further annoyance.

The friends of Lord Grey de Ruthyn and Sir Edmund Mortimer, who, as we shall see, were prisoners of Owen Glendower, petitioned Henry to permit their ransom to be paid, that they might be released. The King readily gave his consent as far as Lord Grey was concerned, but declined to obtain the release of Mortimer. This nobleman was the

uncle of the young Earl of March, who was the legitimate heir to the throne, and Henry very reasonably suspected him of unfriendly feelings toward his dynasty, or at least as a dangerous person to be at liberty. He was therefore but little chagrined when Sir Edmund was taken by the Welsh chief, and manifested no hurry to disturb a status favorable to his own safety. But the result proved that he had not, in this instance, reckoned wisely. Henry Percy, known more familiarly as Hotspur, had married Elizabeth Mortimer, the sister of Sir Edmund. The refusal of the King to secure the freedom of his brother-in-law incensed the impetuous baron, who was already angry because he had been deprived of the Scottish ransoms. The Percys were the proudest as well as the most powerful of the English barons. They were prompt to resent insults, independent of restraint, and easily crossed in will. They looked with reason upon the establishment of Henry on the throne of Richard, as their work. That a usurper who depended upon them for his crown and safety, should obstinately deprive them of their ransoms bravely won in hard-fought conflicts—more than all, that he should refuse to consent to the liberation of their near kinsman, seemed to them an atrocious breach of faith and gratitude, and a just ground for bidding defiance to his authority. Henry should certainly have been more jealous of the relations he maintained with so potent a house, knowing how serious an evil to his dynasty their enmity would not fail to be. There was one member of the Percy family who had never given a cordial adhesion to the Lancastrian cause, and who now seized the opportunity to satisfy his long-hidden discontent. This

was Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, brother of the Earl of Northumberland. Worcester was a factious and ill-humored plotter, whose malicious spirit gave much discomfort not less to his friends than to those against whom it was directed. He had a crafty nature, and was so well schooled in conspiracies and other dark dealings, that he became now a prominent figure in the drama of rebellion. He readily infused into his hot-headed nephew a portion of his own rancor, and set that flame of wrath aglow, which had been lighted by the late indignities which Hotspur conceived he had suffered from the King. The Percys met in secret council. Inflammatory speeches were made. The insults of Henry, his usurpation, his murder of King Richard, his arrogant bearing, his ingratitude, were all rehearsed with glowing and indignant words. Hotspur talked loudly and defiantly; Worcester with crafty calmness, yet with bitterness. Northumberland, who was the least violent, was slow to resort to insurrection; but his impatient son and brother overcame all opposition. Messengers went out to Owen Glendower. The Scotch hero Douglas, a prisoner in their hands, was induced to join his vengeance to theirs. Envoys were despatched to France and Scotland to engage the aid of those countries against the usurper. Archbishop Scroop, of York, a warlike and vindictive priest, fanned the flame of rebellion, and urged the speedy consummation of the plot, promising his personal coöperation.

The response from Glendower was favorable. He would release Mortimer and give him his daughter to wife, raise twelve thousand Welshmen, and put himself under the command of the northern insurgents.

Douglas promised to summon his vassals, and march southward at the earliest possible moment. The ostensible object of the uprising was to place the young Earl of March, the descendant of Lionel of Clarence, upon the throne. The real object may fairly be presumed to have been to exalt the Percys over England.¹ The result of this formidable conspiracy was the memorable battle of Shrewsbury, which confirmed Henry's tenure of the crown, was fatal to the hopes of the malcontents, and deprived the world of Hotspur, Worcester, and Vernon. We reserve a particular account of this action for the next chapter, inasmuch as it was the occasion on which Henry of Monmouth first distinguished himself in that military career which was afterwards to exceed in brilliant achievement all preceding careers in the history of England.

The Earl of Northumberland had failed to meet his confederates with the troops under his command; pleading, perhaps perfidiously, his ill-health as an excuse. When he heard that Hotspur and Worcester were dead, and Douglas a prisoner, he dismissed his bands, and shut himself up in his castle. The King, with his habitual moderation, had no sooner conquered his rebellious subjects, than he issued a general pardon, checked the rapacity of the royal troops, and by gentle assurances and kindly bearing reclaimed the love of the people who had risen against him. Northumberland, who appears to have been thoroughly penetrated with fear, hastened to fall at the royal feet while clemency was still tendered; and the good monarch, though he might well be both incensed at his treason, and disgusted with his servility, gave him his life, and soon after restored him to his principal honors

in the State. Such instances of the entire absence of revengeful feelings on the part of an injured sovereign are rare, even in later and humaner ages than that in which Henry lived. Owen Glendower, after the battle of Shrewsbury, escaped with a portion of his Welsh to their native mountains, whence, after a short season devoted to recuperating his martial energies, he renewed his incursions into the western counties. Prince Henry of Monmouth was sent against him with a competent force, and more than once caused the audacious rebel to repent his boldness.

External difficulties, as before, followed rapidly upon the restoration of domestic peace. Henry was learning, by severe lessons, the contrast between happiness and gratified ambition. The French Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans were once more in ostensible harmony, and were bent on doing their neighbor as much mischief as possible. King Charles, alas! was a hopeless lunatic, and his poor kingdom rent and bleeding by the cruel ambitions of his brothers and uncles. Two armies were raised, to be devoted to the reduction of Calais and Guienne, both at that time under English dominion; and an armament boldly landed on the Isle of Wight. But fortunately for Henry, the patience of both Burgundy and Orleans held them by a feeble tenure, whilst their mutual hatred swelled beyond control within their breasts. Before the expeditions were well under way, their bitterness toward one another burst out with redoubled fury, and all hope of acting successfully against a foreign foe sank before the inveteracy of their discord. French and Flemish vessels, however, cruised in the seas around England, and being assisted by the Scotch, succeeded in inflicting not a little damage to the English marine.

Henry meanwhile went steadily forward in the wise administration of the realm, often summoning Parliament to his aid, conducting negotiations with temper and firmness, providing for the defence of the coast, conciliating both nobles and people by the impartiality and leniency of his rule, and setting a lofty example to his subjects by his purity and piety of life, as well as to his successors by the dignity, regularity, and chastity of his court and household. He nobly expiated his rebellion and usurpation by the excellence of his government, whilst he did bitter penance for those misdeeds in the constant turmoils which denied to his reign the happiness, whilst they added to it the burdens, of exalted power.

Early in the year 1404, it was announced once more with great confidence that King Richard was alive and in England. A man named Serle, who had formerly been a servant in the royal household, persuaded a foolish clown, one Ward, who bore some resemblance to the late King, and had been his court fool, to represent Richard himself. Richard's privy seal was counterfeited, and proclamations were distributed through England, calling upon the people to rise in favor of the resuscitated monarch. Among those who were deceived by the pretended proofs of his existence, was the aged Lady De Vere, Countess of Oxford, who was a bitter enemy of Henry. She at once called upon her vassals to arm and go to the defence of their true liege, and sent emissaries through all the country round to stir up insurrection on behalf of the pretender. A great commotion was produced, many giving credit to the absurd stories which were put in circulation. The royal officers easily brought a disastrous conclusion to so bungling a con-

spiracy. The secret courier of Serle was taken, and the particulars of the plan elicited. A number of monks were detected in the act of inciting the lower classes. Lady Oxford was put in close confinement; her secretary, who had declared that he had talked with Richard, was summarily deprived of his head. Sir William Clifford, governor of Berwick, captured the chief conspirator, Serle, who hastened to make a confession, and was immediately consigned to the torture and then to the scaffold. Few suffered for this disturbance except its principal instigators, Henry being readily persuaded to grant amnesty and pardon to the dupes who had been so craftily deceived.

The young Earl of March, rightfully entitled to the throne, had been detained by Henry in honorable confinement at Windsor Castle. Early in 1405 he nearly succeeded in making his escape from the usurper. Lady Spencer, the relict of that Lord Spencer who had been beheaded at Bristol for resisting Henry's invasion, contrived to get him beyond the castle walls, and to post him off in the direction of Wales. But the absence of the young prince was discovered in time, the fugitives were overtaken, and Lord March was restored to his spacious and strictly guarded apartments in the castle-palace. Lady Spencer at once accused her brother, the Duke of York (formerly Earl of Rutland), of originating and conducting the design. York was seized, and underwent a summary trial. His lands were confiscated; he was deprived of his title, and imprisoned. It seemed that Henry was becoming tired of so many constantly recurring treasons, and was beginning to abandon his too merciful policy. York remained several years in the Tower, after which, since he was

regarded with a contempt so universal that he was no longer considered as a dangerous person, he was set at liberty only to be utterly overlooked and forgotten.

Henry acquired much popularity among the people by the reluctance with which he applied to the Commons for money. The closely succeeding disturbances which we have narrated brought his finances to a very meagre condition, and he was forced to cast about for the means of replenishing the well-nigh exhausted exchequer. He was resolved, however, to refrain as long as possible from asking a popular taxation, and determined to recall the royal grants, and to take portions of the Church estates to meet the pressing expenses of state. Against the last the Primate made an indignant response, and the clergy indulged in much abuse both of King and Commons. Henry gracefully yielded to the pressure, and contrived to make ends meet from the royal domain alone. But when his Parliament met at St. Albans, he found much ill-humor against him, and a disposition to cross his purposes.

This year is memorable for the second great rebellion of the north, which at one time gave much promise of a successful issue. The perfidious Northumberland, who in his old age appears to have lost all that chivalrous honor and daring which distinguished his more vigorous years, put himself at the head of another coalition, with the avowed intent of dethroning Henry. Among his confederates were Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York, a learned and popular but turbulent priest; Lord Bardolph, an active nobleman, who had some frivolous cause of offence from the King; and the Duke of Norfolk,

who, both as the son of Henry's chief enemy, and because he had been deprived of the marshalship, was quite in the mood for conspiracy. Scroop promulgated the doctrine that "all who had contributed to place the present King upon the throne were bound, in justice to the real heir, to drive the usurper from it." Northumberland once more summoned the vassals of his broad domains and of York to the time-honored standard of the Percys. Another insurrectionary army soon grew up under the inspiration of these powerful rebels. The Archbishop shortly found himself at the head of fifteen thousand men. Meanwhile a gallant knight, named Sir John Falconberg, had raised some troops in the insurgent cause, and had already advanced toward the south.

Henry, with what forces he could gather together with despatch, marched northward. A smaller army, under Prince John of Lancaster, the King's third son, and the Earl of Westmoreland, preceded the royal cavalcade. This last force met Sir John Falconberg at Cleveland, and so spirited and vigorous was the attack, that the rebels were quickly routed and forced to retire in disorder. When the prince and Westmoreland came upon the main body of the insurgents, they discovered it to be more formidable than they had anticipated. By some stratagem (what does not clearly appear) the crafty Nevil succeeded in getting the Archbishop and the Earl of Nottingham, the generals commanding the rebel army, into his power, and in dissolving, without a contest, the whole rebel host. The insurrection unaccountably melted away, and Northumberland was forced to seek refuge in the northern kingdom of Scotland. Lord Westmoreland brought Archbishop

Scroop and Lord Nottingham as prisoners to Pontefract castle, whither the King had arrived with his retinue on his way northward.

The patience of Henry seems now to have been completely exhausted; and we cannot blame him that he should at last resort to a necessary severity in the punishment of traitors. He no longer appears in the beneficent character of the dispenser of mercy, but assumes for once the attitude of lofty and indignant justice. When the two renowned prisoners arrived at Pontefract, he intimated to the Chief Justice, Gascoigne, that he desired the extreme rigor of the law to be visited upon them. Gascoigne, who appears as one of the most upright judges of ancient or modern history, declined to obey the King. He could not, as a lay judge, condemn a prelate. He could not usurp the power of the peers by trying one of their own order.

A more pliant judge was found. The King's will was accomplished. For the first time in the history of England, the head of a consecrated prelate bent beneath the axe of the executioner. Scroop met his death with a placid courage which half redeemed his treason. "The just and true God knows," declared he, "that I never intended evil against the person of Henry; and I beg you to pray that my death may not be revenged upon him or his friends." With a quiet and almost triumphant smile, he submitted his venerable head to the block, and the unquiet, but probably conscientious schemes of Richard Scroop, were ended forever. This scene occurred at the palace of Bishopsthorp, the archiepiscopal residence of the province of York.

Henry, by so startling and novel an example, frightened many conspirators to retire from the re-

bellion, and infused into the loyal a new confidence in the decisiveness of his character. The Pope, when he heard of Scroop's death, issued a bull of excommunication against those who were concerned therein. Henry, in a calm yet firm epistle, laid the facts before his Holiness, with a remonstrance, the result of which was the revocation of the sentence. The King now proceeded to the malcontent city of York, which he entered without difficulty. He placed a strong guard within its walls, took away its corporate charter, and laid some fines upon its citizens. Thence, with thirty thousand men, he advanced upon the forces under Northumberland. When he reached Durham, he ordered Lords Hastings and Faulconbridge, Sir John Colville of the Deal, and Sir John Griffith, who were convicted of having leagued with rebels, to be publicly executed. The aged Percy, with Bardolph, had taken refuge in Berwick, on the border. They judged that place untenable, however, against the royal army, and leaving it under the command of a subordinate Scotch officer, retired to the castle of Lord Fleming, who entertained and supplied them. An English rebel had been left as governor in Berwick castle. Henry's army came up and sat down before Berwick. The Scotch, who held the town, set fire to it and fled; but the English governor of the castle obstinately refused to surrender or to retire.

Henry proceeded to plant a large cannon (a wonderful engine in that age) opposite the fortress, which, being only built to resist less formidable implements, was soon so far demolished as to be untenable. The garrison surrendered without conditions. The timorous governor and his principal lieutenants were be-

headed. Henry had adopted a severe code for this last treason. He had tried the clemency, he now assumed the lofty and unappeasable indignation of royal dignity. Assuming as accomplished the fact of successful revolution, we cannot but justify the only course which seemed open to preserve alike the peace of the kingdom and the integrity of the newly acquired royalty. Percy, with his faithful Bardolph, had now reached Edinburgh, where he had been welcomed at the court of Robert. Henry knew from experience the futility of attempting the reduction of the distant and well-nigh impregnable capital of Scotland. After advancing a short distance over the border, he retraced his steps, and on his way southward captured and confiscated Northumberland's castles and estates of Alnwick, Prudhoe, and Cocker-mouth, which he granted over to loyal nobles. Thence passing diagonally across England with his army, he joined the Prince Henry, who was still vigorously engaged with Owen Glendower, and had achieved considerable success in that dangerous quarter.

The King was not wholly satisfied with his northern expedition. The chief traitor, though defeated, still lived. While Percy was safe, Henry was in danger. The inveteracy of the Earl's opposition to the reigning dynasty, his marvellous influence over the people of northern England, his ability to unite a multitude of conflicting interests in the rebellious cause, and the duplicity with which he pretended allegiance in order the more completely to betray, made him the chief bane and terror of Henry's government. So Henry strove to foil him with his own insidious weapon—treachery. He engaged some Scottish noblemen, whom he had taken captive in the late

battles, to seize the fugitives, which being done, they should have their freedom without ransom. This design had nearly been accomplished, by reason of Percy's age and weariness of turmoil, when Fleming, his persistent friend, discovered it in time to warn him. The Earl with his confederates fled upon this to Wales, joined their strength with that of the intrepid Glendower, and eluded successfully many schemes to transfer them to the hands of their cunning foe.

The Scottish court at this time presented the doubly mournful spectacle of royal incapacity, and dissension among the chief councillors. The result of this state of things, though not so disastrous, was not unlike that growing out of similar misfortunes in France twenty years later. King Robert was in his dotage, and took but feeble part in the administration. His brother, the Duke of Albany, whose cruelty, ambition, and courage were well suited to the circumstances of the time, used every endeavor to monopolize the power. Having assumed the regency, he proceeded, by an arrogant use of his power, to concentrate his brother's prerogatives in himself. The heir to the throne, David Duke of Rothsay, a reckless but generous youth, was seized by his order, cast into a miserable dungeon, treated with every petty cruelty and insult, and finally suffered to starve in his wretched cell. The old King, roused by this bitter crime, and fearing for his second son James, then a youth of fourteen, summoned the Earl of Orkney, and ordered him to convey that prince to Paris without delay. Within the friendly court of Charles the Well-Beloved he would remain in security till the time was ripe for him to return and claim the sovereignty.

An English cruiser, lying indolently off Flamborough, spied a suspicious vessel heading toward France. The chase was short; the Scotchman soon yielded before the swiftness of his pursuer. The valuable prize, an embryo king, was brought to the foot of Henry's throne. He ordered him into confinement, saying: "I can speak French as well as my brother Charles; and I am more capable of educating a King of Scotland." The castle of Pevensey was chosen wherein to lodge the young prince, who remained the captive of the English monarch for nineteen years. His youth was spent in the study of literature, for which he early evinced a strong passion. Being afterwards removed to Windsor Castle, and treated with the most liberal consideration, he there broke out into the best poetry which that age has transmitted to us. The Duke of Albany, like a wise man, discerning that the security of his own power was held by Henry, made friendly overtures; and this fortunate capture put an end to one source of unquiet until after the close of both Henry's and his successor's reigns. Poor old King Robert died soon after the news of James's capture reached him, unable any longer to bear up in his decrepitude against the accumulated misfortunes of his house.

Ever since the coronation of Henry his relations with the Parliament had been almost uniformly pleasant and harmonious. He had shown a disposition to accede to their wishes, and respect their opinions. They had sustained him on the throne, had granted him supplies, and had passed laws for the security of his government. In 1407, however, the session of the Commons was a stormy one. The nation was restless, and began to be distrustful. The

speeches of the members in that year strike us as singularly bold for an age in which regal authority was dreaded as nearly absolute. They complained that the taxes were enormous, that quiet did not seem to follow upon liberal grants, that the possessions in France were constantly menaced, that Ireland was slipping through their fingers, that traitors continued to be at large, that rebellion was unpunished, that the court was full of incompetency and ill-advisers. The Speaker, Sir John Tiptoft, inveighed directly against the King. Northumberland and Bardolph were encouraged by these murmurs to hope to reinstate themselves in the north. They sent to Sir Thomas Rokeby, who seemed to encourage the designed attempt.

Early in 1408 Percy and his confederates returned in force to their hereditary districts, recovered some of their ancient castles, were joined by their former tenants, and, advancing to Knaresborough, were there joined by an old companion in arms, Sir Nicholas Tempest. Rokeby, who had encouraged them only to betray them, now came suddenly upon them with a well-drilled army, and pursued them as far as Tadcaster, where they were forced to turn at bay. The conflict was short; the conquest of the rebellious rabble was quickly consummated. The fighting on the part of Percy was dogged and fierce; the royal troops were steady, persistent, and impenetrable. The pride of the haughty house of Percy was saved the ignominy of the scaffold; for the aged Earl fell on the field, obstinately fighting till death called him thence. Bardolph was taken prisoner, so wounded that he soon after died in the victorious camp. Thus ended, with the death of Northumberland and the defeat of his faithful bands, that series of insurrec-

tions which had denied to Henry for eight years that serenity of rule which he coveted so much.

The wise character of the King in nothing shone more conspicuous than the manner with which he bore with the complaints of his Parliament. He heard their remonstrances patiently, and their denunciations without anger. He might have returned resistance for resistance, and defiance for defiance. He set an example which would have saved the crown of one and the head of another of his successors, had they given heed to it. With royal composure he yielded to the demands of the querulous legislators; with quiet dignity he strove to reconcile them to the untoward events of his reign. Such a spirit, conciliatory but not cringing, awoke in those to whom it addressed itself the highest admiration for the sovereign. The total overthrow of the Percy rebellion confirmed the returning sentiment of loyalty and love. His Parliament once more reposed in him a respectful confidence, and received back from him his gratitude and patronage. No word of harsh rebuke had passed his lips. With a rare knowledge of human nature, he had touched the spring which opened the hearts of his people.

While these events were enacting, Prince Henry was engaged with the Welsh in the west, the course and end of which campaign we refrain from narrating until we come to that period in the life of our subject during which the events occurred.

The troubles in France were now becoming hazardous to the unity of that kingdom. The death of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, made way for the succession of his son, who is known to fame as John the Fearless of Burgundy. This prince was

sanguinary, ambitious, and revengeful. He inherited and intensified the rivalry and hatred which his father had borne toward the Duke of Orleans. A semblance of reconciliation was, however, made by these turbulent princes, and two expeditions, one to Guienne, under Orleans, and one to Calais, under Burgundy, set out to drive the English from continental soil. The failure of both was a signal for the flame of mutual detestation to burst forth with renewed violence. Burgundy charged that Orleans had monopolized the resources of the state, as the reason of his discomfiture. Orleans recriminated, and, sustained by Queen Isabella, whose lover he was, conquered. Burgundy retired to Flanders, uttering bitter threats. The venerable Duke de Berri, the uncle of these pugnacious men, tried for the good of the state to restore amicable relations between them, and apparently succeeded. Burgundy and Orleans met, embraced, and resolved to govern together in perpetual amity. They supped together, went to mass arm in arm with each other, and each paid the other every affectionate attention which their perfidious craft could invent.

This reconciliation, like the former one, was of but short duration. It was interrupted by one of the most atrocious transactions recorded in history. One night the Duke of Orleans was paying a visit to one of his mistresses in an obscure street. As he came out with a single attendant, on his way back to the Louvre, several men in disguise fell upon him, and stabbed him through and through. He muttered indistinctly, as the blood gushed from his mouth, and then instant death relieved him. Several days afterward, Burgundy came to the royal council, and avowed the crime.

His popularity with the citizens soon raised him, in spite of so grave an atrocity, to the summit of power.

After some months of wretched wrangling, the Queen, who was now virtually at the head of the Orleanist faction, assented to an ostensible reconciliation, and the children of the martyred Orleans were hugged to the breast of their father's assassin. This did not last long. The young Duke of Orleans was married to Bona, daughter of Bernard, Count of Armagnac. This nobleman was restless, able, valorous. He soon appeared at the head of the Orleanists as the champion of the young prince, and gave to them the new name of Armagnacs. He summoned France to revenge the death of a prince of the blood royal. He was quickly joined by the Dukes of Berri and Brittany, and the Count d'Alençon, the former an uncle of the King, the two latter powerful and martial vassals of the Crown. The superiority of the Armagnacs was now so apparent, that Burgundy retired from Paris and left the city in the hands of his enemies. Jean sans Peur, who had little scruple or pride of nation, sent to Henry the Fourth, and implored his assistance to recover the capital. Henry was prompt to do what he could to augment the distractions of the neighboring kingdom. He saw that in the weakness of France lay the safety of England. Eight hundred lances and a thousand bowmen were immediately sent to the Duke of Burgundy, who, advancing on Paris with this increased force, succeeded in driving Armagnac and Berri out, and in getting possession of the person of the insane King.

The people of Paris received John with joyful ac-

clamations; he was unquestionably the favorite of the populace. He governed the city with a rigorous and despotic policy, and dictated the measures which the King should pass. Meanwhile he showed but little respect to those Englishmen by whose coöperation he had been successful, nor did he make proper acknowledgments to Henry for his timely assistance. The Armagnacs had retired to Bourges. When Paris was once more settled, Burgundy set out to overcome the rival faction. At this point the Armagnacs in their turn applied to the English King for assistance. Henry saw that for his purposes Burgundy was getting too strong. He did not desire to see one faction entirely crush the other. Burgundy had not treated him with that grateful respect which he had a right to look for. On his part, therefore, Henry agreed to send at once to Armagnac's command four thousand men. On the part of the Orleans nobles, it was stipulated, that for this succor Henry should be acknowledged as Duke of Aquitaine; that he should be restored to the possession of that duchy; that those nobles who owned domain in Aquitaine should do homage to him for it; that Poitou and Angoulême should be his in reversion, and that they should be restored to him on the death of the present counts.

Before, however, the forces which Henry sent arrived, the returning sentiment of patriotism among the wisest men of both factions made their presence worse than needless. It was discovered among the Armagnacs, that they were willing to submit to the royal authority. The idea of coming to terms, once started, rapidly gained ground in both armies. Finally an interview took place between Berri and Burgundy.

The uncle and nephew embraced, and temperately discussed a settlement of all difficulties. The result was, that the Orleans party agreed to submit to Charles's authority, which was much like submitting to John the Fearless. A daughter of Burgundy married a brother of Orleans. A family meeting of the princes and princesses of the blood royal was held, in which an oath of concord and loyalty was taken by all. Burgundy and Orleans rode into Paris on the same horse, and occupied the same chamber on the night of their arrival. It seemed as if peace had now really come to bless poor war-stricken France.

News, however, suddenly came that Thomas Duke of Clarence, the second son of Henry of England, had landed on French soil with an army, and that Alençon and other Norman nobles were joining him. The Count of Armagnac at once sent to Clarence an account of the reconciliation and peace of Bourges, and informed him that they no longer required his aid. Clarence probably regarded this as a very cool way of disposing of him, and quietly refused to recross the channel until the expenses of the expedition had been defrayed by the French. Meanwhile, no other source of support appearing, his troops were quartered on the country round about. Clarence advanced southward through Normandy and Maine, whilst another English force, which had landed at Calais, was quietly proceeding forward through Artois. A feeble attempt was made by the French to raise an army to resist the English, but so exhausted in men was the unfortunate nation, that it was found less difficult to satisfy the English prince by the payment of the money. As Clarence approached the county of Orleans, the Duke of Orleans made haste to meet him

and to tender him the largest amount he could raise, and offered his brother, the Duke of Angoulême, as hostage for as much as yet remained due. Clarence then advanced to Bordeaux, and thence returned leisurely to Guienne, the English province.

These events occurred in the latter part of the year 1412, which was the fourteenth year of Henry's reign. The King for some years had not enjoyed good health. He was troubled with eruptions on his face, which were painful and wearing. He was subject to epileptic fits, each of which more and more undermined his strength. It was evident, in the fall of 1412, that he was gradually sinking under the accumulating disorders which attacked him, and the weight of care and melancholy which oppressed his brain. The domestic peace which, since the death of Percy, he had possessed, gave him little comfort; for his thoughts, recurring to the unjust means he had taken to reach the crown, were a constant bitterness to him. His mind, essentially religious and devotional, sought consolation and hope within the solemn rites of the Church of Rome. He might with complacency look back upon a wise, merciful, active, and generally popular reign; a reign which might compare favorably with any of his predecessors, except the first Edward and Alfred the Saxon. His repentance for the crimes of treason and regicide we cannot doubt to have been sincere. He sought forgiveness by long and frequent supplication, in the solitude of his closet, at the foot of the crucifix. As he felt his body failing, and the probability of his decease at a day not far distant broke upon his mind, his devotions became more fervent; his separation from the world daily widened; he spent many hours alone in

deep and melancholy contemplation, and divorced his thoughts as far as possible from the worldly vanities which on every side encompassed him. The consciousness that the grace of God was at last vouchsafed to his troubled spirit, gave to his final hours a peace "which the world cannot give."

One day, late in March, 1413, the feeble monarch was praying in Westminster Abbey, before the beautiful shrine of St. Edward, the King and Confessor. The epilepsy suddenly seized him, and he fell back upon the pavement. He was taken up by some attendants and conveyed to the Jerusalem chamber, the apartment of the Abbot of Westminster. He seems to have recovered so far as to converse freely with those about him, yet to have been fully aware that he had received the fatal stroke. On reviving, he looked about in a bewildered manner and asked where he was. "In the Jerusalem chamber, please your Majesty," answered a priest. "Thank God!" said the King, in a feeble voice, "for it hath been prophesied that I should die in Jerusalem, and God hath herein so ordered it."

As the final hour approached, some of the nobility persuaded the King's confessor to urge him to repent and do penance for the death of Richard, the death of Archbishop Scroop, and for the usurpation of the crown. The King replied: "For the two first points, I wrote unto the Pope the very truth of my conscience; and he sent me a bull with absolution and penance assigned, which I have fulfilled." Then, as if he regarded the crown as now settled in his own family, and with due and proper regard for his son's peaceable succession, he added: "As for the third point, it is hard to set a remedy, for my chil-

dren will not suffer the royalty to go out of our lineage."

On the morning of the 20th of March Henry the Fourth, at the age of forty-six, departed from this world, in peace alike with his subjects, with foreign nationalities, and with his own conscience. His remains were conveyed by water to Feversham, and thence to Canterbury. In that stately and venerable cathedral, where reposed his illustrious uncle, Edward the Black Prince, the first Lancaster was entombed by the side of Mary de Bohun, his first wife, whom he had loved well, for she was the mother of all his children.

Four sons and two daughters survived Henry of Bolingbroke. The eldest was Henry, Prince of Wales, of whom we proceed to speak in the next chapter. The second son, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, was born in 1389. He inherited from his ancestors their passion for military renown, and was a successful and popular general. He was lieutenant of Ireland in 1401, at the early age of twelve; was created Duke of Clarence in 1411; and married Margaret, daughter of Holland, Earl of Kent, who was already the widow of the famous Earl of Somerset. The benevolence and generosity of his character are celebrated by many of the writers of his time; but his fame is somewhat sullied by the excesses to which early in life he carried a love of dissipation. John of Lancaster, the most remarkable of the family if we except Prince Henry, was a sober, crafty, and meditative prince, of polished and captivating manners, excellent skill in diplomacy, and vigor in government. He was made constable of England in 1403; but was not created duke till the

year after his father died, when he received the title of Bedford. Under that name he is renowned in the history of the English administration of France, as Regent during the minority of Henry the Sixth. He married Anne, the sister of Philip the Second, Duke of Burgundy; and after her death, the Princess Jacqueline of Luxembourg. Humphrey, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, and the active coadjutor of his brother John in the government of France, was Bolingbroke's youngest son, and was especially celebrated for his fine knowledge of literature, and for the elegant patronage he bestowed upon literary men. Blanche, the eldest daughter, became the consort of the King of Denmark, and during his long illness administered her adopted kingdom with an ability and vigor which we might expect from a daughter of the Plantagenets. Philippa became Duchess of Bavaria.

Henry's first wife, Mary of Hereford, died in 1404; and in the following year he married Joan of Navarre, daughter of the King of Aragon. She was the widow of his cousin, the Duke of Brittany, and was a princess of rare accomplishments, but never bore to King Henry any issue.

It is observable that during the reign of this admirable monarch, those principles of liberty, of which we have already noticed the origin and growth, were advancing without ostentation and with methodical certainty. The House of Commons, taking advantage of the embarrassments of the dynasty, became alike necessary to the King, and, in a greater degree, independent of his dictation. The elections became more regular and more free. Immunity from arrest was secured by the persist-

ency of the legislature, and laws were enacted to attain this end.

The freedom of debate, which in preceding reigns had been abridged at the will of the sovereign, was, under Henry, restored as a vital right of Parliament. It was insisted on by the Speaker, not only at the opening of every session, but as the prologue of every address to the throne. Verbal petitions to the King took the place of written ones—a step unquestionably progressive, which the King, though much annoyed by it, found himself constrained to allow, as by use it became a precedent. The addresses of the Speaker, which we observe at first to be obsequious and often servile, became more outspoken during Henry's reign, and did not hesitate to reprehend whatever in the royal policy the legislature condemned. The authority of the Commons was more clearly defined—the right to vote money, the right to make statutes, the right to appropriate the funds; and their rights of privilege, in their relations with the lords, were, after much contest, conceded to them.

The Lollards continued their agitations throughout Henry's reign, and the government followed them with bitter assiduity. The Church urged, and the King approved, the persecution of the "heretics." Nevertheless, the sect grew, though occasionally depressed, and sustained the link which was to bind Luther with Wickliffe. The first capital execution for heresy was made by Henry; in palliation of which the rudeness of the age, the undoubtedly sincere and no less blind devotion of the King to the Papal Church, and the insolent power of the hierarchy, are to be considered.

On the whole, the reign of Henry the Fourth

was one of the wisest and most blameless which we find in history; and the pure, merciful, and active character of the monarch merits the approbation of a pure, merciful, and active age.

CHAPTER IV.

"He was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."

THE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF HENRY OF MONMOUTH — HIS
CHARACTER — THE REBELLION OF GLENDOWER — THE WELSH
CAMPAIGNS — THE BATTLE OF SHREWSBURY.

No character in the history of any nation has been invested with more romantic heroism by poetry and tradition than that of Henry of Monmouth. To the mind of Shakspeare no prince so well deserved the illustration of dramatic and exalted genius. Those who look for a union of every heroic, admirable, and lovable quality in a single person, linger with content over the history of the victor at Agincourt. The contrast of his early career with that of his maturer years only serves to heighten the fascination which the record of his life throws around him. Neither Edward the Black Prince, Richard the First, nor Edward the Third combined every chivalrous characteristic so perfectly as Henry seems to have done. Most writers near his own time agree upon the principal points of his character; all yield to him a praise so ardent that, at four centuries' distance, we find ourselves all aglow with wonder and admiration. Shakspeare seems to have caught the infection, and to have caressed the fame of the hero-king with the

choicest coruscations of his genius; laying upon the tomb of his subject, as the tribute of his affectionate enthusiasm, a garland of the richest flowers of his fancy. The character which he presents for our study is, in the main, borne out by the faithful historians who lived during the events which they narrate. Sometimes his imagination carries us beyond the region of history; at times the temptation to lively exaggeration brings the Prince before us in a light not borne out by history. The poet, on the other hand, has done the Prince but justice by vindicating his fame from the traditions of his debauchery, coarseness, and unworthy regardlessness of law. There is, indeed, not a little discrepancy between writers in regard to Henry's conduct during the lifetime of his father. Some have boldly represented him to be utterly lost to every precept of honor and virtue. Others have given undue weight to the idea that there was bitter discord between the father and son, that the son plotted against the father's crown, that the father was immoderately jealous of the son's popularity. No authentic record exists, however, which gives just ground for either of these suppositions. The misunderstandings which Shakspeare represents as occurring were no more serious than would naturally arise between a rigidly pious father and a light-hearted and full-spirited boy. That Prince Henry ever sought wickedly the sovereignty of the King, is absolutely devoid of any foundation whatever. On the contrary, every evidence exists that his affection for the King was deep and sincere, that he evinced any thing but impatience in prospect of his succession, and that he bore the reproofs which were prompted by parental solicitude with respect

and quick obedience. In truth, when he seemed least regardful of the dignity which should have pertained to him as a prince of the blood royal, there can be no doubt that he often paused in his reckless career, filled with remorse, wrestling with his flighty spirit to overcome his unseemly sports, and to assume a true princely manner and habit. That this worthy endeavor finally triumphed, and that in time to bring unheard-of glories to his beloved England, the sequel will abundantly show.

Monmouth is a delightful town in a county of the same name, lying beside the county of Glamorgan, in southern Wales. No part of England is more abundantly endowed by nature with forests, and vales, and sloping hills, and graceful streams, and that bright green verdure which blesses that country above all others. The river Monnow, flowing from the north, joins the Wye from the east, and on the spot thus hemmed in stands, on a pleasant site, the town of Monmouth. Immediately around the town are groups of hills, gently sloping to the plain, and covered from summit to base with noble forests. Beyond these, in the dim west, the grand and cheerless ledges of the Welsh mountains, lying darkly against the sky, bound the view. The valleys of the Monnow, and especially of the Wye, are romantically beautiful; the course of both streams is serpentine; the domain is richly cultivated and fruitful; the groves upon the banks, and the lawns evenly descending to the water, vary the effect of the thrifty farms; the streams are clear and of a charming tint of blue; and the ancient castles, dotting here and there the cheerful landscape, crown the scene with a fascination which only the blending of historic relics with present

nature can produce. The town itself was in the olden time strongly fortified. A long street, with here and there a smaller one branching off, gave the shape of its plan; and in the centre was a space for the market, where the good old knights assembled on the summons of loyalty or chivalry, and where the high-capped dames and red-cheeked lasses bartered, gossiped, and talked anxiously about the wars and the valiant deeds whose renown reached back to their quiet homes. Near by was the old Benedictine priory, where Geoffrey of Monmouth, in the twelfth century, had revelled in his wealth of manuscript, and whence he had sent down the hint of Lear to inspire Shakspeare's fancy. There, too, were the remains of that old Roman camp, called by Antonine *Blestium*.

In this pleasant town of Monmouth Mary de Bohun, the wife of Henry of Bolingbroke, gave birth, in the year 1388, to the first heir of the usurping house of Lancaster, who was to shed upon it its greatest lustre, who was to preserve it intact, and in turn pass over its possession to his successor, who was to quarter, by right of conquest, the fleurs-de-lis of Valois upon the escutcheon of Plantagenet, and unite in his own person the crown of France with that of England; above all, who was to set an example of valor, ability, mercy, and magnanimity, which monarchs to all time might seek to emulate and approach, but which it would be vain to seek to surpass. To this day the country roundabout retains the legends of the glorious Prince who first saw the light there. At Troy House, the seat of the Dukes of Beaufort, near Monmouth, are to be seen the cradle in which the precious infant was

rocked, and the armor which, now the athletic warrior, he wore on the proud day of Agincourt. Bolingbroke was still Earl of Derby when his oldest son was born, and the boy's grandfather, John of Gaunt, was alive to rejoice that Providence had sent another heir to the house of Lancaster. Hereford, too, the maternal grandsire, found, in his old age, that his own domains and those of Lancaster were likely to be united under a single line. Henry of Monmouth's early childhood was spent, as mostly the childhood of princes was, in the different rural castles belonging to his family, under the lenient tutorship of some priest or pedagogue, and with freedom to grow strong and active in fresh country air. His body was trained in the hearty sports of lawn and field, his sinews exercised under gymnastic experts, and his spirits kept buoyant by amusements which attracted and did not enervate. He was not introduced too soon into the perplexities of mental education; here and there a slight dose was sufficient during the first years. The use and practice of arms usually preceded the alphabet. The cross-bow, an object of wonder and delight to the children of olden chivalry, came into vogue very early in their existence. A double end was gained—the inculcation of a martial art, and the construction of a vigorous body. Prince Henry was quick to see the virtues of a cross-bow; his delight was intense to enjoy that which was at once a pleasure and a lesson. Yet, despite the precautions which were taken with him, his health gave great solicitude to his parents. He was weakly, and often retired exhausted from his daily exercises. Yet his spirit was buoyant, his relish for vigorous games hearty, his disposition sweet and docile, and

his love of the companionship of children near his own age warm and constant. From the maternal stock he derived an affectionateness and trustfulness which drew every heart toward him, even in infancy. Indeed, that was true of him which has often been remarked of other renowned persons, that to his mother, perhaps more than to his father, he owed the qualities which won for him the most enviable laurels to which he rose.

Besides the taste which he early developed for the sword and the cross-bow, young Henry exhibited a passion for music. He learned with surprising quickness how to play upon that noblest of instruments, the harp. He committed to memory and sang with zest those quaint old ballads which passed from mouth to mouth in that bookless age, and which celebrated the glories of chivalry, the excitements of the chase, and (as later ballads have not ceased to do) the beauty and constancy of woman. At the age of eight he began to study a grammar, the price of which (four shillings) we are amused to find in the steward's accounts as having been laid out for the purpose. Henry Beaufort, the illegitimate brother of Bolingbroke, afterwards the stern and cruel judge by whose sentence the Maid of Orleans was brought to an unworthy death, became the tutor of the Prince; and as Bolingbroke soon after went abroad, the chief care of his education devolved upon this learned man.

Mary de Bohun, the mother of Henry, died in 1394. For her he continued through life to entertain the tenderest affection. Her self-forgetful devotion to her children, the anxiety with which she watched over their health, the sweetness of her temper, made the mutual bond between them so strong that her

decease affected her child, though so young, with a keen and protracted grief. Long after, when he had reached the summit of royal glory, he would turn aside from his worldly splendor to do silent homage to the memory of his beloved parent. The sensitiveness of his nature is shown in this. If he, as King, persecuted the reformed religion with relentless rigor, it surely half redeems the blot that the remembrance of his mother's devotion to the Church stimulated his zeal in its behalf.

His grandmother, the Duchess of Lancaster, died in the same year. The only female relative who was spared to watch over the heir was his mother's mother, the Countess of Hereford. To her he was forced to look for those maternal duties of which he had so sadly been bereaved; and, as far as can be judged from the dearth of positive testimony, she so nurtured him as to win his love and veneration, as well as the warm approbation of Bolingbroke. Beaufort was a man of rare ability. John of Gaunt had trained him, though born out of wedlock, with that anxious care which he bestowed upon his proper heirs; and the early evidence he gave of a fondness for study and a desire for knowledge was no bad prophecy of his future eminence. When young Henry was eleven years of age, in the year before the revolution which brought his father to the throne, Beaufort, who had been made Chancellor of the University of Oxford, took him under his care at Queen's College. Formerly a quaint old room in that college used to be pointed out as that in which the future hero had acquired his first experience of university life. A portrait of him was emblazoned

on the tinted window, and below it the triumphant inscription appeared :

“To record the fact forever.
The Emperor of Britain,
The Triumphant Lord of France,
The Conqueror of his enemies and himself,
HENRY V.,
Of this little Chamber
Once the great Inhabitant.”

The probability is that Henry was not entered regularly as an undergraduate of the University. His extreme youth, and the meagre preparation to which he had been subject, forbids the supposition. It is more consistent to believe that he was placed at Oxford to be under the eye of his uncle the Chancellor, and that Beaufort rather put him under private instruction than in classes with the other and more advanced scholars. The residence at the University, if it did not deeply imbue him with classic lore, at least introduced him to several friendships which did credit to his discrimination, and which undoubtedly had an excellent influence on him through life.

It is interesting to observe that he made his choice of companions not only at college, but in his royal career, to a great degree from those who made theology their study, and looked forward with enthusiasm to their assumption of the sacred offices of the mother Church. One of these was Carpenter, who afterwards attained the episcopal dignity of Worcester, and whose learning and benevolence have as much preserved his fame as his honorable connection with the famous King of whom we write. Thomas Rodman, another prelate, and more than that, the first astronomer of his time, was one of the

Prince's little circle at Queen's. The eloquence of Stephen Partington stirred the religious element of Henry's character, which appreciated and admired superior ability of speech. Partington became his favorite preacher and confidential adviser, and before the death of Henry was promoted to the diocese of St. David's. He continued to be well worthy of the confiding friendship throughout the latter's life. The cloistral life of Prince Henry was of short duration. The revolution, which had so momentous a connection with his own fate, broke in rudely upon his quiet pursuit of theology, mathematics, and philosophy. He was summoned from the perusal to the spectacle of epic history. He threw up Homer to imitate in act, as he had in thought, the achievements of Achilles.

When his father, then Duke of Hereford, was exiled, his family still remained in England under the uncertain protection of the King. But if Bolingbroke entertained any fear for the safety of his sons, by reason of Richard's hatred, he exaggerated the malignity of the royal heart. Richard summoned young Henry from Oxford, and introduced him to his court at London. All notion of continuing the secluded life of a scholar was now abandoned. A ruder, but doubtless more congenial career, was opening before this boy, who had but thought to fill an honorable rank among the knights and courtiers of his kinsman's palace. When he arrived at the metropolis, apartments were given to him at the royal residence, servants were placed about him, and he received at the hands of Richard so many thoughtful amenities, that for many years afterwards he recurred to the memory of the unfortunate monarch with affection and gratitude. Yet a close watch was kept over the

actions and sayings of Henry, and he was really a prisoner in Richard's hands. He was not allowed to communicate with his father. When Richard went on his ill-fated expedition to Ireland, he ordered young Henry to accompany him. Although the King treated his young kinsman with much courtesy, he evidently regarded him as a pledge of safety. When they arrived in Ireland, the King was very attentive to Henry, had him constantly at his side, and saw that every thing was provided for his comfort. Beyond this, he conferred upon him the rank of knighthood, with much pomp and ostentation. "My fair cousin, be gallant and bold; for unless you conquer," said the King, "you will have little name for valor."

After the conclusion of the campaign, Richard was feasting and continuing idle pleasures at Dublin, when the intelligence reached him that Bolingbroke was advancing on London. The King at once returned, as we have seen, to England; and when he had reached her shores, having yet the Prince in his suite, he called him to his side and said: "Henry, my child, see what your father has done to me. He has invaded my land as an enemy, and, as if in regular warfare, has taken captive and put to death my liege subjects without mercy and pity. Indeed, child, for you I am very sorry, because for this unhappy proceeding of your father you must perhaps be deprived of your inheritance." Henry replied with dignity that he was grieved at the news, but was himself innocent of the treason. Richard said: "I know that the crime which your father has perpetrated does not at all attach to you; and therefore I hold you excused of it altogether."

Henry was conveyed by the King's order to the castle of Tryon, where he and his cousin, young Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, were put in easy confinement. There he remained until the rapid and complete successes of his father afforded the opportunity for his restoration to liberty. When Richard had been seized by Bolingbroke at Flint, some knights were sent for the young Prince, with instructions to bring him to London. He probably did not accompany the insurgent army, and no record is found as to how or when he reached the metropolis. It is certain, however, that he joined his father at Westminster before the coronation, and took a conspicuous part in that ceremony, being accorded the honors of the heir apparent to the throne. His feelings, upon attaining so exalted a dignity, were not entirely exultant. He was old enough to perceive that violence had been done to the constitution of the realm. He had not seen his father for some time, and had never been his companion, therefore his filial affection was not probably excessive. He was shocked that one who had in every way sought his love by gentle kindness, should be deprived of power and liberty by his own nearest kinsman. For Richard he seems to have entertained more than the ordinary dutiful attachment. Yet it was natural for him to conceal whatever sadness he might entertain on account of the misfortune of his friend, in the brilliant scenes of which he was a principal actor. His presence in company with the new King gave additional *éclat* to the usurpation; for he was looked upon as innocent of the stain, and his youth and beauty elicited the enthusiasm of the populace, who were now to regard him as their future monarch.

It will be interesting to know how Henry appeared, and moved, and acted, and spoke at the time when his fortunes took so startling a course toward greatness. In his twelfth year he was noted for his personal beauty. An old print of him, probably copied from an original, represents a bright, childish, though not robust face, the most noticeable features of which are the large, round, and speaking eyes. The nose is a little too long to be in perfect symmetry, yet is straight and evenly shaped. The top of the head is broad; the forehead, like that of Bolingbroke, capacious and indicative of great force of character. The lower part—the chin and jaw—is narrow, but not thin, well curved, and betokening delicate health. He was symmetrical and thin in body, taller than the average youth of his age, small of bone, endowed by nature with an exquisite grace and almost feminine ease of motion. There was, notwithstanding, no appearance of weakness, either physical or mental. His movements were prompt and quick, his limbs readily manœuvred, his sinews compact, and his personal strength apparent in every action. He had so trained the use of his body, that none in the court were so fleet of foot as he. He endured fatigue without the least apparent discomfort, and both body and mind were patient under hardships, whether voluntarily or under necessity endured. Often would he follow a deer with his agile feet, and, in contempt of horse or hound, keep pace with the victim of the chase, finally bringing him to the ground with the cord which he flung from his hand.

Fuller, the theologian, says of him: "He had a strong and active body, neither shrinking in cold nor slothful in heat, going commonly with his head un-

covered; the wearing of armor was no more cumbersome to him than a cloak. He never shrunk at a wound, nor turned away his nose for ill savor, nor closed his eyes for smoke or dust; in diet, none less dainty or more moderate; his sleep very short, but sound; fortunate in fight, and commendable in all his actions." The affectionate tribute of this fine old writer may be taken with a grain of allowance; yet we can cheerfully believe the representation to be in the main just, for it confirms a multitude of other witnesses. The Prince was proud to excel both in the light games of pleasure, and in the more serious contests of personal vigor which were the wont of those days. He was impatient, in the generosity of his nature, of that praise which sought him out in injustice of those who had really triumphed. He would not accept a laurel which he had not fairly won, so that the youth did not shrink from the trial with him, being assured that he would protect their right against himself. He inherited from his father a princely and genial courtesy of manner. He displayed uniformly that sympathetic attention to the feelings of others, which is preëminently the mark of a true gentleman. His delicacy was noted and marvelled at by all who approached him. There was, however, a difference between his affability and that of his father. The manner of the elder was in a degree reserved and distant; even the extraordinary smile which so attracted was slight and studiously dignified. The feelings were fully under control; one who approached feared to break the spell by the faintest attempt to be familiar. The temper was calm, moderate, melancholy. There was pride and reserve in the step, though the

smile held its place, and the kindness of the voice never changed.

In the son, on the contrary, courtesy and good nature overflowed from the generosity and magnanimity of his soul. No restraint was put upon the cordial expression of the feelings. No distrust of men constrained the action. No distinction between persons entered into his sympathies. It was greatness in him, not to be spoiled by the indulgences and freedom of his bringing up; to be self-forgetful in the midst of temptations the most alluring to administer to the demands of selfishness. He was indignant when injustice oppressed the feeble; held out his hand to raise up those who fell; defended the weaker against the stronger; opened his purse to want, and the consolations of his heart to suffering; encouraged content by his own example; promoted cheerfulness by his vivacity, and effort by his indifference to hardship; and frowned upon hypocrisy and craft, by showing an open countenance, a transparent life, and a frankness of conduct in which there entered no deceit. Despite the buoyancy of his spirits, Henry was not a great talker. He was often silent and thoughtful. He gave utterance to his ideas with clearness and brevity. He did not waste his words with useless circumlocution. His perception of the gist of topics discussed was prompt, and his reply equally ready and full. He could listen with deference to those who addressed him, and treated the opinions of others with a respectful attention so charming, that it was the delight of divines and statesmen to dispute with him. He was neither loud nor forward in giving his own views; he apparently felt that one so young should never seem dogmatic or positive on questions in regard to which

age and learning were in doubt. In his bearing, both at court and among companions less fastidious, he was easy and conciliatory ; and he possessed that true delicacy of breeding which banished stiffness or embarrassment from the company in which he was.

Amid all the allurements which his princely rank threw about him to withdraw his mind from quiet meditation, he was a devoted champion of the Church of Rome. Like his father, he was not ill versed in the sacred traditions and doctrines which lent the hierarchy its specious and dangerous lustre. He liked occasionally to be in the society of priests, to hear them dispute, to ask them questions, to get their opinions, to be encouraged by their praise, to be corrected by their censure. The piety of both parents had led his mind into this occasional serious train of thought. He had always, from his birth, heard of the lawlessness, the ignorant fanaticism, the atrocious heresies and blasphemies of the Lollards, whom he came to regard as little less diabolical than the children of Satan. Hence came the spirit of bigotry which we shall find to be the only blot on the fair name of Henry of Monmouth. But we cannot doubt the sincerity of his belief, or that his motives fully approved themselves to his conscience.

Such a character as we have described deserves the panegyric of the poet and the historian. To be surrounded with every allurements which is centred in the courts of kings, and yet to remain undefiled ; to be young, and high-spirited, and full of animal activity, and yet to escape the vices which stood ever ready to take hold on him ; to be the subject of hourly adulation, to be caressed, to have every wish and whim anticipated by the zealous watchfulness of those about

him, to have the opportunity for indulging in every propensity open before him, to be praised for each slightest word and act and movement, to be greeted by applause from every mouth when he appeared, and yet to preserve the angelic sweetness of temper, the magnanimity, the tenderness of feeling for all, the meek self-forgetfulness, and the simplicity of manners of innocent youth; such a prince may indeed fill us with loving admiration, and rise, in the estimation of our minds, a pure and lofty spirit, above the cynics who have in the centuries traduced his bright renown. It was fitting that so fine a soul should be illustrated by brilliancy of intellect and eloquence of speech—that so precious a jewel should be encased in a casket of beauty and graceful proportion. For he at first drew men toward him by the natural adornments of his person, then by the activity of his mind, then by the sincerity and fulness of his heart. No man went from his presence with anger in his breast. When he refused a request, he did it with such regretful gentleness, that his condescension seemed a greater gift than what was denied; when he granted a favor, his consent was given with such promptness and hearty zest, that it more than doubled the value of what he gave.

Against these qualities, however, some less creditable must be balanced. Henry was bigoted in religion. He was unjust to foreigners. He was too fond of the society of unworthy companions. He sometimes lowered the royal dignity. He was not too respectful to high dignitaries. The anecdote of the Prince and the Chief Justice shows that he occasionally overstepped the bounds of propriety. One of Henry's companions was arraigned before Sir William Gascoigne for some misdemeanor. The Prince,

hearing of it, attended the court in person. When sentence was about to be delivered, he somewhat arrogantly demanded an acquittal of the delinquent. Gascoigne, who was one of the most upright and fearless judges who ever graced the British bench, calmly asked him to permit the law to be followed, and referred him for clemency to the King. Henry, with several companions, then attempted to rescue the prisoner. Gascoigne, in a stern voice, ordered him to keep the peace. The Prince came forward to the judge's desk in a rage, and held his hand to the hilt of his sword as if to draw it upon the judge. Gascoigne, unmoved by this menace, and more resolute than ever, upbraided him with great severity. "Remember, sir," said he, "who you are, and who I am; appointed here to keep the place of your sovereign and your father, him to whom you owe a twofold obedience. Wherefore, in his name, I do charge you leave off your wilfulness, and give from henceforward a better example to them that shall one day be your subjects. And now, for your contempt, go you to the prison of this court, whereto I commit you, there to abide until the pleasure of the King your father shall be made known." The Prince, subdued by the dignity and sternness of the judge, put back his sword, bowed penitently, and gave himself promptly and humbly into the hands of the attendant sheriff. This submission of his son to the laws of England struck King Henry with admiration, and made the people prouder of him than ever. Yet, to carry the example to its full extent, young Henry was for a season deprived of his seat in the council, and was prohibited to attend the royal court.

The Prince's not over-fastidious taste in the choice

of associates is much exaggerated by those who have blindly followed Shakspeare, as if he were a simple historian. Yet it is probably true that some of those in whose company he was found from time to time, were not fit to properly influence the mind of the heir apparent to the throne. The cordiality of his nature made him warm to those of much lower degree, who seemed inclined to conviviality, and who possessed enough wit to make the hours fly rapidly. There was too much decorum, too much ceremony, too much stateliness in the society of the great; he could only unbend with those who were not fettered by the conventionalities of rank. No evidence exists that he was a robber or a brawler, as Shakspeare represents, yet which he would by no means have us believe. The intimacy of a prince of the blood royal with common persons would be noticed enough to build such traditions upon, and we may be sure, that had Henry really been guilty of drunkenness, burglary, and carousing, we should have had the fact duly authenticated by the gossiping chroniclers of the day.

Parliament, immediately after the coronation of Henry the Fourth, passed an act dated Wednesday, October the 15th, 1399, indorsing the creation of Prince Henry as Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Aquitaine, Duke of Lancaster, and Earl of Chester, declaring him to be the heir apparent to the English throne, and swearing the same loyalty and allegiance to him as they had already sworn to his royal father. Henry was brought into the presence of the King, who was seated on his throne in state; a coronet of gold, encircled with rubies and pearls, was placed upon his brow, a ring upon his finger, and a golden staff in his right hand. The King then rose,

and descending from the throne, embraced and kissed his youthful heir. The popularity of the Prince, in virtue of the qualities which have been described, was unequalled among all classes. The legislature, the court, the populace, vied to give evidence of their affection for him. It was not a little owing to his excellence that his father was able to acquire and preserve a usurped sovereignty. The Commons were especially enthusiastic in their devotion to him. Their expressions in his behalf are far more solicitous and earnest than those for his father. They petitioned the King that Henry should not go out of the realm, "forasmuch as the Prince is of tender age." They wished to preserve him from the dangers of that ruthless warfare which threatened to take place with the Scotch, Welsh, and Irish malcontents. They knew how ardent was his desire to mingle in exciting scenes, and how brave he was to encounter danger. They were unwilling that those qualities should thus early expose him to death, which in the future might avail to cover himself and his country with glory.

Whenever the Prince appeared in public, which was often, he was greeted with a popular enthusiasm so hearty that its sincerity could not be questioned. He was surrounded and cheered at every step; the good wives and daughters of the town leaned far out of the gabled windows to flourish a handkerchief, throw a kiss, or spread bouquets beneath his feet. His smile was so bright and genial, his voice so winning, and his gratitude so happy, that the great heart of the metropolis beat with glowing affection, and he was fairly idolized by every man, woman, and child among them. He often appeared in plain

habit, with few or no insignia of royalty about him; walking simply and modestly along the street with some boon companion, and anon stopping to address a kind word to some humble Londoner whom he chanced to meet. Such condescension pleases the multitude, and multiplies a prince's friends among those whose friendship in turbulent times is not to be despised. Many an act of tyranny will be permitted and forgotten in the memory of a gracious act, a kind look, a sympathizing word.

While Prince Henry's ease and simplicity won the love of the lower classes, they delighted to see his slender and noble figure splendidly adorned, mounted upon a prancing steed, and having about him the glittering paraphernalia of majesty; riding among them their true prince, in his proper glory, the model representative of the power and chivalry of England. For Prince Henry, mingling with his people in modest dress, and with cordial familiarity, was their loving protector and indulgent father; while Prince Henry, with his plumed helmet, glistening cuirass, jewelled sword, and lofty bearing, was the champion of their greatness among the nations, the creator of a proud history, the dispenser of justice, the avenger of insults. His precocity was remarkable; for at the time he received so much homage he was hardly twelve years old. It was deemed necessary that the Prince, who now occupied so eminent a rank in the realm, should be supported in a manner worthy of his new dignities. The council was informed that as yet he had neither palace nor attendants. An establishment was accordingly cheerfully provided for him. A portion of one of the royal palaces was set apart for his household. A chapel,

supplied with chaplains, was prepared. Stewards, chamberlains, cooks, coachmen, attendants, and counsellors were appointed to maintain a household befitting his proper state. Lands were ceded to him, from whose income the household should be supported; and special grants of money were also made. In a few months Henry found himself surrounded with every comfort he could wish, supplied with funds, and at liberty to pursue his inclinations as he pleased. The King, meanwhile, who had never paid a close attention to his children, was too much occupied with the settlement of the dynasty he had created, to look much into his son's affairs. After seeing that he was properly surrounded with the requirements of his rank, he paid little attention to his training, and permitted him to pursue what occupations and pleasures he chose. Bolingbroke's nature was not affectionate or anxious; and if he did not display that solicitude which would have been becoming, he at least was no tyrant in his own family.

Of the manner of King Richard the Second's death, whether it was by the connivance of King Henry or not, the Prince certainly had no cognizance. The feelings with which he regarded the unfortunate monarch were very different from those which actuated his father. He had received from Richard's hands nothing but kindness and encouragement. He had shared his society, and had been the favorite companion of many of his quiet hours. He had derived from him many useful precepts, and many lessons which he perceived to emanate from the heart of the King, and which were well-timed to improve his young mind. It would be reasonable to suppose that the Prince's affection for Richard rivalled, if it did not exceed, that

for Bolingbroke. The mysterious disappearance of his royal friend affected him deeply, young as he was. He rejected the idea that his father had been instrumental in the event, and persuaded himself that Richard had either died a natural death, or had imposed death upon himself. He mourned a loss which he freely regarded as his own, with a sorrow which excluded him for a time from the gayeties and business of the court. He cherished Richard's memory, and when he became King, as we shall see, paid every respectful honor to his remains; ordering those obsequies, which were neglected at the time of his death, to be performed with more than usual solemnity and pomp. Those who are most inimical to the Lancasters do not hesitate to recur to this affection between the heir of that house and its victim with cordial praise, giving Henry every credit for the sincerity and magnanimity of his conduct. In the year 1400, soon after King Richard's death, the troubles on the northern border broke out afresh. There seems to be much doubt whether, as is asserted by Monstrelet, Prince Henry accompanied the army which went thither to restore quiet. If he did, there is no evidence that he in person performed any deeds worthy of note. It was formerly the custom to send princes of the blood royal on warlike expeditions in early youth, with the nominal command, but really under the guardianship of an experienced general. The object of this was to accustom them to scenes of battle, and to inure them to the hardships of war. Henry may have gone to Scotland in this manner, accompanied by Westmoreland or March the Scot; but that a boy of twelve took active command of an army, is an ab-

surdity which it is surprising to observe in sensible writers.

An opportunity, however, soon occurred to initiate young Henry into the privations and discipline of war. A field opened before him in which he might readily arrive at proficiency, and in due time at renown, and that under a training as rugged as ever prince was compelled to undergo.

One of the most extraordinary men of that, perhaps of any age, appeared, to annoy Henry the Fourth from this time almost to the day of his death. A rebellion, headed by him, took its rise, to keep which in abeyance drained the resources of England, and which at times absolutely threatened the integrity of the throne. This man, who suddenly burst upon the drama, was called in his own country Owyn of Glendourdy, and is known to us as Owen Glendower. He was living on a private estate called Glendourdy, in south Wales, quietly pursuing the dignified employments of a landed gentleman, when the events occurred which are to be narrated. His descent was illustrious. His great-grandsire was that renowned Llewellyn ap Jorwarth Droyndon, sovereign Prince of Wales, who had so gallantly fought for the independence of his principality in the time of Henry the Third. He was therefore directly descended from a long line of valiant sovereigns, who had for centuries disputed the encroachments of their more powerful and grasping neighbors. In his veins the haughty blood of these princes was vigorous and headstrong, and he inherited their audacious spirit as well as their castles and manors. His domain was very large, extending along the border of the English county of Salop. He was born, according to his own account,

in 1359. Traditions existed in the neighborhood of Glendourdy, of miracles which were wrought at the time of his birth. On the night when he came into the world, it was said, the horses in his father's stables were discovered standing up to their bellies in blood. A storm, in which supernatural visions were seen by mortal eyes, swept over the bleak hills of the vicinity. Seers and sibyls were more than usually prolific in prophecies of power, adventure, and glory. Such superstitions always found a ready belief in the Welsh, where traditions last longer, and wonders happen oftener, than in any other country. Owen, as he grew up, was regarded with awe, and all who incurred his enmity were filled with dread, lest he should call upon the elements and the spirit world to war against them and crush them. It is probable that, long before the actual rebellion broke out, he was looked up to by many of his countrymen as their destined champion in a coming struggle for independence. At an early age he went to London and studied there, spending most of his time at the Inns of Court, where he became versed in the science of the law. Whilst there, he attracted the attention of King Richard the Second, no less by his brilliant pedigree than by the remarkable ability which he displayed. The King was so well pleased with the bearing of Owen, that he took him into the royal household as one of his esquires. After his return to the hereditary estates, having seen something of civilized life, and cultivated a taste for learning, he remained quietly at home, until the appeal of Richard in his distress came to him from Conway. He summoned his adherents to go in defence of his benefactor, but was too late to save him from capture by the insurgent Bolingbroke. He be-

came the esquire of the Earl of Arundel, whose castle was near his own estates ; but after a short time once more took up his abode at Glendourdy.

Wales had, for more than half a century, enjoyed almost entire peace and security. The last insurrection had occurred in the time of Edward the Second. The liberal government of Edward the Third, and the laxity of Richard's reign, had left them undisturbed to pursue their rugged avocations, and had soothed their rough natures by gentle restraint. The intercourse between the Celts and their Anglo-Norman neighbors had been friendly, often cordial. Trade had sprung up between them, intermarriages had become usual, and either race travelled back and forth over the other's domain in safety. The Welsh, therefore, saw with little satisfaction the accession of an usurper, and the establishment of a stringent policy at the English court.

Discontent soon ripened into a desire throughout Wales to resume the attempts, long since suspended, to erect an independent sovereignty. By a coincidence of opportunity, a private motive of revenge, and the general spirit of insubordination, united to accelerate a crisis. The lands of Owen Glendower lay contiguous to those of a proud and powerful baron, Lord Grey de Ruthyn. Confident of his superior strength, Grey took possession of a tract of Owen's land, and attached it to his own estate. Glendower prudently laid the grievance before Parliament, and petitioned for redress. The appeal, however, notwithstanding the protest of the Bishop of St. Asaph, was disregarded ; and an insulting message was returned to Glendower, to the purport that they did not care for "barefooted rascals." A further indignity from Grey drove

the Welsh chieftain into open revolt. The King had sent, through Grey, a letter to Glendower, summoning him to join in the expedition against Scotland. Grey had detained the missive until it was too late for Glendower to obey its command. Owen no longer had any confidence in the royal protection, and prepared to raise the standard of insurrection. Grey's insolence became the while more arrogant than ever. His encroachments on his neighbor's property continued. Owen now raised a band of sturdy peasants, drove Grey's retainers across the border, entered his enemy's domain, pillaged it, and carried back to the fastnesses some of the haughty baron's servants. After such an act, it was useless to look for any thing else than the vengeance of Henry. Grey was a favorite at court, and had been supported in an unjust and illegal act; it would be futile to seek forgiveness at the hands of the irate monarch. The time had come when nothing but an appeal to arms would suffice. The Welsh were all ready, and only awaited a directing mind to begin general hostilities. Owen boldly announced himself as their leader, renounced his allegiance, and bid defiance to the English King. From all parts of the principality the people began to flock to his standard, from Carnarvon and Anglesea in the north, from Cardigan in the east, from Pembroke and Glamorgan in the south. The native bards went through the valleys chanting the wild war songs, and rude orators harangued in the quiet villages and upon the narrow plains. The native gentry, with their troops of retainers, made haste over the mountains to join famed Glendower. The King began to issue proclamations. One ordained "that no Englishman married to any Welsh woman of the amity and alliance

of Owen of Glendourdy, traitor to our sovereign lord, or to any other Welsh woman after the rebellion of the said Owen, shall be put in any office in Wales, or in the marches of the same." Another was aimed at the bards: "No waster, rhymester, minstrel, nor vagabond shall be in anywise sustained in the land of Wales." But it was too late to employ words. The only antidote for the crisis was the advance of armies. The Welsh students at Oxford and Cambridge, and the Welsh laborers at work in England, hastened to defend the rights of their native land. Glendower was proclaimed Prince of Wales, and the independence of the principality was declared.

Grey of Ruthyn, now with good reason alarmed, apprised the King that Wales was in rebellion. Henry was then on the northern border, fighting the Scotch; so the Prince Henry was sent with a force to the west, under the virtual command of Warwick and Talbot. Here begins that long career which it will be our duty to recount, in which young Henry received his first lessons of war, and which shed upon him his first distinctions in military action. Before the army had reached the Welsh boundary, the King himself came up, having settled the other disturbance, and together they advanced rapidly upon the insurgents. Glendower, learning the approach of the royal forces, made a sudden sally upon the English plains, took, plundered, and burned the town of Ruthyn, Lord Grey's inheritance, and having spread rapid desolation in his path, retired to his own domain. The vigor, ability, and daring displayed by this incursion, the great learning of Owen, and the thought of restoring the hardy dynasty of Llewellyn in the person of so capable a leader, inspired the Welsh with ardor and temerity.

When the King's army reached the scene, he found himself opposed by dark and jagged ranges, gloomy defiles, barren plains, and dangerous chasms, within which the native troops were securely hid, and over which it was impossible to pass. Leaving his army in the neighborhood, under the nominal command of the Prince, Henry returned to the capital to resume the affairs of state. Prince Henry had a more difficult work in maintaining his title by governing the principality which gave it, than his predecessors had had. As Prince of Wales, it was befitting that to him, in the eyes of the world at least, should be committed the task of reinstating the royal authority. The rebellious chieftain had assumed the title; it was for the heir to the crown to vindicate his own claim to it, and to erase it from his adversary's escutcheon.

In the year following Glendower came bursting down over the mountains with great numbers, and made sorties in every direction. The Prince's forces repeatedly advanced upon the wily chief, only to find the country desolated, and to discover on every side the results of a cruel devastation. The success of the Welsh was so constant and so skilfully achieved, that the reputation of Glendower soon became terrible to his opponents. In one of his incursions Grey of Ruthyn himself was taken captive. The treatment which he received at the hands of his ancient enemy was in marked contrast with his own harsh bearing, and his fears were soon banished by the generosity of one who had had good reason, and now had the power, to take vengeance upon him.

Sir Edmund Mortimer, at the head of twelve thousand men, finally succeeded in giving battle to

Glendower at Knighton, in Radnorshire. The issue was no exception to the usual result; Mortimer was taken, his army routed, and over a thousand royalists were killed. The King came in person to the rescue. The army was divided into three parts—commanded respectively by the King, Prince Henry, and the Earl of Arundel—with the view of hemming in the insurgents. But Glendower adroitly retired with his prisoners to the rugged caverns and defiles, and the royal army was forced to resume the attitude of a stationary and watchful camp. The difficulties of the country, incessant rains, want of provisions, and the discouragement which they had met with, made a further attempt to reach the Welsh inexpedient, if not altogether impracticable.

A scene of much greater interest was now about to open upon the Prince's career. The King had set out for the north for the purpose of joining the Percys in the war against the Scotch. He proposed to form a junction with them in Northumberland, and, with a united force which should be invincible, inflict a decisive blow upon his troublesome neighbors. When he arrived at the town of Burton-on-Trent, he heard, to his utter amazement, that Henry Percy was marching southward with a considerable army, proclaiming Richard still alive, and boastfully announcing his purpose to restore that monarch's dynasty. Up to this time Henry seems to have had no suspicion that the discontent of the Percys was any thing more than a passing whim.

A royal proclamation was instantly issued, calling on all loyal subjects to join the King. The Prince of Wales, who was engaged on the border of his titular domain, and in whom suspicion was first created by

the flight of his guardian, Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester,* was summoned to lead the forces under his command to the rescue. The preparation was sudden; but Henry resolved that no time should be lost in seeking an engagement with the insolent foe. The Prince arrived promptly, and the proclamation was responded to eagerly by the adjacent population.

Owen Glendower was hastening, according to the compact he had made with Percy, to join the insurgents. Northumberland was organizing another army in the north, and would soon be ready to add his quota to the swelling ranks of the rebellious host. The King saw the necessity of offering battle before this union should take place. The impetuosity of Hotspur aided the King's design. Without deigning to await the arrival of his allies, he pushed forward toward the royal army, anxious to meet his enemy in speedy combat. The two forces came face to face beneath the walls of Shrewsbury. Hotspur awoke one morning to see the banners of Lancaster waving from a neighboring hill. He retired in order to a plain about three miles off, called Hateley Field, west of the town. There his army was drawn up in battle array, ready to receive the shock of Henry's attack. It consisted of Northumbrians under Percy's personal command, a force of Scotch under Douglas and March, and some Cheshire archers under the Earl of Worcester. Before, however, the engagement began, Hotspur sent a defiance to the King, in which were enumerated the pretended causes of the rebellion. Henry, he declared, had unjustly refused permission to the victors of Homildon to ransom

* Worcester was in fact the prime mover of the Percy rebellion.

their prisoners, by which they would have been remunerated for the expenses of their armament. He had prevented the liberation of Sir Edmund Mortimer, Hotspur's brother-in-law, a prisoner in the hands of Owen Glendower. He had not only usurped the realm, after having sworn that he did not seek the crown, but he had abused his power, and insulted those who had put it into his hands.

To this audacious message Henry, always moderate, sent a reply by the Abbot of Shrewsbury and the Clerk of the Privy Seal. Without condescending to dispute about the terms of the defiance, without even a rebuke directed against the present crime of the confederates, he offered a free and unconditional pardon to all the insurgents if they would retire and lay down their arms. Hotspur himself, though a headstrong and passionate man, hesitated at so lenient and noble a response to his insulting message. He resolved to send an envoy to the King, to make, if possible, terms of reconciliation. In this he was much to be praised; but his choice of a commissioner was most unfortunate, if he sincerely desired peace. Thomas Earl of Worcester, who was probably the original fomentor of the rebellion, and who was by far the most bitter and obstinate of Henry's enemies, went to the royal camp as envoy, at the command of Hotspur. The language which he addressed to Henry was so indecorous, that it soon became evident that no accommodation was possible. There can be no doubt that Worcester sought by this interview not peace, but so to provoke the King as to make peace impossible. The King heard him with patience, and remonstrated with him with his habitual calmness; but the ill-spirited Earl boldly reprimanded

him, and without hesitation charged him with tyranny and crime. Even the temper of Henry gave way before such insolence. Worcester was sent out of the royal lines without delay, and orders were given to prepare for an immediate engagement.

The divisions of the army had hardly got into position before the Northumbrian archers, led valiantly by Hotspur himself, and shouting, "Esperance, Percy!"* burst upon them with a thick torrent of arrows and spears. The royal bugles echoed over the hills—the King advanced on one side, and the Prince of Wales on the other—the cry of "St. George and England" rang along the lines—the banners swayed to and fro—the helmets flashed—the shields arose before the crouching knights—and the weird hubbub of battle filled the air of the quiet plain. "So, furiously the armies joined," says quaint Hall. The onset of the rebel archers was at first irresistible; the royal troops yielded for the moment. The arrows "fell as the leaves fall on the ground after a frosty night," says one, "at the approach of winter. There was no room for them to reach the ground; every one struck a mortal man."

Douglas, with his hardy Highlanders, followed up the first onset with promptness and valor. Then Worcester came down with the chivalry of Cheshire, and his archers, posted on a hillock, sent volley after volley into the flank of Henry's legions. The rapid and indignant onset of Prince Henry, followed by that obstinate band who had learned the art of war so well in Wales, brought the fury of the conflict to its height. As the King's troops recovered their courage from the first shock, their resistance was steady. All of the

* The heraldic motto of the Percy family.

leaders exposed themselves in front of their men, and set a glorious example by the valor with which they themselves engaged their adversaries in mortal combat. Bolingbroke's calm face, with a proud smile, scorning to put off his insignia of royalty, was seen here and there and here again, urging with a few words the courage of his troops, holding his sword aloft dripping with rebels' blood, and fighting lustily with each hostile knight who sought him out. Hotspur dashed hither and thither with foaming mouth and purple face, and limbs trembling with mad excitement, and stentorian voice, daring all to the fight. Douglas, more self-controlled, but quite as brave, bent shield and helmet with his ponderous stroke, and sought with obstinacy the centre of the conflict.

Prince Henry, who now found himself for the first time an actual participant in glorious war, was everywhere conspicuous, encouraging a brave attack, seeking the most formidable adversaries, and holding right proudly his gilded helmet with its tri-plumed crest. Beneath his quick and strenuous blows fell many a worthy foe; those who sought him as a mark one after another bit the dust at his feet. At his approach every soldier felt a thrill, and redoubled his exertions.

The fair young face, yet beardless, flushed with the bloom of a novel excitement; the large bright eye, resolute and full of ardent fire; the graceful form, bending and straightening with the strife of sword thrusts, inspired the rude warriors of fifty battles, and put new souls into those who fain would shrink before the opposing prowess. Suddenly, as he was seeking a new victim to his valor, an arrow struck him in the face. The blood flowed from the wound; a knight

was about to withdraw him from the field. Springing up, the young hero refused to retire, and rushing into the thickest of the fight, showed that he disdained to live and leave the issue doubtful. A moment after, the word passed that King Henry was killed. Douglas had sought him out, and had struck him down. For an instant the royal army wavered at this news; but the appearance of the King, moving rapidly from line to line, and cheering on the faltering mass, soon restored the battle to furious equality. Again and again, as the crimson stream stained the Prince's corselet, was he urged to go to the rear, that his life might meet no further danger. "My lords," cried he, impatiently, "far be from me such disgrace as that, like a poltroon, I should stain my novitiate in arms by flight. If the Prince flies, who will wait to end the battle? Believe it, to be carried back before victory, would be to me a perpetual death! Lead me, I implore you, to the very face of the foe. I may not say to my friends, 'Go ye on first to the fight.' Be it mine to say, 'Follow me, my friends.'" Thus, to the end of the conflict, he continued to resist the remonstrances of those who sought to protect him, and to show them a bright example of fortitude and perseverance. For three hours the battle raged with bitter obstinacy; now one party, now the other, seeming to gain the advantage. But an event occurred which suddenly directed victory to the royal arms. Hotspur, after such deeds as have given him a justly illustrious renown, fell, mortally wounded. The royalists at once set up a shout, which sent terror to the hearts of the insurgents: "Harry Percy is dead!" A panic, sudden and universal, spread through the ranks of those who were now without a leader. The Welsh

were the first to give way, and to take to the hills and forests. A general rout soon ensued; and Douglas, too proud to fly, was captured as he moved slowly and moodily from the field. The Earl of Worcester, Lord Kenderton, and Sir Richard Vernon were also among the captured. The Scotch, under Douglas, had fought desperately; few survived the issue of the day. The loss on each side was about equal, as the numbers engaged were nearly so. Henry had led about fourteen thousand men into the field; Hotspur about thirteen thousand. Of these twenty-seven thousand, about thirteen thousand were killed or wounded. Many prisoners were taken by the King, and the victory was so decisive as to render it impossible for the scattered insurgents to recruit and become any longer formidable. The royal authority was completely restored.

The battle of Shrewsbury inspired the nation with new confidence in Henry, and silenced the complaints which were becoming loud against him. Many of the proud chivalry of England lay low that day; many barons, especially from the northern border, were silenced in their treasons forever. On the evening of that memorable day, Saturday, the 21st of July, 1403, the victorious but wearied army filed into the town of Shrewsbury, and were dismissed to rest. On Sunday, the King, the Prince Henry, and such of the loyal nobility as were present, heard masses, and made a quiet feast. There seems to have been no disposition to exult noisily over a triumph which cost so much gallant and gentle blood, and which was won over brave but misguided Englishmen. All rioting was prohibited to the soldiers, and priests were sent among them to preach and to enjoin order. The following morning Henry summoned Worcester and Ver-

non before him. They came into his presence with haughty brows, and preserved a sullen silence. The clemency which might have been won by submission, was repulsed by their foolish obstinacy. Their sentence was then awarded. They were carried to the market-cross of the town, where, more than a century before, the Prince David of Wales had met a traitor's death, and upon that historic spot their heads were severed from their bodies. That of the detestable Worcester was forwarded to London, and there placed, by the King's command, upon London bridge. It is with satisfaction that we find this wicked disturber of the peace at last brought to his deserts. Henry would have been worthy of censure, had he stretched his love of clemency to such an extent as to let Worcester escape. That he knew where to bestow clemency, however, is shown to our admiration in the magnanimity with which he preserved the life of Douglas, and the respect which he paid to that manly and valiant adversary.

CHAPTER V.

"The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear."

THE WELSH CAMPAIGNS—HENRY'S POPULARITY—THE CESSATION OF THE
WELSH REBELLION—GLENDOVER'S END AND CHARACTER—HENRY A
COUNCILLOR OF STATE—NEGOTIATIONS FOR HIS MARRIAGE—FRENCH
RELATIONS—THE LAST DAYS OF HENRY THE FOURTH.

THE battle of Shrewsbury established the military fame of Prince Henry. His praises were sounded from one end of the kingdom to the other, and his renown extended to foreign lands. The King was greatly pleased with his son's conduct. The excitement of the battle, his success, the encomiums which poured upon him, made young Henry restless to follow up his good fortune by seeking another opportunity of glory. It must be remembered that at this time he was but fifteen years of age.

When the King marched northward to meet the forces of the Earl of Northumberland, which were supposed to be tardily advancing, Henry remained behind to hold out the royal mercy to those who had fought against the crown. The King caused an instrument to be drawn up, empowering the Prince of Wales to pardon all the followers of Sir Henry Percy, who might choose to come and plead for mercy. The Prince, making his headquarters at Shrewsbury,

published a proclamation, urging the rebels who were straggling in the neighborhood to return to their allegiance; and in response to the generous leniency thus held out, many came into the city and took the oath of loyalty. It was in accordance with Prince Henry's character to perform this pleasant duty gracefully and with real zest. It is not improbable, indeed, that he urged his father to give him the commission in the first place, or at least asked to be the instrument of mercy when it was resolved that it was to be proffered.

In the fall of this year the depredations of Owen Glendower on the western border were renewed with as much pertinacity as ever; but we do not discover that Prince Henry took a personal share in the conflict; there is, indeed, some doubt as to whether he was in Wales at all at this time. Many castles and fair domains fell into the hands of the Welsh. Estates were plundered, inhabitants driven from their villages and farms, the lands sacked, towns burned, ships stolen, and the produce of the country roundabout gathered and transferred to the wild glens of Radnor, Brecknock, and Glamorgan. Talbot and other generals and admirals were constantly on their track, and occasionally gave them severe chastisement; but their audacity was little damped by occasional defeat; if they were rascals, they were no cowards. A temporary period was indeed put to their inroads by the advance of winter. As the snows and storms grew more severe, the followers of Glendower retreated beyond their rugged hills, and prepared to resume their depredations when the spring should once more open for them paths to the tempting plains below.

In the following April an unexpected coöperation from a foreign quarter gave the Welsh an improved occasion for successful incursion. The French had concluded a truce with Henry the Fourth. It was kept with Punic faith. They hated Henry, and were bitterly hostile to his dynasty. The truce had only been made through fear, or a wish for delay. It was now broken with unparalleled effrontery. Sieur James de Bourbon, Count de la Marche, a scion of the house of Valois, and holding the exalted office of Grand Chamberlain of France, collected at Brest a force of twelve hundred well-armed men. Thence, under royal orders, he sailed toward England, with the avowed design of uniting with the Welsh against the King. With him were Louis Count of Vendôme and John Baron of Clarency, his younger brothers, who commanded divisions of the armament. He first attempted to land his transports at Dartmouth, but adverse winds prevented. He then chased some merchant craft into Plymouth harbor, took possession of them, and disembarked his forces in that town, which, having been plundered, was committed to the flames. He next took possession of a small island near the coast, and there pursued his savage scheme of devastation. In cowardly alarm lest Henry, constantly on the alert, should be upon him before he knew it, he turned his prows again toward France. He did not, however, wholly escape punishment. The elements chastised him as thoroughly as Henry could have wished, for a storm arose, which sunk twelve of his transports, carrying with them into the depths a greater part of the armament. He landed with much difficulty at the small harbor of

St. Malo, and returned crestfallen to the presence of his sovereign.

While this was going on in the south, Owen, apprised of the coöperation of the French, fell upon his prey with his usual temerity. This expedition was followed by others of a yet more piratical character, instigated by the French court. French vessels would sally out, commanded by noblemen of such renown as the Baron de Penhors and the Baron de Chastel, attack merchantmen peacefully on their way to and from British ports, and would bring their ill-gotten prizes into French harbors. Those merchants who refused or were unable to pay ransoms were thrown overboard, or put upon a foreign shore without money or clothing.

In one of these raids the Admiral of Brittany and Lord de Chastel landed at Dartmouth, and there engaged in battle with a garrison of English. The assailants were badly defeated, de Chastel and two of his brothers killed, over a hundred prisoners taken, and the Admiral was fain to return with the best haste he could to his own shores. On another occasion a formidable armament was collected under the marshal of France and John de Hangeſt, master of the cross-bows. They set out from Brest in no less than one hundred and twenty transports, and landed at Haverford-West. Having spread desolation all around the Castle of Haverford, which was itself defended by Arundel, they proceeded to Tenby. There they formed a junction with Owen Glendower, who had under him ten thousand men. From that time these two forces coöperated together under the Welsh chieftain. They were encountered near Worcester by King Henry, but neither party risked an attack, and

the allies, forced by famine and a hostile neighborhood, withdrew; while Henry, checked by the defences with which nature had fortified the Welsh frontier, did not think it advisable to follow. The French government was not content with filling up the wasted ranks of Glendower. The next step was to acknowledge Owen as sovereign Prince of Wales. Glendower, who dated his sovereignty from 1400, at once sent two envoys to the court of Charles, to solicit a league and alliance. The ambassadors found the French King quite complaisant, and by no means disinclined to listen to the proposal. A league was soon agreed upon, and ratified. While these negotiations were still pending, Glendower's inroads into England, made doubly formidable by the trained soldiers of France, who could cover an orderly retreat, became more audacious than ever. Prince Henry was active in every direction, and, although he fought no memorable actions, succeeded in keeping up a vigorous defence wherever a defence was possible. He was so straitened for means to carry on the war, that he sold the jewels off his person, and then was forced to say to the Council, that if he was not quickly furnished with funds, he would be forced to abandon the field. "We implore you," he wrote, "to make some ordinance for us in time, assured that we have nothing from which we can support ourselves here, except that we have pawned our little plate and jewels, and raised money from them; and with that we shall be able to remain only a short time. And after that, unless you make provision for us, we shall be compelled to depart with disgrace and mischief, and the country will be utterly destroyed, which God forbid! And now, since we have shown you the perils and mischiefs, for God's

sake make your ordinance in time, for the salvation of the honor of our sovereign lord the King our father, of ourselves, and of the whole realm; and may our Lord protect you, and give you grace to do right." A prompt attention was given to this letter, and the "ordinance" providing funds was passed.

Inasmuch as we have introduced a part of the Prince's letter to the Council, it will be interesting to the reader to have a more satisfactory specimen of his epistolary manner. A letter written to his royal father about the time of which we are writing, and which is found in Halliwell's "Letters of the Kings of England," is deemed worthy a perusal, on account of its lofty and religious tone, and the illustration it affords of the Prince's character. The date is the 26th of June, 1404:

"MY VERY DREAD AND SOVEREIGN LORD AND FATHER:

"In the most humble and obedient manner that I know or am able, I commend myself to your high Majesty, desiring every day your gracious blessing, and sincerely thanking your noble Highness for your honorable letters, which you were lately pleased to send to me, written at your Castle of Pontefract, the 21st of this present month of June. By which letters I have been made acquainted with the great prosperity of your high and royal estate—which is to me the greatest joy that can fall to my lot in this world. And I have taken the very highest pleasure and entire delight at the news, of which you were pleased to certify to me. First, the speedy arrival of my very dear cousin, the Earl of Westmoreland, and of William Clifford to your Highness; and secondly, the arrival of the despatches from your adversary of Scot-

land and other great men of his kingdom, by virtue of your safe conduct for the good of both kingdoms, which God of his mercy grant! And that you may accomplish all your honorable designs to his pleasure, to your honor, and the welfare of your kingdom, as I have firm reliance on Him that is Omnipotent that you will do.

“ My most dread and sovereign lord and father, at your command in other your gracious letters, I have removed with my small household to the city of Worcester; and at my request there is come to me, with a truly good heart, my very dear and beloved cousin, the Earl of Warwick, with a fine retinue, at his own very heavy expenses; so he well deserves thanks from you for his good will at all times. And whether the news from the Welsh be true, and what measures I purpose to adopt on my arrival, as you desire to be informed, may it please your Highness to know that the Welsh have made a descent on Herefordshire, burning and destroying also the country, with very great force, and with a supply of provision for fifteen days. And true it is, that they have made very great havoc on the borders of the said county. But, since my arrival in these parts, I have heard of no further damage from them, God be thanked! But I am informed for certain that they are assembled with all their power, and keep themselves together for some important object; and, as it is said, to the said county. For this reason I have sent for my beloved cousins, my Lord Richard of York, and the Earl Marshal, and others, the most considerable persons of the counties of that march, to be with me at Worcester on the Tuesday next after the date of this letter, to inform me plainly of the government of their districts, and

how many men they will be able to bring, if need be; and to give me advice as to what may seem to them best to be done for the safeguard of the aforesaid parts. And, agreeably to their advice, I will do all I possibly can to resist the rebels and save the English country, as God shall give me grace, trusting in your high Majesty to remember my poor estate, and that I have not the means of continuing here without the adoption of some other measures for my maintenance, and the expenses are insupportable to me. And may you thus make an ordinance for me with speed, that I may do good service to your honor and the preservation of my humble estate.

“My dread sovereign lord and father, may the all-powerful Lord of Heaven and Earth grant you a blessed and long life in all good prosperity to your satisfaction.

“Written at Worcester the 26th day of June, 1404.

“Your humble and obedient son,

“HENRY P.”

The active, devout, and filial spirit of the Prince pervades this excellent letter, written at the age of sixteen, and in the midst of a military campaign. It clearly shows that the mind of the young general was not at this time, at least, bent upon such frivolities as have been charged against him. Making all allowance for the necessarily formal and extravagant expressions which princes in those days used in addressing each other, this letter breathes an unmistakable piety and reliance on God, a sincere devotion to the royal interests, and a due affection for his father.

The war in Wales continued in that irregular manner which it might be supposed to assume, from the

fact that the aggressions were sudden in advance and retreat, and that Glendower was too cautious to engage in the open field with the Prince whose title he claimed. Throughout the summer of 1404 castles were taken and recovered, towns sacked and deserted, fields stripped of their harvests, and ships captured and devoted to the uses of the insurgents. Prince Henry so well defended the county of Hereford, which had suffered more than any other district at the hands of Glendower, that the gentry petitioned the King that he would publicly thank him. The Council, much perplexed in what manner to raise money to support a campaign so necessary, met often to solve the difficulty, and raised as best they could small sums at a time. Loans were made on fines and taxes not yet due. Levies were demanded throughout the counties contiguous to the scene of contest. The war dragged along through the fall, with the same various fortune as before. The French occasionally sent reënforcements to Owen, but less and less frequently. About Christmas time a French armament landed on the Isle of Wight, boasting that they would there hold their Christmas feast. The islanders finally drove them off, however, and they were forced to resort to hovering about the coast to vent their ill-will. As winter advanced, the scene of war was gradually removed to the northern border; the Prince had been making a slow but steady progress upon the enemy, so that they had retreated northward. The alarm in Carnarvon and Chester was very great, and with good reason. The same process of stripping the country naked occurred in the north, that we have seen in the southern shires. The Prince, still following up his enemy with activity and effect, continued

to be embarrassed for want of money and men. In a letter, dated January 27th, 1405, he represents his position to the King in the following spirited manner:

" 27th January, 1405.

"MY VERY REDOUBTABLE AND SOVEREIGN LORD AND FATHER:

"I commend me unto you as humbly and obediently with my whole heart as in any way I know or can, always beseeching you for your gracious blessing. My redoubtable and sovereign lord and father, may it please your Highness to know, that this day I am informed for truth by divers of my spies and by the marchers of this country, that Rees Gethyn and other your rebels of his clan are making large musterings of people within the county of Radnor, and purpose to enter with their forces into the county of Hereford, and the marches round about, in order to lay them waste, if they be not resisted. May it please your Highness to know that the sheriff and sub-sheriff of the said county of Hereford, and the greater part of the gentlemen, are at present in London and in other places in England; so that, on account of their absence, the same county is very feeble to resist the malice of the said rebels, if other remedy be not in time provided. So I humbly supplicate your Majesty, that you be pleased to remember so graciously myself, your very humble son, and to order that I may in time have such sufficiency of force in my company, that I may be strong enough to resist and chastise your said rebels, and to do you the best service to your honor according to your gracious commands; to perform and accomplish which, I shall be ready and obedient all my life, according to my little ability.

"My very redoubtable and sovereign lord and father, I pray the blessed Trinity, that He will deign to grant, of His holy grace, to you a joyous and long life, with a happy accomplishment of all your honorable desires.

"Written at your city of Hereford, the 27th day of January, by

"Your very humble and obedient son,

"HENRY P."

Comparing this letter with the previous one, we are able to discern an improvement of style, displaying a more systematic habit of mind, and a quicker appreciation of the important matter with which he was intrusted. The expressions toward the King are less formal, less restricted to royal etiquette. He seems to have become accustomed to the serious occupation of his destined life, and to have given undivided zeal to the work before him. We do not find, in the authentic accounts of that period, that an hour was wasted in conviviality or idle delay. The approval of his lieutenants, the fear with which he inspired the foe, and the ardent gratitude which he called forth from the community which he strove to defend, alike demonstrate the faithfulness and vigor of his career. Shakspeare, whose historical errors are to be as much guarded against as his pictures of character and heroic scenes are to be admired, with even his tendency to describe Henry's earlier years as frivolous, makes him put on the dignity of his rank, and the sobriety of manly honor, from the time of the battle of Shrewsbury. It is enough to consider his age and his deeds as they are recorded, to be convinced that the Prince was no longer, if indeed he ever was,

the noisy and licentious rioter which he is described to have been by careless writers. On the other hand, he is known to have brought into his military life those admirable traits of patience, mercy, impartiality, sympathy, and readiness to receive counsel, which so graced both his childhood and his manhood. The hardy soldiers who had learned to love him as he rode down their ranks in the earlier Welsh troubles, who had witnessed his first essay as an actual leader on Hateley Field, who now received daily evidence of his tender care and affection, taught their posterity his manifold virtues, and sent down by tradition the proofs that he united every faculty of a great general.

No decisive action took place between the forces under the two Princes of Wales until the spring of 1405. In March the scene of conflict was shifted again to the southern border, and Henry started from Monmouth in pursuit of the invaders. He came upon them at the small town of Grosmont, near the southwest boundary of Wales, and there gained a triumphant victory, which gave the heaviest blow to Glendower which he had yet received. The letter in which he conveys the news of this fortunate event is one of great interest, and well worthy of being preserved as a credit to the youthful victor:

" March 11, 1405.

"MY MOST REDOUBTED AND MOST SOVEREIGN LORD AND
FATHER:

"In my most humble manner that in my heart I can devise, I commend myself to your royal Majesty, humbly requesting your gracious blessing. I sincerely pray that God will graciously show His miraculous aid towards you in all places; praised be He in all

His works! For, on Wednesday, the eleventh day of this present month of March, your rebels of the parts of Glamorgan, Morgannoc, Usk, Netherwent, and Overwent, were assembled to the number of eight thousand men, according to their own account; and they went on the said Wednesday, in the morning, and burnt part of your town of Grosmont, within your lordship of Monmouth; and I immediately sent off my very dear cousin, the Lord Talbot, and a small body of my own household, and with them joined your faithful and gallant knight William Newport and John Greindre, who were but a very small force in all. But very true it is, that victory is not in a multitude of people, but in the power of God; and this was well proved there; and there, by the aid of the blessed Trinity, your people gained the field, and slew of them (by fair account), on the field, some say eight hundred, and some say a thousand, being questioned on pain of death. Nevertheless, whether on such an account it was one or the other, I would not contend.

“And, to inform you fully of all that has been done, I send you a person worthy of credit in this case, my faithful servant, the bearer of this letter, who was present at the engagement, and did his duty very satisfactorily, as he does on all occasions. And such amends hath God ordained you for the burning of four houses of your said town! And prisoners there were none taken, excepting one, who was a great chieftain amongst them, whom I would have sent to you, but he cannot yet ride at his ease.

“And touching the governance I purpose to make after this, please your Highness to give your sure credence to the bearer of this letter in whatever he shall

lay before your Highness on my part. And I pray God that He will always preserve you in joy and honor, and grant me shortly to comfort you with other good news. Written at Hereford, the said Wednesday, 11th March, at night.

“Your very humble and obedient son,

“HENRY P.”

This letter the King sent to his lords in council, and its contents were by them communicated to the lord mayor and citizens of London. The news was received with enthusiastic joy, both at the humiliation of the audacious Welshman, and at the rising fame of their beloved Prince.

The admirable sentiments expressed in the foregoing epistle will approve themselves to every mind. We cannot forbear presenting still another letter, written soon after the one just given, to the lords in council, in which the Prince gives a yet more particular account of his operations in Wales.

“VERY DEAR AND ENTIRELY BELOVED :

“We greet you much from our whole heart, thanking you very sincerely for the kind attention you have given to our wants during our absence ; and we pray you very earnestly the continuance of your good and friendly services, as our trust is in you.

“As to news from these parts, if you wish to hear of what has taken place, we were lately informed that Owen Glendower had assembled his forces, and those of other rebels, his adherents, in great numbers, purposing to commit inroads ; and, in case of resistance to any of his plans on the part of the English, to come

to battle with them ; and so he boasted to his own people. Wherefore we took our men, and went to a place of the said Owen, well built, which was his chief mansion, called Saghern, where we thought we should have found him, if he wished to fight, as he said. And, on our arrival there, we found no person ; and we caused the whole place to be set on fire, and many other houses round it, belonging to his tenants. And then we went straight to his other place of Glyndourdy, to seek for him there. There we burnt a fine lodge in his park, and the whole country round ; and we remained there all that night. And certain of our people sallied forth, and took a gentleman of high degree of that country, who was one of the said Owen's chieftains. This person offered five hundred pounds for his ransom, to save his life, and to pay that sum within two weeks. Nevertheless, that was not accepted, and he was put to death ; and several of his companions who were taken on the same day met with the same fate. We then proceeded to the comore (dwelling) of Edernyon, in Merionethshire, and there laid waste a fine and populous country. Thence we went to Powys ; and there being in Wales a want of provender for horses, we made our people carry oats with them ; and we tarried there some days. And, to give you fuller information of this expedition, and all other news from these parts, at present we send to you our well-beloved esquire, John de Waterton, to whom you will be pleased to give entire faith and credence in what he shall report to you, on our part, with respect to the above-mentioned affair.

“ And may our Lord have you always in His holy keeping ! Given under our signet at Shrewsbury, the 15th day of May.”

The battle of Grosmont was the last one of importance which Prince Henry fought with the Welsh. It decided the superiority of the English troops, and Glendower did not permit his men to fight another battle in the open field. Meanwhile, as the letter just given shows, Henry advanced into the Welsh country for a considerable distance, spreading destruction where he went. The exceeding difficulty with which means were forthcoming to support the contest, embarrassed him. The Council, with every exertion, could not place him above the constraint which a constant want of provision and equipment put upon his movements. Had he received the necessary support, we may conjecture that the war, which continued so long in desultory operations, would have been brought to a successful termination long before it was. But despite this difficulty, the Prince persevered in his pursuit of the arch-rebel, and effectually reduced him at length to a defensive position.

A new cause of embarrassment now arose, in the latter part of May, to reduce the royal exchequer to still further straits. The rebellion of Scroop, Percy, and Bardolph absorbed the whole attention of the King, and he was compelled to take the field with every possible resource to overcome this audacious attempt against his throne. Henry had already started with an army to join and coöperate with his son against Glendower, and had reached Worcester on his march westward, when the tidings from the north constrained him to alter his direction. Before, however, he departed to suppress this new and alarming disaffection, he enjoined the council to use every effort to support the heir apparent in the west; to devote the taxes derived from

Wales entirely to his use; to grant him the income from the estate of Mowbray of Norfolk, which had been confiscated; and to equip and despatch to him men-at-arms as fast as they could be levied. Throughout the year 1405 the Prince kept steadily at his post, able to do little more than protect the border counties, and prevent the junction of Glendower with the other enemies of the dynasty, who were constantly seeking the consolidation of the hostile parties. Henry's enemies, however, as each rebellion in turn succumbed to his promptness and energy, became less and less hopeful of success, until they were finally fain to leave him some years of comparative quiet before he left the crown to his successor.

Early in the spring of 1406, Beaufort was desired by the King to negotiate an alliance of marriage between the Prince of Wales and a daughter of the House of Valois. The court of Charles the Well-Beloved, however, were so bitterly inimical to the Lancastrian dynasty, that they rejected all propositions for bringing any closer the ties between the families—a course which subsequent events proved to have been any thing but wise. Henry of Monmouth afterward so altered the relations between the nations, that a French princess who had once been refused to him, was offered to him with eagerness as a willing hostage for French obedience. Greater powers were given to the Prince in this year, both of command and mercy, than he had ever before possessed. He was created Lieutenant of Wales; the revenues of the castles of Brecknock, Kidwelly, Monmouth, and Ogmore were ceded to him; the discretion of pardoning rebels, according to his sole judgment, was granted to him; and what must have been equally

gratifying to father and son, the council begged the King to convey their thanks and approval to the Prince, for the patience with which he had encountered obstacles, the vigor which he had displayed, and the pertinacity by which he had accomplished that which he had been designated to perform.

No school of discipline could have been more excellent, indeed, for the education of a military leader than that to which Prince Henry was year after year subjected in his lieutenancy. Every hardship of war, with but poor compensation in brilliant achievement; every opportunity to be a tyrant; every facility for indulging in indolent pleasure, if he would return to London, and abandon his enterprise; the most bitter trials of patience, self-denial, will, presence of mind, established habits; discouragements daily appalling; inspiration from victory very little; constant complaint from the army; seeming neglect from the court; an enemy not regardful of humane warfare; a daily life of hurry, unexpected obstacles, and ever increasing privations—herein was the training which made a hero fit for Agincourt.

The attention of Parliament, however, after the rebellion of Scroop and Percy had been thoroughly crushed, was gradually directed toward the only quarter in which the now strongly confirmed dynasty of Henry the Fourth was resisted. The martial virtues of the heir began to attract their notice, and the difficulties of his situation to be appreciated. The people, too, no longer excited by the prospect of civil war, turned their eyes to the west, and the praises of young Henry were sounded in every part of the kingdom. The reward of his patient perse-

verance was to be, after all, not in sudden and brilliant victory, but in the gradual growth of esteem in those, whom in time he would be called upon to govern.

Many petitions came to Parliament relating to the Prince; among other requests was one that the legislature should, now that the house of Lancaster had fully established itself by worthy deeds, once more confirm his title to the succession. Accordingly, in June, 1406, an act was passed without a dissenting voice, declaring Henry of Monmouth to be the heir apparent to the throne of England; and next after him, the three younger sons of the King—Clarence, Bedford, and Gloucester—were declared to be in the line of succession, in the order given. The Salic law, prohibiting females from the throne, was not approved, and therefore the Princesses Blanche and Philippa had the reversion on the failure of the male line. This act was passed soon after the King's return from the Scroop rebellion. The circumstances by which it was attended were especially complimentary of the Prince.

The Speaker of the House of Commons addressed the King, sitting upon the throne, in praise of the qualities of his son. The speech clearly confirms Henry's salient traits as described to us by the chroniclers, and disproves the multitude of charges against his character, which fashion, more than authentic records, has made popular, and to support which no other authority than faint tradition, that twin sister of Rumor, can be found. The Speaker, Sir John Tiptoft (the same who had before been so bold as to lecture the King on his shortcomings), referred to the humility and obedience which the Prince con-

stantly displayed to his royal father; "so that there can be no person, of any degree whatever, who entertains or shows more reverence and honor of humbleness and obedience to his father, than he shows in his honorable person." He extolled his courage and cheerfulness of heart under difficulty. He called attention to the confidence which the Prince put in his advisers, readily giving up his own plans when others suggested better ones; and so subduing his will, that the kingdom might hope excellent things from his self-control, and from his reverence for the wisdom and discretion of those who were called to his councils.

These praises may perhaps be taken with a grain of allowance, considering the usually adulatory tone of addresses to the throne. But when we recollect that the sentiments recorded came from the lips of a man who was fearless in announcing his opinions, and who had, with unheard-of audacity, dared to call majesty to account for misrule, in the plainest and most forcible language; and when we consider, too, that the qualities expatiated upon are abundantly illustrated by the plain record of facts which relate to this portion of the Prince's career, we seem entirely drawn to the conclusion that Tiptoft rendered little more than justice to the subject of his panegyric. It is at all events an echo of the universal sentiment of both people and Parliament; and its sincerity is all the more patent, from the fact that it was not an ordinary custom to present addresses of that character. It is worthy of note that Sir John dwells with especial emphasis on the fact that the Prince had apparently conquered himself. His will was under the control of his judgment, and his self-government seems to

have been a habit. That so young a man, exposed from infancy to the vanities of praise and indulgence, should learn this great lesson, so vital to a successful commander, seems indeed admirable, and is to be regarded with higher approval than even the splendid career which it aided him in pursuing. He received the intelligence of this tribute to his virtues with modest delight; and was the more inspired to persevere in his rugged task, when he felt that the eyes of all were turned toward him, in the full assurance that his part would be well done.

The temporary exhaustion of Glendower gave him an opportunity to return to the metropolis and join his counsels with those of his father, toward the close of the year 1406. He presided over the council at different times, and seems to have been regarded, at the age of eighteen, as fully competent to be one of the advisers of the Crown. In qualities of statesmanship he was found to be wise beyond his years; and after he had once joined in deliberations of state, he attended regularly to the civil duties which now devolved upon him. There is some evidence that the noblemen who were ill-affected toward the King (for there were such) sought to put the Prince at the head of the opposition; and to that fact may be referred the traditions of the disagreements between the royal father and son. Meanwhile the King seems to have gradually withdrawn himself from public affairs, and to have intrusted the chief management of them to Prince Henry. Bolingbroke was not a man to be generally popular, although no one knew better when to yield and when to insist, and the manner of doing each; his temper was not of that sort to elicit warm affection, however much respect his remarkable ability

might command. When the rebellions were all subdued, he turned his mind toward religious subjects, and his thoughts seem to have become melancholy and despondent. The altercations with his Parliament, though they never ended in a serious break, were frequent, and galled a monarch of so much spirit and pride. One of his highest qualities was the power to subdue his natural impulses, that he might save the dynasty. These altercations usually left Henry in bad humor, and the legislature in a grumbling mood. The King grew prematurely old under the unusual weight of his cares, and the anxieties which would naturally depress one who held his crown by an uncertain tenure. At forty he had both the appearance and the manner of a man of sixty; his hair and beard gray, his face wrinkled, his step feeble, his speech querulous and sharp. He was no longer the athletic and majestic Bolingbroke who had ridden placidly through the streets of London as the prince of the people's choice. He was now an old, careworn, melancholy King, remorseful of his crimes, yet with an intellect still vigorous, and a royal power undiminished by all the tempests which had striven to sweep it away. It was time, then, that the youthful heir, in the freshness of his fame, should remove from the enfeebled King some of the grave cares of state, that he should begin to receive some training as a statesman as well as a soldier, that the true caliber of his mind might be discovered and improved by the counsel of older men. The King may have felt some jealousy at observing the contrast between the manner in which he was regarded, and the overwhelming popularity of his son. He may have exhibited the feeling by an occasional display of spleen. But that he was other than a true

parental friend to the Prince, is not sustained by authority. He trusted in young Henry, made him his confidant, was assured of his ability to assume at so early an age the dignity of a royal counsellor, and encouraged him in the pursuit of practices and studies best fitted to make him a successful Prince, beloved and respected by his people.

After Prince Henry's return to London in the fall of 1406, he never resumed the regular command in Wales. To be sure, he went to Wales and fought the rebels at various times in 1407, but his residence was fixed at London, and his presence in the west was only occasional, and each time brief. The power of Owen Glendower was on the wane. The battle of Grosmont and other frequent mishaps had crippled his energies, and the French no longer sent him men and provisions to sustain the rebellion. He could do little more than keep up a desultory warfare on the border; he could not now advance into the English counties. Owen himself seems to have in a manner retired from the command, and to have delegated his authority to a brave lieutenant, Rees ap Griffith, who was not, however, inclined to resume that rash mode of warfare which had made Owen so famed a leader. The troubles in the west ceased to occasion much alarm, and it was not considered necessary that Henry should be there.

During the autumn of the year 1407, the Prince of Wales set out on an expedition to Scotland. The narrative of this affair is told so succinctly and pithily by Monstrelet, that we will quote it verbatim. "Then it is the truth," says the quaint chronicler, "that at this time, 1407, about the Feast of All Saints, Henry Prince of Wales mustered an

army of one thousand men-at-arms and six thousand archers; among whom were his two uncles, the Duke of York, the Earl of Dorset, the Lords Morteinos, de Beaumont, de Ros, and Cornwall, together with many other noblemen, who all marched toward Scotland, chiefly because the Scots had lately broken the truce between the two kingdoms, and done great damage by fire and sword in the duchy of Lancaster, and the district round Roxburghe. The Scots were not aware of their approach till they were near at hand, and had committed great devastation. As soon as the King of Scotland (who was at the town of Perth, in the middle of his kingdom) heard of it, he issued orders immediately to his chiefs; and in a few days a powerful army was assembled, which he sent under the command of the Earl of Douglas and Buchan toward the marches. But when they were within six leagues, they learnt that the English were too strong for them. They consequently sent ambassadors to the Prince of Wales and his council, who brought about a renewal of the truce for a year; and thus the aforesaid Prince of Wales, having done much damage in Scotland, returned into England, and the Scotch dismissed their army." This campaign, so rapid and successful, demonstrates both the vigor and the magnanimity of Prince Henry. He got close to his enemy before they were aware of it; he gave the weaker Scots, almost in his power, and the aggressive party in the first instance, liberal terms of peace, thus subduing in his own breast both revenge and thirst of glory. When he had reached England again, he repaired to Gloucester, where his father was holding court, and where the Parliament was in session. The appearance of the Prince, bringing with him the welcome tidings that

there was peace on the northern border, gave an occasion to Parliament, of which they hastened to take advantage, to thank him for his brilliant service, and to express their appreciation of his worth.

Henry seized this favorable moment to do a kind and gracious act for one who had done him considerable service, and who had been the victim of a malignant kinswoman. The Duke of York had been charged by Lady de Spencer, who was doubtless herself the guilty person, with the attempt to effect the escape of the young Earl of March from Windsor Castle. The proofs of his complicity were confined to her declaration; and she had a bitter hostility toward York, which, with anxiety for her own safety, was sufficient to account for her story. York had been seized, and his estates confiscated. The Prince of Wales, confident of the good nature of the King and Parliament, now besought as a favor to himself, that York should be released. He had been his companion in arms in Wales, and had attended him as one of the lieutenants of the expedition into Scotland. He urged that he was thoroughly acquainted with the Duke's disposition; that his loyalty and attachment to the house of Lancaster had been abundantly tested; that he was confident of his innocence of this or any bad intention toward the Crown; and that his services were too valuable to be lost to the council and the field. The result of this generous petition was the release of York, and his restoration to his former property and dignities. Parliament were so well pleased, that before they adjourned, they passed a vote, that those who were faithful to Prince Henry should be rewarded, and those who deserted him should be punished.

The year 1408 was for the most part passed by the Prince in attendance on the council, making regulations for the government of Wales, and assisting his father in the manifold cares of royalty. So great was the calm which succeeded the tempests of rebellion and invasion, that there are few items of interest to be gathered from this year's record. Lord Thomas of Lancaster, the second son of King Henry, was appointed Viceroy of Ireland, and the Prince of Wales took an active part in the settlement of that office on his brother. Early in 1409, the young Earl of March, the rival heir to the throne, whose descendants afterward became Kings under the House of York, was given over to Prince Henry, to be kept by him in custody. It is unnecessary to say that the custodian treated the prisoner with every kindness and generosity. A friendship sprung up between these rivals which made it possible, when Henry came to the throne, that the Earl of March should be set at liberty, and become one of the supporters of a throne set up in place of that of which he should have been by regular succession the occupant. ?

After a comparative quiet of several years, Glendower again resumed his depredations upon England; but it does not appear that Prince Henry after this time went to defend the border in person. Castles, cathedrals, ecclesiastical and baronial domains, fell one after another into the rebel's hands, and fresh armaments had to be sent forward to resist them. But the formidable prowess which Owen had once wielded was now wanting. He was easily driven into the mountains. He could no longer pit his rude yeomanry against the well-drilled soldiers of the royal army. York, Arundel,

Grey, Warwick, found the difficulty not great of clearing English soil of its invaders. Yet the indomitable spirit of Glendower would not rest. As years passed on, and his hair grew gray, ever and anon would still come startling stories of his temerity and rapidity of attack and retreat. Truces would be made, only to be broken in the next month, or the next week. The war, however, gradually sank again into insignificance. Owen Glendower himself outlived the discontents which he had done so much to foment. He became a houseless, poverty-stricken, bereaved old man. He had lost, during these long years of conflict, his lands, his houses, his brothers, his friends. His wife and children were captives in the hands of the monarch whom he had so gravely injured. His last years were passed in obscurity and gloom. It is believed that he found an asylum in the humble cottage of a lifelong adherent, who now had compassion on the deserted and disappointed chief. After Henry had returned from his victory of Agincourt, he sent Sir Gilbert Talbot to Wales to search out Owen Glendower, and Meredith his son, to offer them the full and entire pardon of the King, and to solicit their allegiance to the crown. The object of the mission was not accomplished. Probably the haughty spirit of the great rebel revolted at the idea of seeking a pardon in his old age. The date of his death is not known. But it is known that he lived his last days in miserable repining for glories long past, and in that bitter melancholy which arises from an ambitious career whose object has not been reached. That Glendower possessed many admirable traits, is most true. That he sincerely desired the prosperity of Wales, that his motive for claiming the Welsh sovereignty had some

good objects in mind, that he had the qualities which eminently fitted him to be the leader of a revolution, cannot be doubted. His learning was conspicuous, his mind cultivated, his perseverance wonderful, his energy sleepless, his courage terrible, his endurance hardy, and his resources marvellous. But, heroic as was his character, we cannot hide from our view the dark side of his career; and it must be confessed that the dark side overshadows the bright side. Those qualities which have made him famous were directed to wicked purposes, were devoted to unworthy ends. Glendower was perfidious, he was cruel, he was a ruthless and barbarous rebel. It was not necessary to the integrity of Wales, that the peaceful valleys of Hereford, and the beautiful slopes on the Wye, should be made desolate; that women and children should be starved and driven from their homes; that consecrated cathedrals should totter beneath the torch and the axe of brutal barbarians. The charges to which Glendower has to answer are, principally, the useless devastations, the perfidious alliances with English rebels and French enemies, the violations of good faith, and a treason which only ceased with the capacity to resist. He rather rebelled because of his personal injuries, than from love of country; and he was eager to grasp the crown of Wales before the time was ripe for such an act. He used his power without scruple or remorse, and was little more, for years, than a bandit in his depredations on England. The calm judgment of history, on the whole, must be pronounced against this renowned hero, who is called by some, that forget his great crimes, the best and noblest of Welsh patriots; but who, in the light now shed upon his history, must be regarded as a marauder, a hypocrite, and a

murderer, whose superior culture only magnified the atrocity of his evil deeds.

Henry, the Prince, became more and more identified with the civil administration as the years went on. In 1409 he was nominated Warden of the Cinque Ports. The Cinque Ports are five ports on the south-east coast toward France, especially strong as defences against invasion. They are the towns of Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich. So much importance was attached by the earlier Kings to their value as bulwarks of the national safety, that special privileges were granted to their inhabitants; and they were required, in return, to furnish a certain number of ships in time of war. The Warden, which Henry became, was the governor of these towns, and had, and has still, an excellent salary. The appointment was doubtless made to replenish the Prince's exchequer, which was exceedingly scant of funds, and seems to have embarrassed him very much. At the same time he was made Constable of Dover, which brought him a salary of three hundred pounds, and was a life office. The following March he received the appointment of Captain of Calais, that town being then a possession of the English crown, and about the same time he became President of the royal council of State. He was now twenty-two years of age; but a large experience both in the field and at the metropolis had already given him weight much beyond his years.

During the year 1409, several efforts were made to find him a suitable wife, but all were vain. The King manifested much solicitude on this point, and was anxious that the succession of the dynasty should be secured. The Prince, however, was in no great haste to taste of conjugal felicity, and discouraged the

negotiations which were set on foot to bring about that event. An attempt was made to form an alliance with a princess of the House of Denmark, but both sides soon gave up the scheme as impracticable. King Henry afterward sent Hugh Mortimer to Paris, with a view to induce King Charles to consent to a marriage between the Prince of Wales and a daughter of the House of Valois. The envoy met with a prompt refusal, and the scheme was, upon this second reverse, dropped. The Prince was by no means wanting in gallantry toward the gentler sex. His chivalrous admiration of them, and his fondness for their society, are celebrated in more than one poem of the day. His objection to the marriages proposed to him was, that he wished to choose for himself, and was content to wait until a princess who suited him should appear. The King seems to have been not a little annoyed by the tardiness of his son in this respect.

This was the period during which the adventures with such characters as Falstaff and his fellows, as humorously depicted by the dramatist, are said to have taken place. It is probable that these stories have something of a foundation in truth. The Prince, however, certainly did not, as the tradition implies, abandon himself to vice and frivolity. He still held his councils, made journeys to Calais, enjoyed the intimacy of religious men, and approved himself to the good-will of the people. His younger brothers, Thomas and John, are accused, doubtless with justice, of having engaged in unseemly riots, and of disturbing the neighborhood with street fights and midnight sallies; but Prince Henry was in no way implicated, as far as can be discovered. It might be said that if he did mingle in such scenes, contemporary writers

would hesitate to record the fact, were it not that such conduct would have been wholly inconsistent with his character and daily life, as universally described in the old histories. That he did, however, indulge to a moderate degree in the dissipations of his day, is undoubtedly true. On one occasion a disturbance took place near Coldharbour, arising out of a rencontre between the Princes Thomas and John, and some of the townspeople. Stowe gives us an interesting account of this incident, in the following words: "In the year 1410, upon the eve of St. John the Baptist, the King's sons, Thomas and John, being in East-Cheap at supper, or rather at breakfast (for it was after the watch was broken up, betwixt two and three of the clock after midnight), a great debate happened between their men and other of the court, which lasted an hour, even till the mayor and sheriffs, with other citizens, appeased the same; for the which afterwards the said mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs were sent for to answer before the King; his sons and divers lords being highly moved against the city. At which time William Gascoigne, chief justice, required the mayor and aldermen, for the citizens, to put them in the King's grace. Whereunto they answered that they had not offended, but according to the law had done their best in stinting debate and maintaining of the peace; upon which answer the King remitted all his ire and dismissed them."

Henry's affection for his brothers is one of the most beautiful traits of his character. No jealousy or unworthy feeling appears to have ever come between him and the royal princes. His especial favorite was Prince John, the third son of the King, afterward the Regent Bedford. For Thomas, his next younger brother,

he had that quiet and confiding friendship which a similarity of age, tastes, and pursuits often creates between near kinsmen who are naturally thrown constantly together. We have seen that Thomas had been made Viceroy of Ireland. His government there proved to be such that the council suggested to the King to appoint a lieutenant, who should practically supersede Prince Thomas. But Henry promptly interceded with the King, at the same time urging his brother to reform his administration. By the delicacy and warmth with which he sought to reconcile the misunderstanding between King Henry and Prince Thomas, he effected his object; and the Viceroy was not humiliated by being deprived of his office.

Prince Henry took up his residence in the mansion called Coldharbour in the spring of 1410. This was an elegant house belonging to the King, near Eastcheap, in the heart of the city. Here the council often assembled; and here, too, convivial meetings were frequently held, in which the young host entertained a miscellaneous company in right princely style, joining with warm zest in the various games and amusements which were provided.

The followers of Wickliffe, called Lollards, greatly increased in numbers and importance during the latter part of Henry the Fourth's reign. Many noblemen and wealthy gentlemen joined their ranks, and the defection from the priesthood became alarmingly great. Archbishop Arundel urged the King to pursue the leaders and to commit the detestable heretics to the flames. But Henry hesitated to commence a persecution which might involve the nation in civil war. The House of Commons came up to Westminster inclined to favor the Lollards. They advised the

King to seize the revenues of the Church to replenish the royal exchequer, and at the same time remonstrated against the sternness of the laws against the Lollards. This greatly enraged Henry, as well as Arundel, and they fell upon the first victim which chance put in their way. One Thomas Badby, a tailor from Worcestershire, was apprehended as a heretic, and was charged with having denied the corporeal presence in the sacramental bread. He was condemned to the stake. Prince Henry came to him, and, in the tenderness of his heart, besought him to recant. The heroic tailor was obdurate. When he was tied to the stake, and the flames rose around his body, his shrieks were terrible. The Prince, again and again, with tears in his eyes, came near him as he was burning, and implored him to abjure the heresy. "Abjure, abjure, for Christ's sake!" exclaimed he. But the victim was deaf to the appeal, and died, firm to his belief, in dreadful agonies.

It was during these years of comparative leisure that the Prince cultivated his taste for literature and music. The poets of his day felt the benefit of his countenance. He patronized and encouraged Lydgate and Occleve, the most conspicuous of the rhymers; and is celebrated with high-flown gratitude in the poems which they have left to posterity. He especially loved to delve into books of antiquities and chivalric histories, and those traditions which preserved tales of knightly prowess and the memorable battles of the Crusades. He asked Lydgate to translate the "Destruction of Troy," that it might be generally read:

"That to hyge and lowe,
The story openly were knowe."

He took an active interest in the drama, and often plays were produced at court, wherein Henry took a prominent part, suited to his temper and ambition. Occleve, who was his favorite poet, as well as an intimate friend, was a pupil of the great Chaucer, and possessed much of his simplicity and quaintness of fancy. On one occasion he addressed to his young patron a poetical essay on the subject of government. This production is yet extant, and, while it contains the usual instalment of extravagant praise, has much sound and practical advice. He tells the Prince to preserve always good faith and greatness of soul; urges him to cultivate peace and content; and warns him to shun the vices of cruelty, falsehood, prodigality, flatteries, and avarice. So wise a counsellor doubtless exercised a good influence upon the Prince's character, and encouraged him to propose to himself worthy ambitions in the future, which opened so brightly before him.

In the autumn of 1411, John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, who had possession of the person of the unfortunate Charles the Sixth, sought to recover Paris, which was then under the control of the Armagnacs, or Orleanists. Being well aware what good cause the King of England had to hate the Duke of Orleans, who had so insolently challenged him, the Duke John conceived the idea of introducing foreign arms into France, in order to restore the ostensible government of Charles. He desired to conciliate Henry as gracefully as possible, and so brought to his purpose the expedient of a matrimonial proposal, a usual cement to heal old wounds in those days, which has not yet entirely sunk into disuse. He appointed the Bishop of Arras and the Provost of Saint Donat de Bruges

envoys to the English court. They were instructed to propose one of John's daughters as a princess suitable to form an alliance with the Prince of Wales. The object of this embassy was very agreeable to Henry's views. They were received by the court at Rochester, and treated in all respects with regal hospitality. The Prince of Wales seems to have favored a scheme to marry him for the first time. He treated the Burgundian prelates with cordial condescension, provided entertainments for them, attended them in person, and displayed by every act his kindly feelings toward them. Having delivered to the King and the Prince their message from the Duke John, the royal response was returned in favorable terms. They then departed, first having received many noble presents, and being set forward on their journey with every comfort which royal munificence could provide.

This embassy was soon succeeded by one from Henry to the Duke of Burgundy, for the purpose of making more especial arrangements for the union of the two houses. The Bishop of St. Davids, Lord Francis de Court, and the Earl of Arundel (the nephew of the Primate) were intrusted with the mission. The instructions they received from the King's council were as follows: "First, inasmuch as our sovereign lord the King, by the report of the message of the Duke of Burgundy, understood that the Duke entertains a great affection and desire to have an alliance with our said sovereign, by means of a marriage to be contracted, God willing, between our redoubted lord the Prince and the daughter of the aforesaid Duke: the King wishes that his said Ambassadors should, first of all, demand of the Duke his daughter to be given to my lord the Prince; and that after they

have heard what the Duke will offer on account of the said marriage, whether by grant of lands and possessions, or of goods and jewels; and according to the greatest offer which by this negotiation might be made by one party or the other, a report be made of that to our said lord the King and our said lord the Prince, by the Ambassadors."

This embassy was sent at the urgent solicitation, it appears, of the Prince of Wales. Nor did he stop here. Owing mainly to his influence, a force was sent to coöperate with Burgundy in the siege of Paris. From this line of conduct, we may infer that the Prince was not only willing, but desirous to secure the Burgundian princess as his bride. The consummation of the marriage, however, was frustrated by the conduct of the Duke John himself. He led his army, now strengthened by the English succors, against the metropolis. At the bridge of St. Cloud he met Orleans, defeated him, and entered Paris in triumph. After this success, he ill treated and neglected those by whose aid he had achieved it. The English soldiers were refused their pay, and no regard was had for their comfort. To the renewed proposals of Henry in regard to the marriage, he returned tardy and evasive replies. The English companies were indignantly withdrawn. Not long after, a treaty was made between the King of England and the Armagnacs, by which troops were to cross the channel to the latter's assistance. The arrogance and shortsightedness of John thus threw into the hostile scale that coöperation which he might have retained; whilst his ambition frustrated a marriage which would have made his house illustrious beyond precedent.

There never lived a prince whom the voice of

slander and malignant accusation has not reached. The best of potentates have their enemies. The only defence of wicked men is to asperse the good. In every age dispositions are found which delight in detraction, in the blackening of great characters.

Henry of Monmouth has not escaped the shafts of malice. Charges, happily refuted by every trustworthy writer, are found recorded against him, but with that inconsistency which all the arts of a wicked mind cannot guard against.

The charges which have gained most ground are, disobedience to the royal will, the appropriation of moneys devoted to public ends, and, most absurd of all, a conspiracy to obtain the throne during the lifetime of his father. It is enough to say, that no authentic corroboration of these counts is to be found in history. No judicious critic has pretended to believe them; no just historian has thought it necessary to repeat them. That the opposition at King Henry's court would have rejoiced to accept the Prince as their leader, and to divide the influence of the blood royal, as has since been so successfully done in the reigns of the Brunswicks, we cannot doubt. The probability is, that the refusal of the Prince to enter into such a scheme produced the slanders against him. Whatever disagreements there were between the King and his heir, are rather to be laid to the jealous and peevish temper of the former than to the impatient ambition of the latter. The entire dissimilarity between their characters may be added as a further reason; for no two men were ever more opposite, except in pride of family and ambition. And their ambition was not of the same kind. Bolingbroke sought to rule with a peaceful and stable government. Henry of Mon-

mouth dreamt of military glory. Bolingbroke was satisfied that Lancaster should be King of England. Henry of Monmouth would have Lancaster soar above his predecessors, and wear a double diadem. Bolingbroke's relaxation from state cares was employed in quiet amusements, more still in melancholy thought and pious conference. Henry of Monmouth rejoiced in the sports of the field, and in those merry gatherings which lighten the anxious heart. Doubtless there was no such thing as warm mutual affection between them. But the son ever respected the father, paid the greatest deference to his word and wish, and submitted on all occasions, cheerfully, to his commands. The father, on the other hand, kept diligent watch over the son's morals, gave him every opportunity to distinguish himself, and freely accorded him the position in his council to which both his rank and his abilities entitled him. It perhaps increased the sombreness of the King's feelings to see how much more loved and applauded the Prince was than he himself; and it galled him that his star should be so soon upon the wane, while his youthful heir engaged all the active loyalty of his subjects. This, added to the leprosy which was hastening him to the grave, may have produced that ill-humor toward young Henry of which we occasionally catch a glimpse, but which at no time seems to have been called forth by so grave a treason as the thought of grasping the sceptre from the paternal hand.

There certainly was, however, at one time, a misunderstanding between the father and son, a little while before the former's death. Great obscurity veils the whole transaction. As far as can be judged from the remote suggestions of the old chroniclers, it was fo-

mented by other persons—those vultures who hang about courts to breed hatred between kinsmen, that they may feed upon the emoluments of state. The Prince was treated with disrespect by some who were jealous of his attendance near the King, and his own adherents strove to widen the breach by muttering against the court. Whether the scene which Monstrelet has depicted possesses any foundation in truth or not, it is difficult to decide. Shakspeare has adopted it as if worthy of credence, and it would not be inconsistent with the character of either Prince if it were true. Monstrelet thus gives the story: "The King's attendant, not perceiving him to breathe, concluded he was dead, and covered his face with a cloth. The crown was then upon a cushion near the bed. The Prince, believing his father to be dead, took away the crown. Shortly after, the King uttered a groan, and revived; and, missing his crown, sent for his son, and asked why he had removed it. The Prince mentioned his supposition that his father had died. The King gave a deep sigh, and said: 'My fair son, what right have you to it? You know I had none.' 'My lord,' replied Henry, 'as you have held it by right of your sword, it is my intent to hold and defend it the same during my life.' The King answered: 'Well, all as you see best; I leave all things to God, and pray that he will have mercy upon me.' Shortly after, without uttering another word, he expired."

Thereconciliation between the King and his son is certainly verified. The Prince, seeing the near approach of his father's death, became very anxious to receive the paternal pardon and blessing. Whatever anger had dwelt in his heart, passed away as the shadow of death fell upon the household. Accordingly he chose

the festival of New Year on which to approach the King, and make an avowal of his continued affection. He wore a dark blue robe, over which was an academical gown; and around his collar hung many needles with thread, symbolical of the slanders which had attacked him. The King, dressed in attire befitting sickness, was seated with his courtiers around a blazing fire, in one of the halls of the palace. Henry left his attendants at the door, and, advancing alone, made an humble salutation to the monarch, and asked for a private interview. The King was too feeble to walk alone; his attendants advanced, and slowly bore him to a private closet, where the Prince also entered and closed the door. When he found himself alone with his father, he threw himself passionately at his feet, and drawing the jewelled dagger at his side, offered it to the King, saying: "Rather take my life with this, my royal sire, than believe that I have any other thought toward you than loyalty and love." The dying Prince, touched to the heart by so tender a proof of his son's innocence, raised him up, embraced him, and assured him, in a voice broken with emotion, of his affectionate forgiveness. Mutual explanations were made, and in that solemn hour, when father and son were alone together, no ambitious meddler interposed to put those manly hearts asunder. Suffice it to say (for the particular words of the interview are not reported), that the result was the complete restoration of confidence and love on both sides, which was to continue unimpaired until the elder's eyes were closed in death. How much peace and consolation this happy event gave to Henry's dying hours, is clear from the account of the last weeks of his life. That melancholy and self-reproach which had been so bitter, ceased to trouble

him, and his clear, strong mind could once more grasp the affairs of state, and, now more congenial to him, the teachings of the Church. Just before the sad event which was to make young Henry fatherless and a king, the scheme of marrying him to Catharine of Valois, the youngest daughter of the King of France, was first proposed. The Duke of York was sent on a private embassy to Paris to bring about this result. Although the negotiation was unsuccessful, the Princess who was the object of York's solicitation afterward became the queen of Henry the Fifth. As spring approached, the King's decline became rapid; and although he still moved about in the palace, the change in his countenance and step became daily more perceptible.

When the King at last approached his end, he called the Prince of Wales to him, and addressed him with words of great wisdom and eloquence. "Consider, my son and beloved," said he, "thy father, who once was strenuous in arms, but now is adorned only with bones and nerves. His bodily strength is gone; but, by the gift of God, spiritual strength hath come to him. For even this sickness, which, as I certainly believe, is unto death, renders my soul brave and more devoted than before. Think, my son, in the midst of the glory and prosperity of the kingdom, whither thou, too, shalt come. Love the Lord thy God, and, above all things, fear him. Let thy confessor be a man of wisdom and prudence, who may know how to give thee wholesome warnings, and may be bold to give them; and do not thou agree to those who sew pillows under all armholes. Reveal all the counsel of thy heart to men distinguished for goodness, temperance, and religious character, especially to those who

lead a lonely life in study, and in prayer, and in sacred repose. Be not thyself fond of ease; but always engaged either about the things of God, or about the good of the kingdom for the sake of God, or about some of those pleasures and excellent sports which have in them nothing of the foulness of vice. And may the God of our fathers, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, give thee his blessing, laden with all good things, that so thou mayst live blessed for ever and ever!"

How tender and beautiful this endeavor to turn the son to the paths of virtue and godliness, in that last solemn hour! It is apparent that the troubled mind of the great monarch was at last placid in the thought of redemption, and that he no longer looked upon death with guilty dread. Thus Henry of Bolingbroke, King of England, passed the last hours of his eventful career—at peace with the world, at peace with his beloved son, and, as we believe, at peace with Heaven. His great acquisition, the crown, he transferred to his son as an undisputed inheritance. He had full belief that his England, which he loved as much as his cold nature could love any thing, was to prosper under a good reign, after his strong arm was withdrawn from its support. His penance for the crimes of which he stood condemned before the world had been likewise performed in the sight of men; and his penitence was doubtless sincere and sufficient. At an age which is to most the time of manly vigor, he died, worn down by the malignant leprosy, which, it was said by the astrologers, first attacked him when he ordered the death of the unhappy Richard. The Prince of Wales attended the King on the fatal 20th of March, 1413. The last sight that greeted the

glazing eyes were the features of that devoted son, who, after their temporary estrangement, had grown nearer to him day by day. When Henry the Fourth had ceased to live, the Prince retired to his chamber, and indulged for many solitary hours in mourning and praying. Then the funeral obsequies were performed, which the Prince attended, broken with weeping, wearing a countenance of sincere misery, and arrayed in the sombre apparel which was the outward mark of his deep emotion.

CHAPTER VI.

"Consideration like an angel came,
And drove the offending Adam out of him."

THE ACCESSION OF HENRY THE FIFTH.

KING Henry the Fifth could be jovial Prince Hal no longer. A course of life which might not seem unbefitting the Prince, would by no means grace the dignity of the King. The assumption of royalty divests him who acquires it of many liberties. The revelries, the sports, the adventures, the free intermingling with the populace, the careless caprices of youthful spirit, the joys of modest charity, the sudden duels, the "hairbreadth escapes" of midnight rambles, all must be thrown aside, to give place to that solemn destiny which the fates have decreed to him. Henry was great in this—that at the age of twenty-one he could lay aside the easy habits and trivial pursuits of a courtier, and assume, apparently without effort, the proper character of majesty. He had a vivid appreciation of the high office he was now summoned to assume; he saw that to be successful in it, he must secure both the affection and the respect of his subjects; he was not slow to perceive that he must turn from the light humors of boyhood, and must gird himself up with lofty purposes. When, therefore, he suc-

ceeded his father, he so changed the tenor of his life, with such good grace, with such promptitude, that the good people of England woke up one morning to find that they had more than a good-natured Prince—a high-minded, dignified, and earnest sovereign. This transformation had been effected by that active virtue of self-control, which had already given here and there a happy augury of his future eminence. He had conquered himself; he had acquired, as a habit, that command over temper and impulse which was the crowning feature of his career. He resolved to bear himself so as to win the devotion of his subjects, the fear of his enemies, and the respect of all. Those companions who had beguiled his idle hours, and from whose conviviality and wit he had derived the fund of his lighter entertainment, he resolved to eschew; and to abandon, at the same time, the follies which would have unfitted his mind for the graver matters which were now to become his sole care. One of his first acts was to banish these merry fellows ten miles from his court; while, in acknowledgment of their past services, he distributed money among them for their respectable support. The late King's councillors retained their office as advisers of the Crown—Archbishop Arundel, Henry Beaufort, Sir John Stanley, Sir William Gascoigne, Lord Scroop, the Earl of Arundel, and the Earl of Westmoreland. The magnanimity of his nature was apparent in the readiness with which he took them into his confidence. The ministers of Bolingbroke had looked coldly upon the heir apparent. They had not seemed desirous to maintain harmony in the royal family. They had opposed the Prince's propositions, and had been inclined to treat him as a raw and presumptuous boy, who sought to

control the counsels of wiser men. One of them, Chief Justice Gascoigne, had put upon him a public indignity, and had reprimanded him in open court. Another was suspected, probably with some justice, of having prejudiced the King's mind against him. Another had opposed his appointment to the command in Guienne. Another had suggested his removal from the council board. Yet that he might at the outset display a resolution to govern wisely, he overlooked past injuries, and trusted those with his destiny who had acted against him.

Hall, the chronicler, in curious phrase thus speaks of the change which took place in Henry: "This Prince was almost the Arabical Phoenix, and amongst his predecessors a very Paragon; for that he, amongst all governors, chiefly did remember that a King ought to be a ruler with wit, gravity, circumspection, diligence, and constancy, and for that cause to have a rule to him committed, not for an honor, but for an onerous charge and daily burden, and not to look so much on other men's livings as to consider and remember his own doings and proper acts." The manner in which the young King treated Sir William Gascoigne is especially worthy of notice. That judge was loath to approach one whom he had committed for contempt, and who now had the power to dismiss him from office, and even imprison him. Henry sent for Sir William, assured him of his respect and admiration, and begged him to continue on the bench; as that judge best ornamented his office who, without respect of persons, faithfully sustained the laws of England. From that time until Gascoigne's death, he was one of the Kings best trusted advisers, although he did not continue as Chief Justice; while Henry

always found in him a faithful servant and a loyal subject. Henry of Monmouth had read history wisely. He was warned by the fate of Edward the Second and Richard the Second to what dangers a young King was subject, and took care to avoid them. The presence of favorites, extravagance, indolence, laxity of morals, vacillation of policy, had brought them to sudden death before their prime. Henry discarded favorites, practised strict economy, labored diligently, frowned upon license, and, having taken the advice of his ministers, pursued a straightforward line of conduct. Neither was he so blind as to have overlooked those traits of his father's character which gave occasional unpopularity to his reign, and which repelled the affection of the people. He did not banish the graceful virtues of mercy and kindness when he came to the rank of majesty. He was still the sweet-tempered, gracious Prince, who had so often gone amongst the people with generous words and acts of quiet charity. He retained the patience in argument, the respect for the feelings of others, the readiness for conviction, the strong desire to execute justice, which were his early traits. He avoided that haughty bearing toward the great barons which had cost his father a succession of rebellions. His ambition was to conciliate and harmonize the conflicting interests and passions which composed his court. "He allowed no lord to go from him with a sullen brow,—but, by cordial words, sought to becalm the troubled feelings." It was his pleasure to make enemies friends, to heal feuds, to see the Scroops and the Arundels taking counsel together.

The haughty rivals for his favor were humbled before the readiness with which he forgave and the gentleness with which he reproved. When a courtier

approached him with the familiarity he had permitted in his days of heirship, the mild dignity with which he was repelled commanded the respect of the intruder, while it did not make him ashamed. His lofty humanity and conscientiousness endeared him to the poor and weak; his eloquence and learning amazed his ministers; his military ardor charmed the younger nobility; his courtesy and sentiment of honor captivated the gentler sex; his devotion to the Church won the warm support of prelates and priests.

We may judge that Henry the Fifth proposed to himself three great aims, when he ascended the throne. He would effect domestic unity in England. He would shed a lustre upon English arms by foreign conquest. He would establish the entire supremacy of the Church of Rome. First, he would reconcile the conflicting interests of his barons; he would call the wisest counsellors to his assistance; he would banish intrigue from the court; he would lay light taxes; he would court the good-will of Parliament; he would indulge the people in every freedom except religious freedom; he would execute laws for the alleviation of distress. By these means he hoped to secure a united support to his reign, and avoid the danger of civil wars. Then he would put himself at the head of armies, and in person lead them to fields of glory. To the ascendancy of Rome he would devote himself with an ardor becoming the son of Bolingbroke and Mary of Hereford. Before casting too much blame upon him for the pertinacity with which he suppressed the reformers, we must consider that both his education, his interest, and the interest of England as it appeared to him, prompted a steadfast support of the established religion. The policy of his father, the

early teachings of his mother, the learning, power, and tradition centred in the Papal system, the ignorance and lawlessness of many of the Lollards, the fact that the best approved of his friends and teachers were Papists, his own imaginative and devout tone of mind, all combined to make him an ardent champion of the hierarchy. That he was sincere in this, as in every thing, there can be no doubt. To suppose otherwise, is to charge a mere youth with a hypocritical cunning worthy of the Borgias in their zenith. And being sincere and also earnest, determined to carry to a conclusion projects of which his conscience approved, and which his ambition urged, we cannot wonder at finding him the bitter enemy of the heresies which threatened to disturb his peace.

Besides the three aims to which he seems to have devoted his reign, there was in his mind a purpose to set a shining example of exalted kingcraft to posterity. He wished to show that virtue and humanity made a crown doubly noble. He put himself in contrast both with dissolute kings and with tyrant kings. He demonstrated that, if a king's evil deeds affected not only himself but his whole nation, a virtuous king

"Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way ;"

elevating the taste and customs of his people, as he showed himself pure and just; and receiving back his reward in the thought, that by his example religion was regarded, and the laws had their proper place in the estimation of the people.

The accession of Henry of Monmouth was hailed throughout England with profound joy. His popularity had never waned; he was peculiarly the hero and idol of his people. He brought to the royal dig-

nity the unanimous loyalty of the nation. Every demonstration of zealous attachment was exhibited, and a general holiday was made to give vent to the popular feelings. On the day after Henry the Fourth's death, a proclamation was issued, announcing the assumption of the throne by Henry the Fifth. Parliament was summoned to Westminster without delay. The inauguration of the new reign began with a mark of respect both auspicious and unusual. An honor was extended to Henry which had never been extended to any of his predecessors. The Lords and Commons, as soon as they met, sent to him an address, in which they asked permission to take the oath, and give in their allegiance, before he was crowned and consecrated. The King sent them a most gracious answer. "I thank my Lords and Commons," said he, "for this evidence of their devotion, and do exhort them in their spheres to use their power for the advancement of the kingdom. The first act of my reign shall be to pardon all who have offended me; and I do so desire my people's felicity, that I will be crowned on no other condition than to use all my power to secure it. I pray unto God, that if He foresees I am like to be any other than a just and good king, He may be pleased to take me from the world, rather than seat me on a throne to live a public calamity to my country."

There is no reason to doubt the sincerity and earnestness of these sentiments. From the moment of his father's decease he had put on a new man, and had consecrated himself in his own mind to a grand life-work. The ceremony of the coronation took place on the morning of Passion Sunday, April 9th, 1413. The rites performed on this occasion differed little

from those which confirmed Henry the Fourth on the throne, and which have already been described. Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, officiated over the son, as he had before done over the father. The King was arrayed with much simplicity, his garments being sombre in token of his bereavement. The day was stormy and windy, and this circumstance gave occasion for innumerable prophecies as to the future of the young King. After the rites were duly concluded, Henry addressed the multitude who were gathered in the Abbey, in a dignified and noble speech.

"As I reflect," said he, "upon the great princes to whom government has been confided, and the wise men who have administered state affairs to the content of their subjects, nothing seems to me more difficult, than to refrain from doing what may excite popular hatred, and inflame the minds of the multitude. For the affairs of the realm cannot be directed happily and prosperously by that man, who puts his thoughts on frivolous things, of which the future memory will be very brief. Indeed, those princes act nobly, who, after they have arrived at sovereignty, take their pleasure in active warfare. The princes whose fame has come down to us through the records, have never relinquished the government because a life devoted to the cares of public business was distasteful and irksome; but they have devoted themselves to those measures, which would bring upon them a multitude of anxieties and annoyances. How difficult it is to be preëminent, the works of the learned declare to us. Abandoning those occupations which before pleased; giving the whole mind to the condition of the kingdom; always watchful, always laboring for the good of the commonwealth; this is the necessity to great-

ness. An anxious thought for many things is to be taken, cares are to be assumed, that no good, that nothing which pertains to the necessities, the pomp, and the comfort of life, may be wanting to faithful subjects. These principles are better found in the works of learned men, than in my narration of them. It was my mind to embrace in my speech what I thought should be done to preserve the integrity of the kingdom. Since God, the greatest and best, by whose nod and power all things are ordered, hath placed me over you, I should sin gravely against Heaven if I did not take every caution, lest the insane opinions of some should invade the sancity of our religion, or the sneers of wicked persons vitiate the culture of sacred principles, or the crimes of evil men overturn the State.

“Most reverend prelates have been chosen, who have been commended by the innocence of their lives, and the purity of their morals. Prudent counsellors are not wanting, who are always vigilant to see that nothing is ill done in the administration of the realm. We shall exalt the priesthood during the term of our power, and take care that their offices shall never be wanting; but that they shall solve the mysteries of divine eloquence, watch diligently lest they themselves sin disgracefully, restrain the excess of their appetites, be continent in all things, appear holy, and prescribe the rules of life to others. The judges and advocates shall defend the weak, punish the injuries which are proved to them, decree equity to all; they shall not, as is too often done, delude those who are in the suits with idle hopes, or tell them to hope well of their business, when they see that justice denies to them what is sought. In short, I wish the judges to be

admonished, not to give rules at random, nor to permit false testimony; and that they should regard perjury and, God witnessing, a false affirmation, to be worthy of death. Let all cultivate God by prayer. Let the nobles be moderate if they desire to end life happily. I promise and declare that I will have the greatest solicitude for your safety and weal, and that I will cause nothing stringent to be enacted, unless the deeds of wicked men drive me from clemency and lenity of disposition to severity."

The tone of this speech, wise and conciliatory, is yet firm in the enunciation of the principles by which Henry had determined to be guided. Its special features are, the necessity of economy, virtue, and diligence in a king, the purity of the judges, the exaltation of the Church, and the lenient purposes of the royal orator. One short passage only, hints at the pursuit of military glory. The captivating tone of Henry's voice, his attractive manner, his ease of motion, his clearness of enunciation, the elegance of his sentences, and the beauty of his person, all combined to give effect to his harangue. His auditors flocked from the venerable church, blessing and praising him as they went, and scattered through the narrow streets to tell others of the scene that was just concluded. Meanwhile the young monarch, whose pale features evinced that his heart was still heavy with the death of his father, went without ostentation to the palace. There shutting himself up in his closet, he opened his heart to God, and solicited His guidance in the difficult pathway that lay before him. The feast of the coronation proceeded in the lower halls, and the boisterous laughter and merry shouts penetrated to the distant apartment where the young

monarch knelt in tearful prayer. No restraint was put upon their mirth, and, soon forgetful of the dead King, they mingled with their jests and cups hearty praises of him to whom they now owed fealty. He refused to appear amongst them, but remained for the rest of that eventful day in the seclusion of his own apartments.

The promise which the King had made in his coronation speech, to commence his reign by acts of clemency and conciliation, was speedily fulfilled. The body of his benefactor, Richard the Second, still remained in obscure entombment at Langley. Henry ordered the royal remains to be exhumed at Friar's Church, and to be conveyed in state to London. There the decaying body was taken from its coffin, placed on a throne of cloth of gold, and was thus borne with solemn pomp to the Abbey. The King and his court followed the corpse; Henry assumed the character of chief mourner. Richard was laid with imposing rites in a tomb beside that of his first queen, Anne of Bohemia. He had always expressed a wish, in his lifetime, to lie near that queen, whom above all mortals he had loved and cherished. This act of magnanimity was so touching a proof of the King's great-heartedness, that it brought many of Richard's former friends, who had held aloof, to the support of the Lancastrian dynasty. The most incredulous seem to have been at last convinced that Richard was really dead.

The King turned from this graceful tribute of regard for the unfortunate Richard, to perform an act equally consonant with his loftiness of spirit. He determined to restore to the kingdom the support of an ancient and powerful, but malcontent house. The infant son of Hotspur, at the time of his grandsire Northumber-

land's last and fatal rebellion, had been sent into Scotland with an escort, that he might not be exposed to the vicissitudes of civil commotion. He remained in Edinburgh during the remainder of Henry the Fourth's reign, being held in virtual captivity by the Scotch, who hoped to derive some advantage from the custody of so important a person. Henry the Fifth, learning the position of young Percy, and having long since ceased to harbor hostile feelings against his family, announced his intention to restore him to his titles and estates. He was unwilling that so great a house as that of Northumberland should be wanting in his councils. The Scotch refused to deliver him up, unless he were ransomed, or exchanged for a person of equal dignity. With a magnanimity which is rare in any age, Henry proposed to give up the Earl of Fife, who had been captured at Homildon. This noble was the son of the Duke of Albany, and the blood royal of Scotland ran in his veins. Thus the exchange was more than an equal one—a prince being yielded up for a subject. Inasmuch as Henry might have had no reason to fear Percy if he had permitted him to lie and die in a Scotch prison, it was certainly admirable to restore him to liberty, to replace the proud coronet of Northumberland upon his brow, and to give back into his hands that almost royal domain, which had made his ancestors so dangerous to the peace of England. The King thought, wisely, that gratitude toward his liberator, and cordial and conciliatory treatment, would efface from the memory of the young man past enmities, and would restore the once hearty friendship between the houses of Lancaster and Percy. The Earl was overcome with gratitude when the intelligence of his release reached him. He

hastened with all speed from Edinburgh to London, threw himself down upon the steps of the throne, and poured out his overcharged feelings with every expression of loyalty and love; while Henry, approaching and embracing him, used a gentle and conciliatory language toward him, with such dignity and sweetness as quickly to win over the entire devotion of the youthful baron. John, Duke of Bedford, Henry's younger brother, occupied the Northumberland estates. The King obtained from him a release, and the Earl was restored to his ancestral patrimony. He took his seat in the council, and, by constantly evincing his loyalty to the existing dynasty, became one of Henry's most trusted advisers.

A yet more magnanimous act of clemency was now performed by the generous monarch. The young Earl of March, descended in the right line from Lionel of Clarence, the second son of Edward the Third, and consequently the hereditary King of England, had been held in honorable captivity through Bolingbroke's reign. Whilst the rigors of confinement were spared to him, the surveillance over him was sufficient to prevent his escape from the power of the usurping King. He had been intrusted to the gentle guardianship of Henry of Monmouth, and had been treated by him with all kindness and care. Bolingbroke, who was not a cruel man, feared the freedom of the rightful heir, but refrained from treating with needless rigor an amiable and innocent child, who, of himself, was entirely harmless. The King only sought to have such control over his movements, as to prevent conspirators from using the name and person of Mortimer for their own purposes of revolution. After the prisoner came into the hands of Prince

Henry, these young men were often in each other's company; and both being of a sweet and loving disposition, a close intimacy soon sprung up between them. Henry learned to esteem and love the unfortunate youth whose crown was denied to him, and who evinced every estimable quality. He was patient, submissive, and cheerful; pure in thought, and modest and simple in his tastes. King Henry the Fifth remembered, in the midst of his royal grandeur, the friend of his early days. Fearing nothing from the character of March, and being entirely unwilling that he should remain a captive all his days because he was born to royalty, he sent to him an affectionate message soon after his accession to the throne, and ordered his immediate release. He was well assured that ambition had no place in March's breast, and he was confident that his old companion would hasten to give in his allegiance, after so noble an act as his liberation. Such a course was entirely unexpected to the nation. All wondered and applauded. Henry's popularity ran to a height such as probably, never before or since, a King of England has enjoyed. His generosity was rewarded by the life-long devotion of the heir of Clarence. The intimacy of youth ripened into the steady friendship of manhood; and as long as Henry lived, he whose descendants afterward fought as the Yorks against Lancaster was found on all occasions by the side of his friend, sharing every danger with him, and refusing with indignation every overture to raise the standard of revolution in his own behalf. Such an instance of unselfish feeling on both sides is very rare, especially in the courts of princes; and these two, who lived amid the darkness of a comparatively barbarous age, exhibit an example of great

heartedness which shames many of the royal courts of the nineteenth century.

We now reach that trying and unfortunate series of events which began in the first year of Henry's reign, and the subject of which was the first difficulty with which he had to grapple. The topic on which we are about to enter has brought out the greatest diversity of opinion among historians, and has given rise to much bitter discussion between those who justify and those who denounce the course of King Henry. It shall be our endeavor to state the facts as they are best verified, to notice whatever aggravates or extenuates Henry's policy, and to banish, as far as may be possible, the prepossession which we cannot but entertain in favor of Henry. It is confidently believed that, although his course was unfavorable to the development of a pure Christianity, it may be proved that he did nothing inconsistent with the exalted character already awarded to him.

The cause of reformation did not die with John Wickliffe. The followers of that great man, persecuted, exiled from society, separated from each other, and subjected to every contumely which either court or people could cast upon them, still lived, and suffered, and waited. In spite of hostile power, they met in secret, discussed their novel doctrines, and joined in those simple and solemn services which they had substituted for the imposing rites of the Church of Rome. As they increased in numbers, gathering to themselves converts from the lower classes, they became bolder, more openly avowed their convictions, and gathered together to join in the worship of God. To such an extent had the heresy swelled when Henry the Fourth came to the throne, that the prelates and clergy of the

Establishment had taken serious alarm, and had begun to clamor for more vigorous measures in their suppression. The Lollards, who had grafted on the doctrines of Wickliffe precepts which emanated from the Continental reformers, and were as well political as religious malcontents, became bitter and abusive, and sowed dissension among the vulgar, who were pleased with the excitement, and stimulated by the prospect of a popular commotion. The Church was openly railed at and ridiculed, the royal power attacked, the priesthood mobbed, and all attempts to maintain order vehemently defied. Henry the Fourth, as we have seen, was a thorough devotee of the Papacy long before he obtained the crown. One of his first measures was to assure the Church of his support. He declared himself anxious to annihilate the rising sentiment of reformation, and expressed his determination to bring the whole power of the Crown to bear upon this end. The bishops were encouraged by the King's words to ask that laws should be passed, without delay, directed against the Lollards. Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been one of the most powerful adherents of Henry's rebellion, and who was a learned and energetic prelate, urged that stringent measures alone would eradicate the evil. Laws must be passed which would strike at the root of the heresy. The political and ecclesiastical authority must unite, with all their combined strength, to suppress so formidable a disaffection. Henry's second Parliament, which met at Westminster in 1401, being entirely acquiescent to the King's will, passed an act which had been concocted at Lambeth, and which, it was thought, would effect the object in view. Preaching without an episcopal license was prohibited; all who attempt-

ed to inculcate heretical doctrines were to be seized, imprisoned, and deprived of their writings and books. Such were the measures asked by the prelates. The King and his Parliament went further. The penalty of death was added. "Whoever refuses to abjure the heresy of which he is convicted or vehemently suspected, or having abjured, relapses, is to be seized; and the magistrates shall forthwith, in some high place, before the people, do him to be burnt." The object of this severity was declared in the statute which commanded its performance. It was "in order to strike in fear to the minds of others, whereby no such wicked doctrines and heretical and erroneous opinions, nor their authors and fautors against the Catholic faith and detriment of the holy Church, which God prohibit, be sustained or in any way suffered."

Soon after this enactment, a victim was found upon whom to execute its rigor. William Sawtré, once a priest, had been accused of heresy, and had recanted. A petition now came to Parliament from him, asking to be admitted into their session, to argue with them on the tenets of the Catholic faith. Arundel hastened to seize and question him. He refused to recant, and kept a moody silence. The Primate then passed upon him the sentence of death, and he was delivered over to the officers of the law. The King, "in abhorrence of his crime, and as an example to all other Christians," ordered him to be burned in a public place. This was the first execution for religious opinion that took place in England, although in Germany the stake had already come into requisition for the extirpation of heretics. The sovereign and both orders of the legislature seem to have been in cordial

unison in maintaining the supremacy of the Establishment.

But even the stringency which was now adopted did not discourage the persistent activity of the Lollards. It was found impossible to maintain a strict execution of the law ; and the omission to visit it upon them gave impunity to those against whom it was directed, to continue more actively than ever in the promulgation of their doctrines. The clergy constantly urged the court to adopt graver methods to prevent the spread of heresy. The Convocation of the Church condemned (and the University of Oxford confirmed their action) the works of Wickliffe as detestable heresies. The new sect began to count their converts among the cloisters of the University. Learned men began to announce and preach the doctrines of Wickliffe. Oxford was shaken from the quiet of its scholastic routine, by the fierce disputes which arose among the doctors of theology. The King, amid the more immediate necessities of quelling the rebellious and preserving his dynasty, now found no opportunity to put himself seriously to the work of religious extermination. He encouraged, indeed, the Primate in his measures to that end, and sustained by his acquiescence the efforts of the Establishment. But so turbulent was his reign, and so uncertain the tenure of his crown, that he could not come to their aid with a substantial coöperation. Years therefore passed with but little check to the Lollards, while they were spreading with dangerous rapidity in every part of the realm. No longer confined to the lower classes as a field of operations, the preachers worked zealously to augment their strength by the conversion of the gentry, and the sympathy of peers of the realm.

Their success in this direction was the more easy, because of the divisions which took place between leading men, especially divisions made by the interference of prelates in civil politics. Noblemen who were sacrificed to the ambition of Arundel, or whose party had been defeated by the intrigues of the Church, were content to foster opposition to the papacy, and changed their faith oftener for political ends than from sincere conviction. The effective suppression of rebellion left Henry the Fourth, late in his reign, to devote himself to the difficulties of the Church. But the body of reformers had now grown so much, that there was found to be a very powerful party favorable to them in the State. A startling obstacle presented itself in the way of Henry, when he proposed to adopt new measures, more rigid than ever, for the suppression of Lollardism. The House of Commons was found to be to a considerable extent favorable to, if it was not actually under the control of, the spirit of reform. When the King asked Parliament for supplies, they recommended him to seize the lands of the clergy and of the monasteries. When he reprimanded them for thus sustaining the demands of the Lollards, they begged that priests who had been convicted should be delivered over to the secular power, and not put at the mercy of the prelates. They at last were so bold as to urge that the laws against the Lollards were too severe, and to propose that they should be mitigated. The only response from the King was to dismiss them, with the assurance that, contrary to their wish, the laws should be made yet more severe, and should be more actively enforced.

But little, nevertheless, was done during the remainder of the fourth Henry's reign, toward putting

down the heretics. Henry the Fifth found them still restless and troublesome, when he succeeded to the throne. Many men of rank and influence were found to be Lollards, and their numbers among the higher classes daily increased.

There was a nobleman of much distinction, called Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, whose name has come down to us full of renown. He had shown conspicuous valor in the wars, and his reputation, at the time of which we speak, was above suspicion. He was descended from one of the most ancient and honorable families in the kingdom. By the right of his wife, he held a seat in the House of Peers. His courage was celebrated throughout England, and the constancy with which he adhered to his principles was remarkable. In his youth he had indulged freely in the pleasures of opulent ease, and had been one of that merry coterie who had gathered around the Prince of Wales in his mansion at Coldharbour. He had been exiled from the court of Richard the Second, and had returned to England in the train of Bolingbroke. He had been trusted by the late King in many capacities, had been noted for his wide-spread charities, had been an officer of the expedition to join Burgundy in France, and had, by his gallant and lofty bearing, secured the intimate friendship of Henry of Monmouth. Indeed, Shakspeare originally used the name of Sir John Oldcastle, where now we find that of Sir John Falstaff,* thereby showing both his intimacy with the Prince, and the jovial character of him who was afterward to become a martyr to his faith.

That friendship was to be rudely broken soon after the Prince became King. Cobham, endowed with a

* Fuller, p. 168.

mind naturally devout, and with a sincerity which laid his heart open to conviction, embraced the doctrines of Wickliffe. He had no sooner become convinced of the truth of the reform doctrines, than with all his soul he gave himself up to their advancement. He ceased to regard any other objects in life than the discovery of truth, the freedom of the conscience, the overthrow of the papal despotism, and the establishment of lofty morality. His sympathetic temperament revolted at what he regarded as the grossest of all oppressions and persecutions for religious belief; and, unterrified at the tremendous odds, he came forth as the champion of the reformers, and fearlessly defended their cause in the face of the civil power, and in defiance of the rage and menace of the prelates.

At his stately castle of Cowling, in Kent, he received with open arms the disciples of the oppressed sect. Here, at a distance from the metropolis, and in the security of rural seclusion, the restless spirits of Wickhiffism assembled to cheer each other, to mature plans for their advancement, and, less worthily, to entertain disloyal thoughts against the secular power. The generous and hospitable host gave shelter to such as had reason to fear the vengeance of the government, and by his earnest harangues inspired his confederates to greater exertion. He collected Wickliffe's works, and such other books as discussed the tenets of the Church, and read them; and encouraged conversation on the topics which were suggested by the authors before him.

Archbishop Arundel observed with alarm the active participation of Lord Cobham in the heresy. He became the bitter enemy of the noble reformer. He turned over and over in his sagacious mind the

course to be pursued in so unusual a case. He knew that Cobham had endeared himself to the King; that Henry enjoyed the intimacy of so excellent a man, and was disposed to treat him with every kindness. He was too attentive a student of human nature not to know that so affectionate a disposition as that of Henry would with difficulty be torn from the object of its attachment—especially as that attachment was the growth of years, and was established by a thorough knowledge of his friend's character. To overcome the reluctance of the King presented itself to Arundel's mind as a grave task, and he resolved to proceed with the greatest caution. At the same time he thought best to give an air of serious importance to the charges against Cobham. Attended by a train of the prelates and clergy, he went one day to the King at Kensington Palace. He broached the object of his visit with the greatest delicacy; banished all rancor from his speech; pictured the weight of Cobham's influence; hinted at his disaffection; and gradually drew to the culmination of his charges. When at last he arrived at the gist of his speech, he recited with great minuteness every accusation which it was possible to invent against the recusant peer. He enlarged upon the evils of the heresy, the dangerous power which one so exalted possessed to promote the growth of Lollardism, the peril which involved the crown as well as the mitre, the urgent necessity of taking prompt action; and finally demanded that Lord Cobham should be brought to trial without delay.

The King heard this tirade against his beloved friend with grief and anxiety. He saw before him the most trying dilemma of his life. He must either sacrifice his friend, or permit a perhaps vital injury to

the mother Church, to which he was religiously devoted. The most sensitive feelings of his nature were touched. The prelates of the papacy had come to him publicly, and denounced Cobham for a grave violation of the laws. Yet he would fain save the gallant companion of his early years. Turning with a troubled countenance to the Primate, he addressed him as if he were an advocate, pleading his friend's cause before a stern and immovable judge. He urged him to reflect on Cobham's dignity of rank, on his spotless reputation, on his past service to the state, on his brave and manly character, on his generosity and frankness, on the purity of his motives. He begged Arundel to be lenient with the faults of so estimable a man, and to endeavor, by every kind persuasion, to restore him to the ancient faith. He declared that he himself would summon Cobham before him, and seek to dissuade him from the further pursuit of his wicked purpose. This was entirely agreeable to Arundel's design. He foresaw, that if Cobham was once brought to public interrogation, the issue would be according to his wishes.

Henry sent for Lord Cobham to come to him, with a gentle and conciliatory message. When he entered the royal presence, Cobham was received with that charming cordiality which so attracted every one toward the young King. The two friends sat down to discuss the subject which threatened to divide them. Henry earnestly urged upon Cobham the necessity of saving himself by a timely return to the communion of Rome. He used every appeal which his heart could prompt, and by the loving tenderness of his voice sought to win over the conscience of the obdurate lord. It must have been hard for Cobham

to resist the fascination of that voice, which had long been so dear to him. There can be no greater proof of his sincerity, than that he braced himself against an appeal which would have moved any man, less devoted, from a rigid line of duty. His final reply to the long and anxious solicitations of Henry is justly celebrated. "You, most worthy Prince," said he, "I am ever prompt and willing to obey as the sovereign appointed over me by God, which bear the sword to punish evil-doers, and protect them that do well. Unto you, after Him, my whole obeisance is due, and ever hereafter as ever heretofore, with my fortune and my life, will I yield me to all your commands in the Lord. But for the Pope and his spiritual power, truly I owe him nor suit nor service, knowing him by the Scriptures to be Antichrist, son of perdition, open adversary of God, and the abomination in the holy place." We may imagine what a shock this speech, coming from a beloved friend, must have given to one who, by every prejudice of education and conviction, looked up to the Pope as God's lieutenant on earth. After such an expression, Henry could say or do no more. His whole moral nature, vividly active, was stunned by the enormity of the opinions to which Cobham had given utterance. Without further words, therefore, he sent him from his presence, and with a heart heavily oppressed brought his mind to the only recourse which was left to him.

Arundel hastened to the King when he heard the issue of the interview, which had terminated as he had foreseen. Henry was now persuaded with less difficulty to consent that active measures should be taken, but he would not yet employ the royal authority for that purpose. The Primate, content with any con-

cession, summoned Cobham to appear before him in ecclesiastical council, that he might be questioned on his belief. The spirited peer scouted the summons, and promptly refused to submit to "the devilish practices of the priests." The next move was to fasten a more imperative summons to the gates of Rochester Cathedral, near Cowling. As often as this was done, the Lollards tore the papers down, and burned them. Nothing could have suited Arundel better. This was a good foundation upon which to proceed more effectively. He issued a proclamation, pronouncing Cobham contumacious, visiting him with the penalty of excommunication, and summoning him for the last time to his trial at Lambeth. Cobham now submitted a confession of his creed to Henry. The King, who at last despaired of saving him, refused to receive it, and Cobham was seized and shut up in the Tower. Soon after he was brought to trial before a court consisting of Archbishop Arundel, presiding; Clifford, Bishop of London; and Cardinal Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, the uncle and former instructor of King Henry. This memorable proceeding took place in St. Paul's Cathedral. The three ablest prelates of the Establishment sat in judgment on one of the most powerful and popular peers of the realm, on the charge of being an heretical enemy of the Roman Church, and a disturber of the peace of the kingdom. The Primate opened the session by acquainting Lord Cobham with the charges on which he stood arraigned. He informed him that the time had come which gave him a final chance of absolution. If he would at this late hour recant, and return to the arms of the hierarchy, he would be forgiven the heresy, and set at liberty. The prisoner produced a paper, in response, which con-

Arundel arose, uncovered, to pass the judgment of the court. Every one stood up, and the prisoner was put face to face with the arbiters of his fate. The Primate rapidly recapitulated the proceedings, appealed to God that the trial had been held solely for the good of Christ's kingdom on earth, disavowed any malice toward the accused, represented the danger of permitting so dangerous a man to be at liberty, and ended by declaring Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, to be a detestable heretic, and an enemy of the Catholic Church; and ordered him to be delivered over as such to the secular power, for punishment. With a countenance placid and cheerful, the heroic noble heard the expected sentence. In a clear voice, in which no tremor was discernible, he spoke to his mitred enemies. "Though ye judge my body," said he, "which is but a wretched thing, yet I am sure ye can do no harm to my soul. He that created, will, of His infinite mercy, save it according to His promise, by whose eternal grace I will stand to what I have rehearsed, even to the very death." He turned to the people, and addressed them with a brief warning against the priesthood; then falling upon his knees, and raising his eyes, he cried out in the magnanimity of his soul, "Lord God Eternal! I beseech Thee, for Thy great mercy's sake, to forgive my pursuers, if it be Thy blessed will!"

History presents few spectacles more sublime than this. Lofty and conscientious courage, the sense of honor which refuses to sacrifice itself in the presence of superior power, the pertinacity to adhere to conviction in the face of death, the true spirit of heroism and martyrdom, never had a more striking illustration than in this warrior-noble, this holy gentleman, Lord Cob-

ham. Yet we must not refuse justice to those who "pursued" him, because, in this nineteenth century, we believe him to have held the true faith, and they the error. We cannot deny to them an earnest conviction that Lollardism was destructive of Christianity. They regarded the Church as the only medium by which the grace of God could approach His creatures. They saw the rise of a sect which threatened to destroy the Church. They found a great and influential peer sustaining that sect with all his power. It can hardly be regarded as infamous, then, that the fathers of the Church, in a not refined age, should use their authority to deprive the heresy of so formidable an ally. Lord Cobham was condemned to die by the hands of the sheriff, and was remitted to the Tower to await the execution of the sentence. Arundel was, however, unwilling to impose punishment upon so excellent a man, without one more attempt to reclaim him to the Church. He obtained for him a respite for six weeks, and proposed to occupy the interval in seeking to persuade him of the error of his ways.

Whilst Cobham was daily besieged by the importunities of the priests, his friends were active in his behalf. A plan was formed for his escape. Every preparation was made. One morning, the lieutenant of the Tower, on going to his apartment, found Lord Cobham missing. He had fled. In a short time news came that he had safely crossed the Welsh border, and was among those who could defend him against the whole power of England.

The escape of their chief delighted and emboldened the Lollards. One Sunday night they gathered together in great numbers in St. Giles's Fields, near Lon-

don. The pretence was, that they had assembled to hear the discourse of Beverly, a heretic preacher; but their real design was suspected to be more serious. The King, who was enjoying the Christmas holidays at Eltham, in Kent, was speedily apprised of the danger, and hastened back to Westminster. Having called together what troops were at hand, Henry marched out a little after midnight, and posted his force opposite the mob. The gates of London were closed. There should be no coalition between the civil and the religious mob. A party of stupid countrymen, who had thought to join the Lollards, carelessly wandered into the King's camp. They were at once seized, and sent under escort into the city. The mob, hearing of this disaster, and being disheartened by rumors of the King's strength, began to retreat in confusion about daybreak. Many of them were taken, and it transpired that they proposed to join Lord Cobham, and effect a religious revolution.

Henry issued a proclamation, offering a heavy reward for the apprehension of the vigilant and restless peer. The prisoners taken at St. Giles's were brought to trial, convicted of treason and heresy, and either burned or hanged. Among them were several persons of note—Sir Roger Acton, Mr. Browne, and Beverly, their popular orator. We can hardly question the justice of this act, when it is considered that stringent measures alone could curb the lawless spirit which actuated this class. Their intentions were certainly not peaceful, and the fact that their leaders were discovered to be the same men who had effected Cobham's escape from the Tower, draws us to the conclusion that other acts, equally or more rebellious, would have resulted from their concert, had not Henry taken

prompt precautions to overcome them. There were rumors that Lord Cobham was with them at St. Giles's in person, but this is disproved by the subsequent evidence that he was then organizing a conspiracy with that disorderly people who had already given so much vexation to both the late and the reigning sovereign.

Although it will be in a manner anticipating our narrative, we will here conclude Lord Cobham's career, that it may be a connected account. After reaching Wales, he began to form conspiracies, and to encourage those in England who were inclined to kick against the royal authority. A rumor that he was preparing to raise the standard of religious insurrection, prompted the King to send a force under the Lord Abergavenny to Tewkesbury. Here were captured some of the Lollards, who, being put to the torture, confessed treasonable designs. But no trace of Cobham was found. Then he was reported to be in Scotland, inciting that people to invade England. Anon he was said to have concealed himself near St. Albans in a peasant's hut. Repeated search, however, did not discover his retreat. After several years had passed, during which the vigilance of the government had been unremitting, Lord Powis succeeded in hunting the unfortunate outlaw down, and brought him a prisoner to London. Parliament was then in session, and Lord Cobham's case came at once before them. He had been wounded in the attempt to escape capture, so that he was brought to the bar of the House of Peers, who were to try him as one of their body, on a litter. The various charges which had accumulated were read against him—the outlawry, the heresy, the treason. He was asked if he had any response to make; he preserved an obstinate silence. He was then sentenced to be

half hanged, and afterward burned to death. On Christmas morning, 1417, John Lord Cobham was led from the Tower, and carried to St. Giles's Fields, already renowned as the spot of the attempted riot. A gallows had been erected. When he reached the fatal scene, he fell upon the ground, and raised his voice in brief and earnest prayer. He then arose, and with a calm countenance addressed those who had assembled to witness his execution. When a priest advanced to him and urged him to confess, "Nay," said he, turning from him, "for God is here present; to Him alone will I acknowledge my sins, from Him alone ask or expect pardon." The rigid sentence was then enforced. He was hung up with a chain about his waist; the fagots were kindled beneath his feet; his voice was heard in fervid praise of God; the wails of the multitude blended weirdly with the crackling of the flames, and the body of the suffering martyr soon became ashes at the feet of his persecutors.

His courage was triumphant to the last. His sincerity and ardor made him happy amidst the barbarous torture, for he believed that it would turn to unutterable joys. It was in vain for the priests to harangue the people who witnessed this sublime and dreadful scene; they displayed every passionate emotion of pity and affection, as so noble a man was being consumed by chain and flame.

Thus lived and died the illustrious Lord Cobham, the first great martyr to the Protestant faith in England. It is, perhaps, an invidious task to excuse the severity of Henry the Fifth, after so mournful a scene as that just described. Yet, if we comprehend the matter in its widest range, it is apparent that Henry

would have violated every principle of his life, had he refused to bring the penalty of the law upon his friend. It was a far more justifiable act than the desertion of Strafford by Charles the First; for Strafford had committed no treason against his King, had threatened no disturbance of the public tranquillity. Cobham certainly committed political treason. He sought to rouse the people against the crown. He set at defiance the regal authority—nay, rather, the authority of law. Henry could expect no submission to law, while so restless, so able, so popular a leader as Lord Cobham lived. It was clearly, with the King, a matter of conscience—of stern and uncompromising duty. He had to exercise all his self-control to resist those appeals of his heart which would persuade him to screen his friend. But he had a higher duty than friendship. It was for him to maintain the order, and security, and dignity of the realm. He thought it was also for him to maintain the dominion of the Church, and thought so with all the sincerity of his nature. Therefore, while we view with pain the sacrifice of so fearless and ardent a champion of religious reformation, while we regret that his power might not have been used to more purpose, we must eschew sentiment in the clear light of reason, and acquit Henry, educated as he was, sincere as he was, merciful as he was, living in the age he did, and tried as he was to the very depths of his soul, of that barbarous perfidy and cruelty of which he has been charged.

The two first years of Henry's reign were devoted to reconciling the Commons with the Church, and to the suppression of Lollardism. There is evidence that Henry was not only the defender of Catholicism, but what will seem more estimable, that he was a reformer

in the Church. As far as the doctrines of the Establishment were concerned, he was clear. He did not for an instant doubt the sacred authority of the Pope, the powers of the priesthood, the truth of those dogmas which from time to time had laid a stone to the Romish structure. He would on no account strike any vital part. But his eyes were opened to the abuses and corruptions which had crept into the ecclesiastical system in England. His attention was called to them not only by the Commons, who appear to have been eager in their impatience of the prelates, but also by wise prelates themselves, who foresaw the tendency when once the Church had received the poison of worldly avarice or licentiousness. Henry boldly set about reforming the arrogance and evils of the priesthood. He protected the lower classes from those many petty oppressions which priests had long been accustomed to exercise. He confined as far as possible the power of prelates in secular matters, and their exclusiveness in the possession of property. He caused acts to be passed prohibiting aliens from occupying benefices or livings in England. He became somewhat jealous of the Pope's political, as well as religious influence; and without absolutely breaking with him, sought by every moderate means to curb his too great control over English politics.

In a former chapter we have related how the Church of Rome was divided by a great schism, which separated it into two nearly equal factions. A French Pope had been elected in opposition to an Italian Pope, and the Catholic nations had joined the party of the one or the other as the interest and prejudice of each dictated. We have seen that the French Pope, Clement, was finally deposed by his own King, and

that Urban, his rival, was apparently established on the sacred throne.

The tranquillity of the Church was, however, only apparent. The death of Urban was the signal for a revival of the schism in more serious proportions than ever. The partisans of both the late Popes were exasperated, obstinate, and determined to rule the Church. The Italian party had elected one after the other, as the successors of Urban, Boniface IX., Innocent VII., and Gregory XII.; while the French party had chosen Peter de Luna, an Arragonese, as their claimant for the tiara, with the pontifical title of Benedict XIII. The schism continued under these conflicting Popes for many years. The Church was torn with dissension; corruptions crept in amid the confusion; the warfare between the factions far exceeded that between orthodoxy and heresy; the Catholic potentates tried again and again to mend the rent; and finally, the evil became so enormous, that both sides began to desire, if not a final adjustment, at least a cessation of hostilities. It was at last agreed among the sovereigns, that both the claimants to the tiara should be constrained to resign, and that a new pontiff, capable of uniting the allegiance of both factions, should be chosen by the Council of Cardinals. The French Church was the first to move. They refused to continue to Benedict, the successor of their own Clement, their allegiance. The English prelates, less prompt, made no further progress than to ask the King to withhold from Gregory, whose authority they had acknowledged, the stipend which the Pope was accustomed to receive from the kingdom. These movements were followed up by a long consultation among the cardinals of the rival parties. A council was sum-

moned at Pisa, and it is probable that the programme was filled up before their Eminences met. But little discussion took place. Benedict and Gregory were deposed by the same act. A Greek prelate was elected Pope, with the title of Alexander V. The Council, thinking they had thus restored the Church to unity, then rose. But the two Popes who had been so unceremoniously disposed of, finding many discontented persons among their partisans, rebelled against the decision of the Pisan Council, and both announced that they did not recognize the authority of that body to depose them. Thus far from a united Church, this sage Council had made three Popes, instead of one. Of course, Alexander was not so modest as to withdraw, but clung tenaciously to his new-gotten dignity to the day of his death. When that event occurred, a successor was elected by his party, who was styled John XXIII. The Emperor Sigismund, of Germany, one of the ablest and most active potentates of that day, was very desirous to heal the schism. After much effort, he prevailed on John to call a council to consider the state of the Church. The result of this was the ever memorable *Council of Constance*. This was toward the latter part of the year 1414. Henry of England regarded most favorably the action of the Emperor in seeking to restore harmony, and thus power to the hierarchy. He entered cordially into the plan, and resolved that England should be fully represented at the Council. He appointed Robert Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury, the Bishops of Bath and Worcester, the Earl of Warwick, the Abbots of Westminster and Worcester, to attend the Council, and to use the influence of England both to heal the schism and to reform the crying abuses which otherwise

choked the good influence of the Church. Soon after, others were sent, in whose train followed a multitude of nobles and gentlemen, with retinues, showing the importance in which the assembly was regarded. When the Council had convened, the representatives of Henry and of the Emperor worked in unison for the ends which both the sovereigns so ardently desired. Hallam was especially active, and did not permit a day to pass without inveighing against the confusion, the corruption, and the inherent weakness which prevailed in the Church. He used the most convincing arguments in favor of reform, and was not deterred by the impatience of the Cardinals, who were anxious to postpone every thing to the election of a Pontiff. Gregory, the Italian Pope, resigned soon after the Council met. John and Benedict, on the contrary, obstinately retained the sacred title, and refused to submit to the dictation of the sovereigns and prelates. They were, accordingly, peremptorily deposed from the office of pontiff. Events of the greatest moment now intervened, to withdraw the attention of Europe from the Council, and to give a new direction to the destinies of the principal powers of Christendom.

CHAPTER VII

"Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment."

THE STATE OF FRANCE—PLANS OF INVASION—NEGOTIATIONS—SCROOP'S
PLOT—THE INVASION OF FRANCE—THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR—RETREAT
OF THE ENGLISH ARMY.

IN his coronation speech, Henry the Fifth declared it to be an ambition worthy of a great prince, to derive glory from the achievements of war. The love of the suspense, the excitement, and the triumphs of the battle-field, was the predominant passion of his soul. He had already evinced the qualities of a great commander. He had won an enviable renown in the presence of hostile armies. He had attracted to himself both the affection and the confidence of his people. They were proud of him, and they looked forward to seeing him glorious and powerful. His confidence in himself, although not arrogant, was great. He could count upon a united people, a well-filled exchequer, a military ardor which longed for action; and there was bright promise that in whatever he undertook, he would be successful. He looked about, therefore, with zest for an opportunity. He would seek that glory which had been his earliest dream, and which would stamp his name upon the age. Scotland was not the proper field; there warfare would be des-

ultory, the gain little, and the fame but feeble recompense. The Welsh had ceased to resist the royal authority, and were to all intents submissive to the officers of the Crown. But in another quarter of the horizon a bright prospect opened before the ambitious Prince.

France was still the unhappy theatre of civil strife, and the prey of rival princes who cared little for the nation, so that they were triumphant. The peace which, we have seen, was made between King Charles the Sixth and John of Burgundy on the one side, and Armagnac, Orleans, Bourbon, and Berri on the other, gave the regal authority to the King, which was tantamount to placing it in the hands of Burgundy. Prince Charles, the Dauphin, was but sixteen years old, and had married a daughter of Burgundy. To him the Armagnacs, in their despair, resorted. The Dauphin, young as he was, had seen enough of John the Fearless to dread and detest him. Probably a more heartless and perfidious wretch never lived than this man; he inspired those who were his interested friends, the very instruments of his barbarity, with horror and disgust. The Armagnacs easily persuaded young Charles that the insanity of his father made it proper that he should assume regal power. One night he seized the Bastile, and summoned the people to the support of the House of Valois, of which he was the only representative. Many, who were displeased with Burgundy, hastened to the Dauphin's standard; but Paris seems to have pertinaciously adhered to the bloody Duke. John of Troyes, a surgeon, at the head of the Parisians, made short work of the Prince. They besieged his palace, took him and many of his followers, and regained possession of the Bastile. The

excesses and ignominies which always succeeded Burgundy's triumphs, now took place in the metropolis. No mercy was shown to the rival faction. Both King Charles and the Dauphin were forced to wear the white cap which was the Burgundian symbol. John the Fearless flattered the people, and tyrannized over them at will. This was the state of things when Henry came to the throne of England. Soon afterward the Dauphin succeeded in getting loose from the hateful bondage of his infant wife's father. With the utmost despatch and secrecy he began to organize the Armagnacs who remained in Paris. Burgundy became at last aware, that no less than thirty thousand men, within the limits of the metropolis, were prepared to oppose him. His efforts were but feeble to resist the advancing tide, and he made all haste to Flanders, that, amid his own domains, he might gather up his energies for another trial. The King was now in the hands of the young Duke of Orleans and of the Dauphin, who persuaded the poor monarch, in a lucid interval, to denounce Burgundy; and to put to death a number of that prince's friends.

Here was an admirable chance for the interference of a foreign army, and Henry, as well as his principal advisers, were not slow to see it. It was not forgotten that Edward the Third had taken the ground that he was the heir to the French crown by the Queen Isabella, and that he had well nigh confirmed his claim at Crecy and Poitiers. The treaty of Bretigni had, indeed, done away with that claim; but the treaty had been broken, and by France. England was therefore clearly not bound by it.

The claim of Edward, and therefore of Henry, to the French throne, was absurd. Nay, that of

Henry was even less plausible than that of Edward. Edward claimed that his mother, as the eldest daughter of the King, was the heir to the throne ; but the Salic law forbade females, and if it had not, the daughter of her older brother, Louis the Tenth, was first entitled to the succession. But had it been admitted that Edward's title was clear, there was an irremediable flaw in that of Henry. If Edward had a good title, Richard the Second had a good title. If Richard the Second had abdicated the French when he abdicated the English throne, the young Earl of March, yet living, was clearly as much entitled to Edward's claim on France, as to his crown in England. The only ground which Henry could with the least reason take, was that his father was the heir of an older brother of Edward the Second ; by which claim, as we have seen, Bolingbroke sought to justify his usurpation.

The English Church had reasons for urging Henry to engage in a foreign war. They desired to turn him from those projects in which the Commons sought to interest him. It had been recommended that all the lands and tithes belonging to the prelates, should be seized for the replenishment of the royal exchequer. Henry, although an earnest Churchman, and ever ready to suppress Lollardism, was not so clear in regard to the temporal wealth of the ecclesiastics, as to make the priests sure that he would preserve them from the attacks of the Commons. Archbishop Chicheley, who in 1414 succeeded Arundel in the primacy, earnestly advocated a war with France, and was sustained in his importunities by the whole body of the prelates. Henry listened with no unwilling ear to projects so consonant with his taste and his ambition. Although he proposed to renew the claim of Edward, he looked

to other means for reclaiming the crown of France. He determined to occupy that throne by right of conquest. A parliament was held at Leicester, from which the Church feared serious annoyance. But the legislators were just now not inclined to attack the Establishment, although they refused to pass some stringent acts against Wickliffism which were urged by the Church party. About the same time, the King, to show his unaltered attachment toward Catholicism, founded two monasteries; one on the site of that palace which Richard refused to visit after the death of his Queen, Anne, at Shene,* in Surrey, and another at Sion, in Isleworth, afterward suppressed by Henry VIII.

The first movement of Henry against France was to despatch Lord Grey, the Bishop of Durham, and several other noblemen to Charles, with a demand for the hand of the Princess Katharine, and for a restitution of English rights in the French domain. The first proposition of these ambassadors, however, on arriving at the Louvre, was to demand the crown of France for Henry! Of course they did not expect it to be granted; the probability is that they wished to lay a ground for the future assertion of the claim by force of arms. The next demand was for the cession of Normandy, Touraine, Brittany, the lands between the Somme and Graveline, Flanders, Anjou, and Aquitaine; to be held by Henry without fealty. Then they asked that the ransom of King John (who had been captured by the Black Prince at Poitiers), which had never been satisfied, should be paid from the French treasury; and added a claim to the county of Provence. They intimated that the Princess Kath-

* Now Richmond.

arine would be expected to bring to her lord two million crowns as a royal dowry.

This was in the summer of 1414, when the Duke John of Burgundy had fled from Paris, and the metropolis was under the virtual government of Bourbon and Orleans. The response of the French court was, of course, not favorable to the propositions made. They offered to cede Bayonne and Angoulême, and some smaller domains. They declined to pay John's ransom. They proposed the sum of eight hundred thousand crowns as the Princess's marriage portion. The King received this reply with secret satisfaction. He knew that Burgundy was busy in the Low Countries, gathering an armament to reënter France. He foresaw that Charles and Orleans would soon become again involved in a fierce and destructive civil war. He had already laid the foundation for invading that kingdom, by placing his demands before the King. He had only to wait for the blooming of internal conflict, to bring his schemes to fruition.

On the 18th of November, 1414, Parliament met, by the King's decree, at Westminster. It was opened by Henry in person, who occupied the throne in state. Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, who had just been elevated to the Chancellorship, was the first to address the assembled legislators. He arose soon after the proceedings began, and announced that his Majesty had resolved to attempt the recovery of the crown of France, and to vindicate that quartering on his escutcheon which had long borne the *fleurs-de-lis*, in token of English supremacy. He took as his text the passage, "Whilst we have time, let us do good." With that forensic ability and sophistry for which he was the most noted man of his time, Beau-

fort described the advantages of a conquest, to the Church and State; by every effort of eloquence strove to kindle in the breasts of his auditors an enthusiasm for the project; and recapitulated the work which must be done before it could meet with success. His speech seems to have had its desired effect. The Commons elected Thomas Chaucer, a son of the poet, Speaker, and proceeded to "grant to the King, for the honor of God, and from the great love and affection which they bore toward their sovereign, two entire fifteenths and two entire tenths, for the defence of the kingdom of England and the safeguard of the seas."

The Convocation of the Church and the Council of Peers met about the same time; and the same subject was brought before them. The English barons, descended as they were from the crusaders, and full of that turbulent spirit which must find some outlet, were entirely favorable to Henry's scheme. The King issued a proclamation, calling upon the vassals of the crown to rally for the glory of England. A rivalry at once arose among the great barons to outstrip each other in the number and magnificence of their retinues. The young Earl of Northumberland, all aglow with devotion toward his royal benefactor, and exultant in the prospect of sustaining the ancient valor of the Percys on a field worthy of their renown, put himself at the head of his tenantry, and promptly offered himself to Henry in aid of the expedition. Westmoreland, the time-honored and constant friend of the House of Lancaster, quickly announced that his retinue was ready for embarkation. Every day letters came from eager nobles, with the intelligence that the feudal power of the nation was rising to the occasion.

But Henry was too wise not to see that a feudal armament was not all-sufficient for a foreign expedition. The caprice of the barons, and the exclusiveness of the commands, might render it difficult to maintain a united army. He ordered each county, therefore, to furnish a quota according to its population, and instituted a system of recruiting the ranks of the army by volunteers. Thus he would obtain a permanent force, on which he could always rely. He sent agents to the Low Countries for the purpose of hiring transports and provision ships.

“He strictly prohibited in the maritime towns the exportation of gunpowder; laid an embargo on all vessels of above twenty tons burden; gave leave, in many instances, to impress seamen for manning them; and made all the preparations for carriages, stores, arms, which the low state of the arts at that time and his narrow pecuniary resources allowed.”* An army of carpenters, masons, smiths, and builders were set to work to get ships and stores ready with the utmost despatch. An order was issued to the sheriffs of the shires to buy beef. The sheriff of the county of Hampshire was to have bread baked, and ale brewed, for the expedition. A nightly watch was established throughout England, who were ordered to permit no stranger to abide at an inn more than twenty-four hours, unless he made known the reasons of his sojourn. A council of prelates and peers was called. Beaufort announced the progress of the preparations. John Duke of Bedford was appointed lieutenant of the kingdom during the King's absence in France, with an advisory council of ten, of whom Chicheley, the Primate, was the first in dignity, and Beaufort, the

* Brougham.

Chancellor, in ability. A generous supply was granted by Parliament. The session of the courts was suspended. Forces sufficient for the purpose were sent to watch the Scotch and Welsh borders. The pay-roll of the period is interesting to look over. It was agreed by Henry that the services of his barons and their retinues should be paid as follows: a duke had 13*s.* 4*d.* per day, an earl 6*s.* 8*d.*, a baron 4*s.*, a knight 2*s.*, a squire 12*d.*, and an archer 6*d.* When the supply which Parliament had voted had been collected, Henry found the gross sum of his revenue yet insufficient for his enterprise. He at once issued a proclamation appealing to his subjects for a loan, which brought a considerable addition to the treasury. Not yet satisfied, the King sold or pawned his jewels and precious wares, and managed in other ways to procure the necessary monies to support the expedition. Whilst these preparations were going on, in the fall of 1414, ambassadors were passing between the countries with the design, on the part of France, to avert impending invasion, and on the part of England, to gain time. Charles, with a foolish purpose of annoying his royal cousin, sent Henry a present of some animals, which Henry acknowledged in the following racy epistle:* "Cousin of France, I greet you. I thank you of your gifts that ye sent me, for they be necessary. The sow hath granted me to come with me to your country, and ~~make war~~, and overturn, and make plain field, and I have granted her all that belongeth to her faculty. Also the boar hath made covenant with beasts of my country, to teach them the way to France; that is to say, the white lion of Ireland, the black bull with gilt horns, the boar, the

* Halliwell's Letters.

wolf, the dragon, the white boar, the white greyhound, and other more of their affinity; the which intend to come to the field in France, to answer whosoever will come of all parties, with the grace of God. Then I must blow my horn, and follow my beasts, and my beasts must follow the chase, and so shall we hunt through all the parts of France. And then I will blow my horn, and relieve my hounds; and I trust to God and to our Lady that your derision shall turn you to shame, for you wot of right I am master of the game. Furthermore, if it be not well, let it be amended by the lords of your council."

This letter shows how confident Henry was of his future success, and how little he regarded the anger of Charles. Another letter, of more serious import, was sent to the French King, from Southampton, in the following summer:

"MOST SERENE PRINCE, OUR COUSIN AND ADVERSARY:

"The two great and noble kingdoms of England and France, formerly brothers, but now divided, had usually been eminent throughout all the world by their triumphs. They combined but for the generous object of enriching and adorning the House of God, to place peace in all her boundaries, to make it flourish within its whole extent, and to join their arms against her adversaries, as against public enemies. They never encountered them, that they did not happily subdue them. But alas! this faithful union is vanished; we are fallen into the unhappy condition of Lot and Abraham. The honor of this fraternal friendship is buried; her death and her sepulture have revived Dissension, that old enemy of human nature,

which may justly be called the mother of Hatred and of War.

“The Sovereign Judge of sovereigns will be our witness one day, of the sincere inclination with which we have sought peace, and how we have employed prayers and promises to persuade you to it, even by giving up the possession of a State which belongs to us by hereditary right, and which nature would oblige us to preserve for our posterity. We are not so wanting in sense and courage, but that we are resolved at last to fight with all our strength, *even to death*. But as the law of Deuteronomy commands that whoever appears in arms before a town should offer it peace before it is besieged, we have, even up to the present time, done all which our rank allows peaceably to recover the possession of that which belongs to us by legitimate succession, and to reunite to our crown that which you wrongfully and by violence possess; so much so, that, from your refusing justice, we may rightfully have recourse to the force of arms.

“Our honor, however, and the testimony of our conscience, oblige us once more, in going against you, to demand the reason of your refusal, and to exhort you, in the name of the merciful bowels of Jesus Christ, to do us justice, and to say to you that which He teaches, ‘Friend, give me that which thou owest me.’

“To avoid a deluge of human blood, restore to us our inheritance, which you unjustly detain, or render us, at least, that which we have so many times demanded by our ambassadors. Only the love and fear of God, and the advantages of peace, have made us contented with so little; and we were willing, on that account, to remit fifty thousand crowns of that which

we have been offered in marriage, to show that we are more inclined to peace than to avarice; that we prefer the title which our father has left us to those to which we have legitimate pretensions by representation from our forefathers, and that we are disposed to lead an innocent life with your fair and noble daughter Katharine, our very dear cousin, than to enrich ourselves with the treasure of iniquity, to adore the idol of riches, and to extend and increase our crown (which God forbid!) to the prejudice of our conscience.

“Given under our hand and seal, in our town of Southampton, upon the sea-side, the 28th of July.”

This letter is one of the most brilliant and interesting which has been laid before the reader. It clearly bears evidence of the vigorous character of Henry, his familiarity with Scripture, and his elegance of language. It has that fearless, ringing, almost exultant tone, which was the true quality of his soul. If the justice of his claim does not appeal to the judgment, the chivalrous assertion of it, and the zealous determination to vindicate it, compels admiration. We cannot follow the example, however, of those eulogists of Henry who strain to justify his claim to the French crown, and strive to make us believe that he was convinced in truth of its justice. It is believed that the character of the King is on the whole so admirable, that, considering the age in which he lived, his education, the approval of the Church to schemes of conquest, the idea of national glory, and an ambition both natural and countenanced by the best men in the world, he will be esteemed and loved even better, if, after all, we find him mortal. It was no crime, in

those days, to set up a preposterous claim, to secure greatness to a country and glory to a crown. When the events of Henry's military career are related, it will be seen that he was a forbearing and humane conqueror. He made war leniently; that is one of his best claims to the praise of later ages. He frowned upon unnecessary destruction of life and property. He did much to Christianize war. The generals of the eighteenth century might have followed his example with the greatest credit. When the reader shall have arrived at the conclusion of this brief but illustrious career, it will be to look back upon a great, successful, magnanimous, perhaps not entirely unsullied reign; and he will remember a multitude of virtues with which to obliterate the record of a few crimes. The character of Henry will, taken as a whole, shine with a brightness unobscured by his rare errors; and his memory will be a pleasant and a beloved memory. His wrongful acts are so few, that they will well bear exposure; his virtues were enough far to overshadow them.

Mr. Tyler, one of his biographers, has devoted much space to a very vain object—an attempt to prove that Henry really believed in his right to the French crown. If this proposition were established, it would be at the expense of Henry's intellectual sagacity; and such an imputation would be far from just. We cannot concede Henry to have been stupid, that he may be proved innocent of injustice. We would rather see him as he was, the hero who fought for the glory of England, the renown of his own dynasty of Lancaster, and to elevate the Lion and the Red Rose on the towers of the Louvre; the beneficent Prince, whose subjects loved him for himself more and more as the years

went by; as the virtuous and tender husband; as the faithful friend; as the upright giver of laws; as the devoted Christian; as the dispenser of both justice and mercy, inclining always to the gentler and more god-like attribute.

The French tried one more effort to dissuade the King from his enterprise. When he had departed from London on his way to Southampton, where his armament was collected, he was met at Winchester by the Bishops of Bourges and Lisieux, ambassadors from Charles. Their proposals were more liberal than ever, offering to cede the territory of Limousin, in addition to the provinces already proposed, and 850,000 crowns. The King promptly refused these terms, and again urged his claim to the crown. The French prelates were so overcome by their failure, that they broke out in violent denunciations and threats against Henry. Archbishop Chicheley, who was in company with the King, responded in language hardly less bitter, and the enraged envoys abruptly left the royal presence, and returned to wretched France to carry their ill-fated tidings.

When Henry reached Southampton, he found a well-equipped army of 30,000 men awaiting him, and all the necessary engines and paraphernalia of war which the age afforded. Abundance of provision and clothing was collected. Fifteen hundred vessels were assembled in the port. The great barons, with their respective quotas, had arrived, and were awaiting the royal commands. It was about the middle of July when the King's retinue reached the port of embarkation. The army was put under marching orders, the provisions and arms were placed on board the transports, and the fleet was prepared for immediate departure. The or-

der was issued to sail on the morning of July 22d. On the previous evening, however, an incident occurred which delayed the armament some days. This was no less than the detection of a formidable conspiracy against Henry, which had been planned by some of the most influential nobles of his suite. Henry Lord Scroop, Lord High Treasurer, although a member of the family of the rebellious Archbishop of York, had been one of Henry's most trusted friends. He had received every kindness at the hands of his sovereign, and had been elevated by him to the highest dignities of state. He had been received on intimate terms in the palace, and had had his place constantly at the side of the King. This wretched traitor was one of the leading spirits in a conspiracy to seize and dethrone his benefactor, and restore the line of the House of March. In complicity with him were Richard of Coningsburg, second son of the Duke of York, and grandson of Edward the Third, who had been created by Henry Earl of Cambridge, and had received every mark of favor during the present reign; and Sir Thomas Grey, a Northumberland knight of some note. The plot was so hastily contrived and so carelessly conducted, that information of it happily came to the King's ears on the very eve of his departure. The three nobles were at once arrested. Cambridge, who was as weak as he was wicked, overcome by fear, no sooner found himself in custody than he confessed the whole design. He not only implicated Scroop and Grey, but also charged young March, who was present, with a complicity in it, having it in his mind to obtain the crown, as was his hereditary right, for himself. It is said, however, that it was March himself who discovered the plot to the King—a not

improbable fact, as Henry continued to repose in him the same confidence he had always evinced. An extraordinary commission was speedily instituted to try the offenders. The Earl of Nottingham, Earl Marshal, two judges, six peers, and Sir Thomas Erpingham, constituted the court. A jury was summoned, and the conspirators were brought to the bar. The evidence produced was especially damaging to Cambridge and Grey. The jury at once found them guilty of high treason. Scroop's guilt was less patent, and he was convicted of high treason for privity in the conspiracy. The plan, as it was unfolded at the trial, was to carry the Earl of March to the frontier of Wales, and there proclaim him King of England; and at the same time the King and his brothers were to be seized, and, if necessary, destroyed. Cambridge and Grey confessed, and submitted themselves to the royal mercy. Scroop, although he admitted a knowledge of the general scheme, vehemently denied that he knew of the plan to take the person of his Majesty; and demanded a trial by his peers. Henry called together such lords as were at Southampton, and commanded them to try the appeal, in which Cambridge, as a noble, had likewise joined. Grey, being but a knight, was sentenced by the other court. The proofs of guilt against Scroop and Cambridge were only the clearer at the second trial. On Monday, the 5th of August, the peers, the Duke of Clarence presiding, adjudged the accused of high treason, and condemned them to death, with the usual process of torture. The latter part of the sentence the King, with his usual magnanimity, revoked. Grey was beheaded first, then followed Scroop and Cambridge. Thus justly concluded this audacious and criminal attempt against

one of the kindest sovereigns and most constant friends who ever lived to bless his subjects.

Henry was now free to embark upon his great enterprise, and, exchanging his crown for a helmet, to advance to the most enviable laurels which it was possible for martial valor to achieve. On the morning of the 15th* of August the noble fleet set sail, and, leaving the port of Southampton, turned their prows toward the coast of Normandy. The seers, who were ever upon the watch for omens, discovered two events which to their minds were significant, soon after the ships got under way. A flock of swans came floating about the masts of the King's ship, and seemed by their motions to beckon him on toward France. This was a favorable sign. But anon a great fire broke out in one of the ships, casting a lurid light upon the scene; which, although it was extinguished without having effected much damage, gave the soothsayers an opportunity for foreboding and predicting difficulties. Toward evening, on the 16th, after a prosperous voyage, the fleet arrived at Clef de Caux, a small place in Normandy, at the mouth of the Seine, and seven miles from Harfleur. The troops were not opposed, and came safely off from the transports. As soon as the King landed, he took off his helmet, and, kneeling upon the ground, prayed God for his blessing on the enterprise. When the army was encamped, Henry ordered that the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin should be celebrated with meet solemnity and pomp.

After a brief delay, the army was set rapidly in motion toward Harfleur, the principal citadel of defence in those parts. A proclamation was issued by

* Rymer. Stowe says the 13th. We adopt Lord Brougham's conjecture.

the King's especial order, to forbid, on pain of death, the violation of churches or priests; to promise protection to all who did not bear arms against him; and to insure the safety of the contiguous lands and houses. The brief march of seven miles was soon accomplished. Beneath the walls of the strongly fortified town the English encampment was made; and the French, who looked with alarm over their battlements toward the hostile armament, saw that rapid preparations were making to besiege them. Henry had a large tent erected in the midst of his soldiers, and within that, a smaller tent, to be used as a chapel. The young monarch had no sooner found himself once more in the presence of an adversary, than he gave his whole soul up to the consideration of his position. He ordered constant religious services to be performed throughout the camp, issued stringent commands against revelry and disorder, called together in his tent those generals who were most experienced in French warfare, and occupied himself day and night with the study of the best means by which to reduce his enemies to submission. His daily life was one of hard labor. He denied to himself every self-indulgence; even sleep was too great a luxury for him. He went through his camps many times, haranguing the soldiers, exhorting them to patience and moderation, yet encouraging them to hope for glories near at hand.

On Sunday, August 18th, the siege of Harfleur began; and it continued thereafter without respite for five weeks. Harfleur, according to the account of one who was present at the siege, was completely surrounded by embattled walls, and was further fortified by three high and solid towers. There were trenches below the walls, and three gates, one on the west side,

opposite Henry's camp, and two on the east side, inaccessible to him. Before each gate a barbican or bulwark was erected for its defence. The bulwark which confronted Henry was composed of thick brush, closely put together, the interior of which was filled compactly with beams and earth, having apertures whence the besieged might annoy their besiegers. The port toward the sea admitted vessels to the very middle of the town, and was defended by towers of excellent build. The town itself was a pleasant one, having a fine church and many noble buildings. The order having been given to begin the siege, foraging parties were sent out into the neighboring country to collect provisions, since the King expected to remain there a considerable time. Henry's engineers saw at a glance that it would be no holiday task to reduce so formidable a fortification. On the same day, a French knight, Baron de Gaucourt, succeeded in throwing three hundred lances into the town on the other side, which had not as yet been occupied by the English. The Duke of Clarence, the King's younger brother, whose daring throughout this siege was the subject of universal praise, instantly set out on a circuitous route round the town to cut off the communications on the east side. Before he reached the destined point he encountered the enemy in larger force; but such was the impetuosity of his attack, that they retired within the walls, leaving in his hands some arms, ammunition, and stores which had just arrived from Rouen. He encamped for the night on the spot of the skirmish. At early dawn on Monday, Clarence once more put his men in motion, and soon after daylight gained the top of a hill on the open side, and thus found himself in a position to shut off all inter-

course between the enemy within and their countrymen without. Meanwhile, Henry's fleet came off the harbor, and blockaded the sea side of the town, while his lighter boats held the river. Thus Harfleur became completely invested.

The King then, according to the usage, sent into the town a demand for its immediate surrender. The response was prompt and defiant. The engineers without delay began to plant their engines against the walls, and soon the various batteries, shielded by planks, were ready to begin the work of destruction. Every expedient for reducing a citadel was put into requisition; strong patrols maintained the guard of the outer limits. A graphic historian* says: "It is said that on this occasion the English used engines which threw stones of such an enormous size, that the walls fell with a frightful noise, and speedily destroyed the fortifications. The enemy are admitted to have conducted themselves with great bravery, and the zeal of their opponents was not greater than was displayed by the garrison in resisting their various stratagems and assaults. When they were no longer protected by their walls and bulwarks, they fired on the English through the ruins; and employed the night in endeavoring to repair the mischief which the battering train had done during the day, by filling up the breaches with wood, earth, mud, and sand. A great number of pots charged with lime, sulphur, burning earth, and heated oil, were prepared to throw on the besiegers in case of an assault."

The operations of the English army were under the personal superintendence of the King. He took no report for granted, but visited the works daily,

* Sir Harris Nicholas.

made suggestions to the engineers, maintained discipline among the troops, and himself took every precaution against surprise or the reënforcement of the town. His military ardor was soon quite aroused; he found himself entirely at home amid these scenes, so much in contrast with the elegant ease he had left at Windsor and Westminster. But a calamity more terrible, if possible, than the necessary evils of war, now visited the English camp. A fatal pestilence appeared amongst the soldiers, and, increasing with rapidity, soon spread suffering and dismay throughout the army. Then the scene became in truth sad to contemplate. The confusion and noise of battle mingled with the moans of thousands; whilst the vigorous fell at their posts, the victims of the distemper writhed in torture worse than death in the tents near by. The young, the noble, the strong, the brave lay side by side, levelled by the democracy of disease, and praying frantically that the destroyer might take them from the world. Richard Courtenay, Bishop of Norwich, one of the King's best beloved friends, became a victim of the pestilence. As he lay suffering in his tent, his loving pupil and sovereign came alone to him, and, kneeling by his couch, prayed with him and comforted him. In the presence of death Henry bore himself meekly and with humble heart. He received with tender anxiety the dying words of the venerable prelate, and, with tears of proud hope, pictured to the departing soul the glories which were in store for it. As the end approached, Henry supplied the bishop's wants with affectionate care, and "with his own hands wiped the chilled feet of the dying man." Thus Henry could find time, amid all the anxieties of an active

siege, to devote himself to the solemn and tender task of soothing the last hours of a faithful friend.

Many attempts were made by the unfortunate garrison to divert and discourage their besiegers. Ambuscades were planned, in order to induce the English to emerge from their cover ; and once a party of cavalry having come too near the camp, the English fell upon them with such energy that they were captured, among them Lord L'Isle Adam and Sir James de Bremin, both warriors of considerable note. As the weeks passed on, the besieged were reduced to extreme want. Their provisions were rapidly disappearing ; so was their ammunition. Their walls were falling one after another, and their stately towers began to totter at every shock of the hostile fire. Within the town were burning houses, streets full of ragged and hungry women and children, the commission of every disorder which usually attends general distress and confusion. Occasionally, at the breaches, there would be fierce skirmishes between the adversaries. Meanwhile the devoted garrison looked in vain for succor from the Dauphin, who, amid terror and divided counsel, neglected to aid his faithful city. The siege was kept up by the English with unceasing energy ; every day gave a greater hope of ultimate success ; and they were so brave as not to be discouraged by the prevalence of the frightful pestilence. Repeated summons were sent demanding a surrender ; each time the bearers of the white flag returned with a determined refusal. At last Henry's patience gave way. He decided to assault after one more summons. On the 17th of September his heralds were sent within the walls with the ultimatum of the King. Gaucourt, who was in command, looked over his ground, came to the conclu-

sion that his case was not yet desperate, and returned the same reply as before. Henry prepared to storm the town the next morning. In the night, an active skirmishing took place, in order that the garrison, being bereft of sleep, might be the less active in resistance. Before morning the courage of the noble band finally gave way. A message was sent to the Duke of Clarence, soliciting a conference with the King's envoys. Lords Dorset and Fitzhugh, and Sir Thomas Erpingham, accordingly went within the town. Gaucourt first plead for an armistice till the 6th of October, offering to deliver up the town at that time if he meanwhile received no reënforcement; then asked for a cessation till the ensuing Sunday. Both propositions were promptly rejected; he was told that the town should yield at discretion and at once, or else be subjected to a desperate assault. On Wednesday morning, September 18th, it was finally arranged that Harfleur should be given up without conditions to King Henry of England. The ceremony of receiving the submission of the citizens was an impressive one. Nicholas says: "Benedict, Bishop of Bangor, the King's chaplain, dressed in his pontificals, carried the Eucharist (Host) to the walls of Harfleur, being preceded by thirty-two chaplains, each in his surplice, amice, and cope, and attended by as many esquires, dressed alike, one of whom bore a lighted taper before every priest. The commissioners and hostages having been mutually sworn on the sacred elements to the conditions, the inhabitants were told that they need not fear improper treatment, as the King had no wish to ruin his territory; and the bishop and his retinue then returned to the camp."

Arrangements were made with all despatch to re-

ceive the conqueror within the gates of the town, and on the following Sunday full possession was taken. This event was accompanied by an imposing ceremony, in which both parties had a share. A throne was erected beneath a silk pavilion, on the summit of the eminence near the city which had first been occupied by Clarence. Thither King Henry proceeded in state, arrayed in his regal robes, and having about him the principal nobles of his retinue, habited in their richest garments. On his right hand went Sir Gilbert Umfreville, Earl of Kyme, bearing the royal helmet, surmounted by the crown of England, upon a halberd-staff. "Our King," says an old writer who saw him, "sat in his estate as royal as did ever any king; and as it is said, there never was a Christian King so loyal, neither so lordly, sat in his seat as did he." The graceful form and manly bearing of Henry must have shown to rare advantage on this proud day. His handsome and attractive countenance, flushed with the exultation of a first great triumph, must have inspired every Englishman with love, and every Frenchman with admiration. The victorious army was drawn up in two lines between the hill and the town, making a wide avenue between them. Through this open space Sir Lionel Bracquemont, Governor of Harfleur, Baron Gaucourt, with a train of renowned nobles and knights, proceeded from the gate up to the foot of the throne. The consecrated Host was borne before them by prelates, and they were attended by the principal civic dignitaries of the town. When they came to the royal presence, Sir Lionel advanced to the throne, knelt, and laid the keys at the King's feet, saying: "Most victorious Prince, behold here are the keys of this town, which by treaty and conquest we yield unto

you, with myself and my followers." The Earl Marshal received them in the name of the King. The King then turned to the governor, and promised that all the clemency compatible with the objects of the expedition should be yielded to the inhabitants of Harfleur. Sixty-six hostages, which had been promised, were delivered over. Then Henry entertained the French nobles with great hospitality and dignity. The banners of St. George and Lancaster soon floated from the yet lofty towers. It was in vain to attempt the suppression of pillage; but what measures Henry could take to that end, in the confusion of the hour, he did. Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Dorset, the great uncle of the King, was appointed the military Governor, and the keys were placed in his hands. On the next morning Henry entered the gates in person. When he found himself within the town, he dismounted from his horse, took off his shoes and stockings, and thus he proceeded on his bare feet to the church, where he gave thanks for his victory. One of Henry's first acts after his entrance was, to banish all who would not swear allegiance to him as King of France. These brave but wretched people, who were thus so suddenly thrust from their homes, went out of Harfleur with every expression of grief, carrying their little bundles of apparel and food, and took up their temporary abode at St. Aubin, about four miles off, where they were refreshed with wine and bread. The next day they were sent by water to Rouen. Some of the principal nobles were suffered to depart on their parole, with the hope that they would be useful to secure the further submission of the French. Henry, as soon as practicable, instituted order and justice in the town, and reduced his army to its former disci-

pline. The rigor which he found it necessary to use, was made as light as possible, and on the whole he set a good example to the generals of his age for moderation and humanity. He desired, we doubt not with sincerity, to shed as little blood in the accomplishment of his purposes as the exigency would admit of. If he loved military glory, he was yet tender-hearted enough to be shocked by the cruelties and miseries of war.

He resolved, now that he had gained so considerable an advantage—for Harfleur was one of the strongest ports in Normandy—to try other means to secure the French crown before he proceeded again to the extremity of battle. He determined to send to the Dauphin a personal challenge, by which he hoped to overcome him in single contest for the French crown, and thus avoid a more wholesale carnage. It must be remembered that the King of France was at this time entirely under the Dauphin's management, and that the power of the crown was in the hands of the latter. The letter was as follows: *

“ Henry, by the grace of God, King of France and England, Lord of Ireland, to the high and mighty prince, the Dauphin of Vienne, our cousin, eldest son of the very powerful prince, our cousin and adversary of France.

“ Whereas, from reverence to God, and to avoid the shedding of human blood, we have, many times and in many ways, sued and sought for peace, and have not been able to obtain it; and notwithstanding this, our desire of having it increaseth more and more, and well considering that our wars occasion

* Halliwell's Letters.

the death of men, the desolation of countries, the lamentations of women and children, and so many evils in the general, as every good Christian ought to mourn and have pity on them, and especially ourself whom this matter chiefly affects; and that we ought to use all diligence to find every means that one can, to avoid the ills and distresses above mentioned, in order to acquire the grace of God and the praise of mankind. And as having taken all thought and advice herein, it seemeth to us (considering it hath pleased God to visit with infirmity our said cousin, your father) that the remedy fests upon ourself and you. And to the end that every one may know that we on our part will not withdraw from it, we offer you to decide this our quarrel, with God's grace, by combat between our person and yours.

“And if it seemeth to you that you cannot accede thereto, by reason of the great concern which you suppose our said cousin, your father, hath in it, we declare unto you that, if you are willing to listen to it and to carry it into effect, we are well pleased to suffer our said cousin, from reverence to God, and because he is a sacred personage, to have and enjoy what he hath at present, for the term of his life; whatever happen between ourself and you, as it shall be appointed by his council, ours, and yours. Thus, if God giveth us the victory, that the crown of France, with its appurtenances, as our right, shall instantly be surrendered unto us without demur, after his decease. And hereto all the lords and estates of the realm of France to bind themselves in form, as shall be accorded between us.

“For it is better, cousin, to determine this war thus between our two persons forever, than to suffer

the infidels, by occasion of our wars, to destroy Christianity, our holy mother Church to abide in divisions, and the people of the living God to slaughter one another. And we will pray heartily, as you have so great a desire to avoid this, and to attain to the blessing of peace, that you will not refuse to pursue every means that can be found for attaining this peace. And we hope that no means so good and short as this will be found. And, to the disburthening of our soul, and to the burthening of yours, if great evils ensue henceforward, we make you the aforesaid offer; protesting alway, that this our offer, which we make to the honor and in the fear of God, and for the above causes, is of our own mere motion, without our loyal kinsfolk, councilors, and subjects at present around us, having presumed, in so high a matter, to advise us. Nor can it at any future time be alleged to our prejudice, or to the prejudice of our right and title which we now have to the crown aforesaid with its appurtenances, nor to the good right and title which we now have to other our lands and heritages on this side of the sea, nor to our heirs and successors, if this our offer does not take full effect between ourself and you in the manner aforesaid.

“Given under our privy seal, at our town of Harfleur, the 26th day of September, 1415.

“HENRY R.”

It is needless to say that this challenge did not effect its object.

A substantial victory had been achieved in the capture of Harfleur; it was for Henry to deliberate whether he should follow it up with further attempts, or retire, satisfied for the present, to England. There were many considerations which weigh-

ed against an immediate resumption of aggressive movements. The pestilence and the piecemeal destruction of men by the protraction of the siege had wofully depleted his army. The writers do not agree as to the number yet remaining; but it is certain that more than one-half of the original armament had perished. The cattle which had been driven into the camp for consumption, being killed too soon, rendered the air putrid and dangerous. The days were damp and hot, the nights chilly. Winter was approaching; and winter in a foreign and hostile country is to an army terrible. The French government was on the point of shaking off that cruel lethargy which had given Henry his fortunate occasion. Charles had summoned his great vassals to the field, had caused the Oriflamme, the sacred symbol of war, to be displayed on the tower of Notre Dame, and had set out from Paris on his way to Normandy. Troops were collecting everywhere, and the young Dauphin at last exerted himself in good earnest. The King of England called together his advisers and put to them the question before him. It was unanimously counselled that no more attempts at conquest should be made till spring, and that the main army should reembark for England. Several of the more prudent suggested that the ships should be taken at Harfleur, and that they should return the way they came. But to this Henry had great objections. It would have probably been very difficult to reëmbark there, and Henry desired to march through Normandy, and reach his English possession of Calais; from thence he designed to make the sea voyage. He wished to see his newly acquired conquest, and to show the French that no coward had come among them to steal away

their towns and then skulk back home. But to march to Calais was a hazardous undertaking. It was certainly rash to attempt it; and shows the intrepid and dashing character of Henry. An indignant, numerous, and fresh army would inevitably be down upon him before he could reach his destination. He could not hope to escape a battle, except by the operation of a miracle. Yet he made up his mind promptly to run the risk, and to fight desperately, and to defy the power of France to drive him from the soil. That he did fight desperately, will be seen in the next chapter. It was very fortunate for his renown that he determined to proceed to Calais.

The march began and continued under most adverse circumstances. When the army started from Harfleur (a garrison having been left behind), they numbered little more than eight thousand men—a poor handful to be marching arrogantly through hostile dominions. To the distresses of cold, sickness, want of shelter, and the continual annoyances on their flank by small troops of the enemy, was now added the distress of hunger unappeased. The inhabitants took care to withdraw from Henry's line of march every article of food, and left but a barren waste to the foragers. Occasionally the peasants would come down upon them by sudden rude sallies, and deal destructive blows among them. The inclemency of the weather made the march difficult, and the ranks were daily thinned by the accumulation of distresses to which they were subjected. There was, in addition to these, a constant anxiety in Henry's mind, lest the powerful army of Charles should be thrown across his path, and give the finishing blow to his discouraged and wearied host. A more embarrassing situation a

general was never placed in. Every portent seemed inauspicious. All things looked dark about him. Each day his men fell from the ranks, starved, exhausted, and eaten up by disease. Each day the dread tramp of the French legions came nearer and nearer. Calais seemed a castle in the air, only to be reached by superhuman agency. Even the bravest of his generals became despondent, and cursed the enterprise. On, on they marched through the dismal fields, amid the execrating people, over many weary miles, without food, or protection from storms, or clothes, or rest. Yet the character of Henry of Monmouth never appeared more sublimely than in these, the darkest days of his life. He was firm, he was cheerful, he was hopeful, he was prudent, he was kind, he was brave, he was patient. He shared the hardships of his men. He cheered the desponding. He went himself among the sick, and saw that they had every comfort possible. His generals were abashed when they heard his earnest voice exhorting to endurance and perseverance. His soldiers forgot their sufferings when they saw their beloved King exposing himself to every ill, and how heartily he sympathized with those who had followed him so faithfully. They were ready now to follow him to the death. Not a moment did he give to ease. He was constantly in their midst, ever ready for emergencies, ever watchful, ever devoted to his giant task. He ordered the march with deliberation and discipline, and gave out a constant hope of final success. The course of the march from Harfleur was northward, parallel with the coast. Without material disaster at the hands of the enemy Henry proceeded through Fecamp, Arques, and Criel. On the 12th of October, when he had been four days from Harfleur,

he reached the town of Eu, about ten miles southwest of the river Somme. Here he was impetuously attacked by some French troops who had arrived before him, but they were signally routed without great effort. The inhabitants of the town, terrified, supplied Henry's army with provisions, and for the first time in their march they were really refreshed. Here the news reached him that the main army of the French, under Charles and the Dauphin, were not far off, and that they would be able to encounter him before many days. Without further delay, he proceeded northward to the mouth of the river Somme. Blanche Tache was the spot where Edward the Third had crossed the stream just before the memorable battle of Crecy. Henry attempted to repeat the experiment at the same place. But a guard had already occupied the ford, and the river below had been obstructed by staves and spikes fastened in its bed. Matters were becoming very bad. If he could not cross the river, all was lost. If the French came upon his rear, with the Somme in his front, the crown of England, as well as that of France, would be his ransom. By rapid and regular marches he kept the left bank of the river, and turned his army directly southwestward. As he came to the villages on the route, he gathered what provision was to be found, and, that the enemy might have no advantage, burned the hamlets as he retired. Everywhere the bridges had been destroyed, and the shoals were guarded by large forces. His scouts became more and more watchful as the suspense heightened, that due notice should be had of Charles's approach. At the bridge of St. Maxence he found thirty thousand men prepared to dispute his passage. With rare courage he resolved not to avoid

them, and ordered a prompt preparation to receive battle. His little army showed a bold front, and the French, confident that a safer opportunity for his destruction was at hand, declined to accept the menace. Finding that he was not to be attacked, Henry resumed his march, and the next day reached Amiens; thence he proceeded to Boves, where he again drew up for battle, this time also in vain. Two days after found him at Corbie, near the bend of the river. Here some French troops, assisted by the doubtful coöperation of a multitude of peasants, attacked the English. They were received with a steady front; the English did not flinch a step. With apparent ease they constrained the French to retire in disorder, and to a distance safe for both adversaries. The soldiers showed a disposition to sack the town, but Henry promptly quelled the spirit, and maintained rigorously the discipline of his ranks. The exertions of the King became more and more earnest as the crisis approached.

From Corbie he proceeded rapidly southward, and on the 18th reached Nesle, about six miles south of the river. Here the army was quartered in and about the neighboring farm houses. Henry summoned the inhabitants to redeem their property by bringing in provisions; but this they sullenly refused to do, and their houses were therefore ordered to be burned. The order was, however, revoked on the morning of the 19th, when the King received from his scouts the joyful intelligence that a ford had at last been discovered, where it was possible for the army to pass the river. The French had proceeded steadily up the right bank, opposite to Henry's course, with the intention of fatiguing him. A detachment sent to his assistance by the governor of Calais, who had learned

his straits, was captured by this manœuvre. The efforts of the enemy, however, were vainly matched against the vigilance and daring of the warrior-king. An advanced guard was despatched to Voyenne, the place indicated by the scouts, to make soundings and reconnoitre, that the safety of the project might be determined. The main army at once followed in their path. A marsh ran parallel with the river at a little distance beyond Nesle, which made it dangerous for Henry to enter the plain between; for had the French known his movements, they could have driven him into an angle formed by the river and the swamp, and his defeat and capture would have been certain. This danger was avoided, through the culpable want of vigilance in the enemy, and the English reached the borders of the Somme in safety. Henry found two fordable places. After sending across a body of lancers to cover the passage of the forces, he ordered the irregularities of the bed to be filled up with beams and other rubbish, so that three abreast might pass over with ease. The baggage passed over one of the fords, and the soldiers over the other. The King himself stood at one end of the latter ford, and personally attended to the order and method of the passage; while at the other end the same task was performed by Clarence. When a part had crossed, they tore up buildings, and used the fragments to construct a bridge, on which the remainder went over. In the midst of the passage, a body of French cavalry came within a short distance. The English lines formed rapidly, and before any damage could be done, were ready to resist an attack. The enemy were evidently taken aback at the discipline and fearlessness which marked the action of the English, and retired without a demonstration. It took

the whole army about six hours to ford the Somme. One great anxiety was now relieved, for the greatest obstacle to reaching Calais had seemed to be the river. The troops felt in good spirits, and Henry took good care to cheer them with encouraging words. But there was yet a serious danger to be apprehended from the advancing forces of the French King. They were almost as near Calais as were the English, and possessed many facilities for rapid progress which the pursued army did not.

On Sunday, October 20th, Henry resumed his march, proceeding directly northward on the left bank of the river, and the same day reached Athies. Before he left this point, three heralds, sent by the Dukes of Bourbon and Orleans, sought audience with the King. When they were conducted into his presence by the Duke of York, and he had given them leave to speak, they announced themselves to have come from the French headquarters; declared in the name of the French King, that, as Henry's design was known to be to subjugate the kingdom, it had been determined to give him battle, in punishment of his presumption, and as a vengeance upon his injuries. Henry, with his habitual calmness and dignity, replied: "All will be done according to the will of God." One of the heralds then asked him "by what route he proposed to go." The King said promptly, "I shall go straight to Calais; and if my enemies attempt to prevent me it will be at their peril. I shall not seek them. But the fear of them will not induce me to deviate from my route, nor will the sight of them quicken my pace. I do therefore advise your army not to interrupt my march, or to seek the spilling of Christian blood." With this the French heralds were dismissed, with

the customary presents, to their own headquarters. No sooner had they gone, than Henry gave orders that immediate preparations for battle should be made. He commanded that the whole army should assume their tabards, and should be formed in battle array. The King himself went out and addressed them with an eloquence and tenderness which those who were present declare to have been wonderful. He impressed them with the solemnity of the hour, proposed himself to lead them into the conflict, and exhorted them to sustain their valor of his sake and for England's. His surprise and relief was great, when on going from his tent the next morning no enemy appeared in view. He continued northward in the direction of Calais at a prompt but not hasty pace, and seemed confident of his ability to reach his destination with as little molestation as if no French army was nearer than Paris. He was subject, all along the route, to annoyance from hostile cavalry prowling about his flank and rear, but they never dared to risk an action.

He proceeded without disaster to Albert, Forceville, and Bonniere. On the 23d of October, he reached the lower bank of 'the river Canche at Frevent, which he crossed with ease, it being a small stream. Yet even the delay of crossing so insignificant a ford was more than dangerous. Not a moment was to be lost. Every hour added to the probability of a terrific crisis. From Frevent he marched in one day to Blangi, on the river Ternoise, "the river of Swords." Rumors now thickened and became confirmed into facts, that the enemy was near at hand. Scouts came in hourly with accounts of thousands seen at different points. The river Ternoise was said to be guarded by an immense force. There was doubt

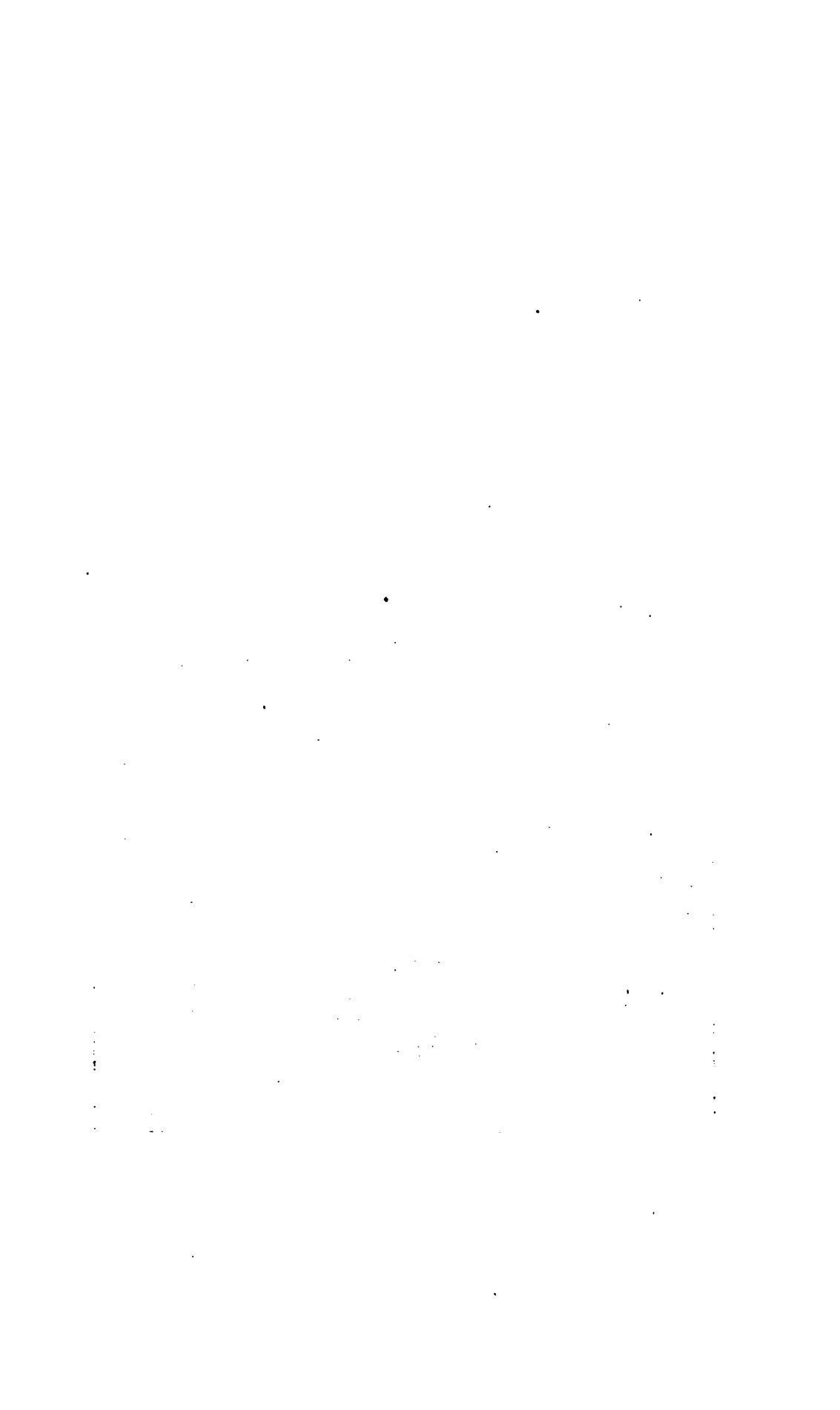
whether the English would be able to pass the bridge. Henry sent out an advanced guard, who reported, to his joy, that it was possible to cross. The army passed over with rapidity, and yet in admirable order. They ascended a hill on the right bank, drawn up for a battle at any moment. A scout rushed up, breathless, to the Duke of York, and announced that the enemy in great numbers were rapidly approaching.

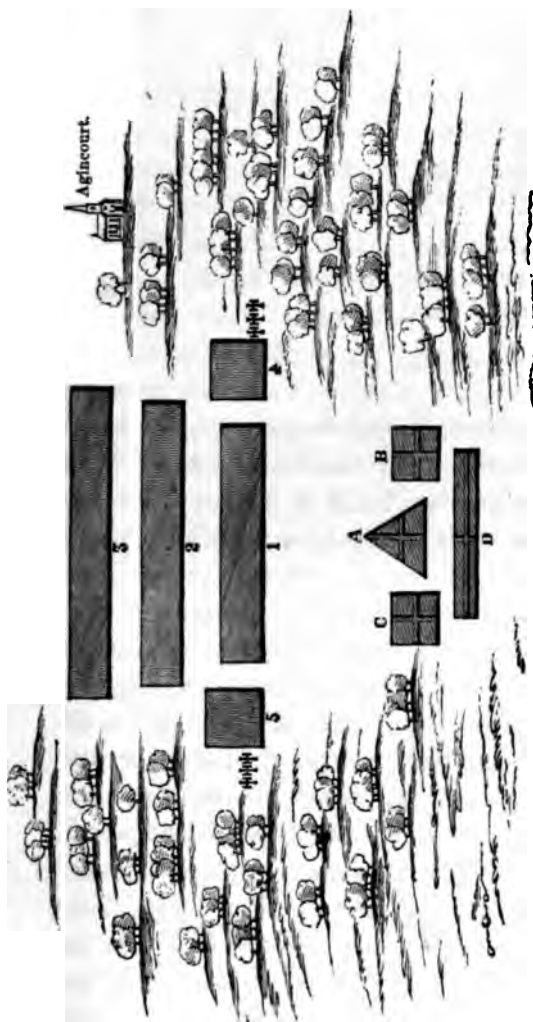
It is necessary to return briefly to the French camp, and see how they reached the field of the memorable action which it is our province to narrate in the next chapter. It has been seen that the listlessness of the French court had at last been thrown aside, and its wretched divisions for a time healed, when the invasion of Henry had startled them into a fear for the safety of the throne. It had been too late to save Harfleur; it had been too late to prevent the invader from setting his heel upon a large tract of Charles's dominions; it would soon be too late to hold the French crown. The feeble mind of the King seems to have been aroused at last, and the Dauphin, with all the fire of youth, urged prompt and vigorous measures. Orleans and Burgundy were summoned to forget their mutual hatred, and to join their hostile arms in a cause dear to every vassal of France; and they obeyed with admirable alacrity so touching an appeal. Both sent their forces to the royal standard; Orleans commanding his men in person, and Burgundy promising soon to follow. But John the Fearless was too cunning to keep his promise. He reserved himself for events. On the 12th of October, King Charles, whom the excitement of the occasion had restored to temporary soundness, reached his faithful city of Rouen, whither the Dauphin with his command had

already arrived. There, too, he found Marshal Boucicault (who had been operating without success in Normandy), the Admiral, the Count de Vendôme, and a large number of the nobility and generals. Recruiting meantime was going steadily forward. When the principal advisers and warriors of the King had gathered together at Rouen, a council of war was held. This was on the 20th of October. There were present the Duke of Anjou, titular King of Sicily, the Dukes of Brittany and Berri, the Count of Ponthieu, Charles's youngest son, and the Chancellors of France and of Aquitaine. Happily there was harmony of action in the council. By a vote of thirty to five, it was resolved that the English should be forced to a battle without delay. The Constable instantly set to work to collect the greatest possible force. Every man, noble or common, was inspired by one spirit, when summoned to repel the invaders of France. The call for men met an immediate and enthusiastic response. Troops came flocking in with astonishing rapidity, and in no long time the French army was more than competent to do its work. A part of the forces had already gone to harass the English, and had marched to Corbie, Peronne, and beyond the Somme in Henry's wake. The remainder made all haste to join them, going as each legion organized. The Dauphin, ardent and impatient, resolved to take a command himself; and it was only by the most earnest appeals from Anjou and Berri, that he was induced to forego the design. The Count of Charolois, Burgundy's heir, was so fixed in his determination to go, that it was necessary to restrain his impetuosity by force, and he was fain to find relief from his disappointment in a flood of tears. The French army, as

we have seen, having reached the Somme *en masse*, were extended in their lines far enough to worry Henry along its banks, but refrained from battle until they could unite somewhere and make the conflict a decisive one.

The two armies, at the time we have reached, were at last in a position to give and receive battle. It is to be observed that Henry had occupied, in the march from Harfleur to Maisoncelles, where he was posted, about sixteen days; that every hardship incident to war in a hostile country and in an unhealthy climate had been visited upon him; that, beneath the pressure of so many distresses, his army had dwindled with appalling swiftness; that, notwithstanding, the courage of the heroic monarch had never once waned, but that his fine temper and sunny disposition had triumphed over every ill; that the army had caught his lofty spirit of endurance and hopefulness, and were sustained by their devotion to him, and their stubborn resistance to discouragement; and that, united by harmonious counsels, reliant upon the fidelity of his soldiers, vigilant to make every preparation, constant in religious devotion, and undismayed by the proud front of his adversary, Henry awaited with serenity and confidence the dread encounter which could no longer be postponed.





ENGLISH ARMY.

- A. Archers.
- B. Advanced Guard, as right wing; under the Duke of York.
- C. Rear Guard, as left wing; under the Lord Camoy.
- D. Main Body, under Henry in person.

FRENCH ARMY.

- 1. Advanced Guard.
- 2. Main Body.
- 3. Rear Guard.
- 4. Wings.
- 5. Artillery.



Baggage.

POSITION OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARMIES, ON THE MORNING OF THE 25TH OF OCTOBER, 1414.



CHAPTER VIII

"This day is called the feast of Crispian,
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian."

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

It is a remarkable fact that the most memorable victories of the English over the French, have been gained by turning at bay upon a closely pursuing army. It has been when no resource was left but to face the enemy with an inferior force, that the choicest laurels have rewarded English valor. So Edward the Third, making all haste to retire, received the impetuous onset of Philip of Valois, and won Crecy; so Henry the Fifth rushed headlong upon the legions of the Constable D'Albret, and achieved that great triumph which is about to be recorded; so, in a manner, Wellington planted himself against Napoleon in his exultant march at Waterloo. No situation could call for a greater effort of military genius. The commander who, at last, is brought to bay, has but one advantage—the advantage of desperation. With an inferior force, with despondency in his ranks, on an unfamiliar soil, amid a hostile people, in presence of a larger and confident army, having no choice of ground, in want of provisions, arms, and clothing, where de-

lay was dangerous, and attack almost destruction, we cannot imagine a more favorable occasion on which to exhibit, if it exists, the rare powers of a truly great general. We have followed Henry the Fifth on that dreary and desperate march which he made from Harfleur toward Calais. We have seen him oppressed by every distress to which an army can be exposed—to famine, to disease, to hostile menace and pursuit, to fatigue, to cold, to despondency, to daily loss of men, to the obstructions of nature, to constant danger of surprise and consequent ruin. We at last find him safely over the Ternoise. Here he confronts his enemy. This is to be the last and greatest trial. There is no avoiding the crisis. There is no middle fate between entire success and entire destruction. The adversary has girded up his loins with his strongest buckler; he has been roused to his highest pitch of indignation; he has waited and repressed his spirit of vengeance, until vengeance now seems certain, until the end of the flying invader seems at hand. All the hate of France because of hereditary grudges, because of fields devastated, towns sacked, posts occupied, royalty insulted, internal faction taken advantage of, arrogant boasts, and, so far, the steady success of the invader, all the hate of France for these things is centred in that dread host, which “fills the field as with an innumerable host of locusts,” and which puts a human wall between the retreating army and their haven of safety. At the head of this angry mass stand the stalwart nobility of France; vassals who have defied their king; warriors, whom the shock of a hundred battles has not moved. Their armor glistens fresh from the artificer’s hand; their lances are keen of edge; their guns are newly bored; their shields are

yet unscarred by the hostile onset. Their camps abound in food and warm clothing. They have the cause of their country; vengeance is theirs to visit upon the aggressor. They are confident in their cause, and in their strength.

Henry had scarcely seen the last of his battalions across the river, when a scout, who had reconnoitred beyond the lines, came breathless to the Duke of York, and announced that the enemy were in view, in full force, at a short distance off. York at once gave the intelligence to the King. Henry promptly rode forward to a hillock, and found that the report was indeed true. There they were, swarming over the hills and plains, their banners flying, their trumpets sounding, and their artillery rumbling over the yielding ground. With an unruffled countenance the King returned to his main body, deliberately ordered his soldiers to be in readiness for battle, and addressed them so calmly and cheerfully that confidence took possession of every breast. The army with one accord leapt from their horses, and, prostrating themselves upon the ground, appealed to the Almighty that he would protect and save them. The priests went about, exhorting them to prayer, and urging them to put themselves with confidence into the hands of God. It was now dusk, on the evening of the 24th of October. The French, having reached some orchards below the village of Agincourt, were evidently not disposed to risk a fight so late. The English, therefore, had the night in which to prepare themselves for the crisis. Sir Walter Hungerford, in presence of Henry, wished that he had brought with him but ten thousand more archers; but the King, turning suddenly upon him, said: "Now, in the Lord's name, I would not have one

man more. The number we have is that which He has willed; these folks place their confidence in their multitude, and I in Him who so often gave victory to Judas Maccabæus." No word fell from the hero's lips but those of cheerfulness and confidence. He led his little army to a small elevation near Maisoncelles, between which and the French position there was a valley; having first dismissed what prisoners he had, with the parole promise that they should report themselves at Calais.

As night advanced, the soldiers set lustily about their preparations for the morrow. The rain began to fall, and the ground throughout the country was soon soaked and slippery. The banners were furled and covered. The archers put fresh strings to their bows, the swords and lances were carefully burnished, the armor was supplied with new rivets, the emblazoned frocks were carefully put in dry places, straw was laid about upon which to rest, the baggage was piled up in the rear, and stakes were prepared to oppose the onset of the hostile cavalry. As for Henry himself, he took up his quarters in a small hut at Maisoncelles; but he did not think of rest until every thing was in readiness. The work done that night was done with a will. No noise issued from that solemn camp. Every thing was said in whispers, every thing was done quickly and quietly. When all the preparations had been made, the soldiers devoted themselves to confession and prayer. The priests were everywhere active in their sacred offices, granting absolutions, cheering the sinking hearts, leading in the supplications to the Divinity. Meanwhile the cold storm raged, and wet through and through the devoted troops. The young King appeared in all parts

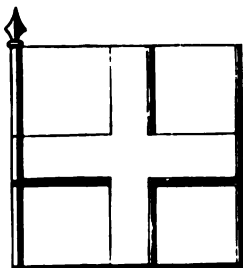
of his camp, and the sight of his intrepid face and cheerful step inspired his men with courage and hope. His commands were prompt and peremptory; there must be no noise and no delay. Thus passed the memorable night before Agincourt, in the English camp. The French employed themselves far differently. They were only about a mile distant, and their shouts and movements could be distinctly heard. Blazing fires were kindled to keep off the chill of the rain, which also lit up their camp to the view of their adversaries. There was a constant rushing to and fro, voices loud in anger and command, trumpets blasting, groups of men drinking and gambling, officers quarrelling, wine flowing freely, laughter and song, and boasting and yelling, through the long night. There was no order in the ranks; the generals, confident of their triumph, were careless in the preservation of discipline, and longed for the morrow, that their prowess might deal the fatal blow. The noblemen played at dice for the prisoners which they expected to take. The universal idea in the French camp was, that victory was sure, and that they could afford to avoid the tedious preparation for a doubtful conflict.

During the night the Constable D'Albret arrived at headquarters, and sought to restore order; but so violent were the jealousies of his generals, some of whom were princes of the blood royal, that his attempts were attended with but poor success.

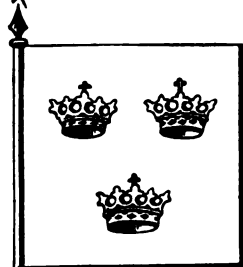
About midnight Henry sent a small force to reconnoitre the ground between the armies, that he might know where to place his own. Not long after, the Count de Richemont, by order of Orleans, approached the English camp at the head of two thousand men, with the supposed design of surprising

them. Henry at once put his troops in order of battle, and after a short skirmish Richemont retired to the French lines.

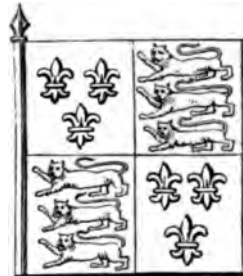
The two forces which confronted one another on the field of Agincourt are very differently estimated by the English and French contemporary writers. Sir William Bardolph states that the French had over one hundred and fifty thousand, whilst Otterbourne makes the number sixty thousand. Of the French chroniclers, Monstrelet says with Bardolph; St. Remy puts the number at only fifty thousand. The best judgment that can now be given in the presence of testimony so conflicting, is, that there were at least sixty thousand, probably more. The French army was divided into a van guard, a main body, a rear guard, and two wings. The van guard was commanded by the Constable of France, D'Albret, who was also General-in-Chief. It was composed entirely of infantry, divided into eight thousand bacinets, knights, and esquires, four thousand archers, and fifteen hundred crossbowmen. The latter corps was arranged in the rear of the men-at-arms, and embraced the flower of the French chivalry. The Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, princes of the blood, the Counts D'Eu and Richemont, Marshal Boucicault, commanding the bows, Dampierre, Admiral of France, and other nobles of renown held their commands in the van guard. The main body, immediately at the rear of the van guard, was commanded by the Duke de Bar, and under him the Counts of Nevers, Vaudemont, Blamont, Salines, Grandpré, and Roussi. There were about the same number of infantry in this body as in the van. The rear guard, consisting likewise of infantry, were led by the Count de Marle, having as his lieutenants the Counts of Damp-



St. George.



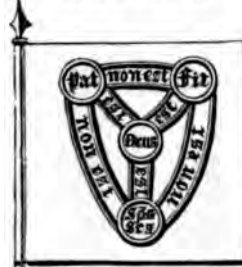
St. Edmund.



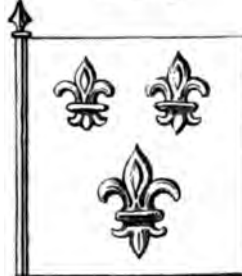
King Henry V.



St. Edward.



Trinity.



France.



Oriflamme.

BANNERS BORNE AT THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

martin, Fauquembergh, and the Baron de Lonroy. The number of this grand division is not definitely stated.

The Count de Vendôme commanded the right wing, which was composed of sixteen hundred men-at-arms, and was designed to turn the English flank. Sir Clignet de Brabant and Louis Duc de Bourbon divided the command of the left wing, which was supplied by picked men-at-arms, mounted for cavalry service.

The English army, according to the most trustworthy writers, could not have amounted to much more than six thousand fighting men. The archers, under Sir Thomas Erpingham, steward of the royal household, were stationed at the immediate front, facing the van guard of the enemy. The main body, composed of men-at-arms, King Henry himself proposed to lead. The proper van guard it was necessary to use as a wing, on account of the smallness of numbers, and so was posted on the right, a little back of the archers. This division was intrusted, by his request, to the Duke of York. The rear guard, under Lord Camoys, likewise served as a wing, on the left. Among the lieutenants were the Duke of Gloucester, younger brother of the King; the Earl Marshal of England, John, Earl of Nottingham; the Earls of Oxford, March, Salisbury, Huntingdon, and Suffolk; Lords Fitzhugh, Talbot of Furnival, Ros, Clifford, Scroop of Bolton, Maltravers, Harrington, and Ferrers of Chartley, and scions of the illustrious houses of Courtenay, Shirley, Talbot, Hastings, Grey, Ashton, Berkeley, Percy, De La Pole, Stanley, and Legh. Seldom has an expedition boasted so distinguished a roll of names. It may be said truly that the flower of both nations were collected upon that memorable field.

The archers, under Erpingham, were drawn up in the front centre in the shape of a wedge, with its edge toward the enemy. They wore but slight armor, having loose jackets and hose, that their use of the bow might not be constrained. From their girdles hung hatchets and swords. "Many," says Nicholas, "were barefooted and without hats, whilst others had caps of thick leather crossed with iron." The baggage and feeble-bodied were placed in the rear of the rear guard; a small guard was left to protect them, and here, too, were stationed the priests, who continually offered prayers for the safety of the army. The English were so drawn up that their flanks were well covered by hedges and brushwood, which made it impossible that they should be surrounded, unless they could be divided in the centre. Toward the French army the field widened, and a similar protection was not afforded them. The standards borne by the opposing forces were conspicuous in the array. The English carried the banner of St. George, having a red St. George's cross upon a white field; the banner of St. Edward, with a yellow cross upon an azure field, having four martlets between the limbs, and one beneath; the banner of the Trinity, "an orle and pall argent, inscribed with the Trinity and Unity;" the banner of St. Edmund, with three crowns upon an azure field; and the royal banner of King Henry the Fifth, with the arms of France, three *fleurs-de-lis*, on an azure field, and the arms of England, three lions rampant on a crimson field, emblazoned quarterly. The French had but two standards, the Oriflamme, or battle flag, a long red banner with flying ends; and the royal banner of France, three *fleurs-de-lis* of gold, upon an azure field. Beside these were the countless standards of the various nobles, with their heraldic

arms emblazoned in every color, and with every illustration which it is possible to conjecture.

The King of England rose from a brief sleep, at daybreak, on the morning of the 25th, and heard three masses. He then put on his splendid *cote d'armes*, illuminated in gold and jewels with the symbols of English royalty. He wore upon his head an imperial crown, mounted upon a helmet, the rare magnificence of which attracted the attention of all who saw him and have handed down the account of the day. It glittered with precious gems, and its exquisite and intricate workmanship made it the wonder of every eye. His body was encased in a noble suit of armor, gold mounted and jewelled. His long sword swung by his side, and his shield, as elaborate as the rest of his accoutrement, was lifted upon his arm. He mounted a small, but spirited gray horse, and with his immediate suite passed rapidly through the camp, giving his orders in person. The troops were ordered to take their posts in battle array, upon a plain covered with young corn. This, it will be seen, was a great advantage, as the maze, trodden down by the multitude, kept them from the impediment of the mud, which had become thick during the rain of the previous night. On the other hand, the French had not so convenient a carpet, but were forced to manœuvre amid the annoyances of soft and slippery ground. When the different divisions had taken their position, Sir Thomas Erpingham with his archers at the centre, the Duke of York at the right, Lord Camoys at the left, and the main body at the back, the King rode along the lines in his glistening apparel, and cheered his soldiers for the last time. Then a long, but spirited address from Henry to his army was read at the head of the divi-

sions. It is a document of so much interest, that we cannot refrain from placing it before the reader.

“So it is, my valiant Englishmen! We must either conquer or die, for victory or death is all the present prospect! But death is the least you are to suffer, if you be not victorious. No; you are to expect lingering tortures, and the most vile, inhuman usage, from a barbarous enemy, who are so cruel that your lives cannot satiate their rage; but they have threatened to cut off the thumbs of every one of you, archers, that you may forever be disabled to draw a bow against them. We must, therefore, fight with a resolution undaunted and invincible. And why should we fear death, or be doubtful of victory, since God, who guards our lives, has given us courage to defend them, and will strengthen us to conquer?

“To Him I appeal—the Avenger of injustice! He knows what fair conditions of peace I have so often proposed, to prevent that effusion of blood which in a few hours will moisten this field of battle; and He knows with what haughty pride they have been rejected. He disdains the intolerable arrogance of our enemies, their presumption in the strength and number of their army, their horrid desires of revenge, which nothing will satisfy, but to see all this plain covered with our dead bodies; and He has determined to make use of our arms to confound them. He knows how the French violated the treaty made in Brittany, and usurped the dominions which belonged to the English Kings in France; and that we have made war, not for the proud glory of conquest, or to gratify ambition, but to recover the possessions of our ancestors, and our own just rights.

“Therefore, though I have great confidence in your

valor, yet that is the least part of my hopes—'tis the assistance of the Almighty which gives me the firmest assurance of victory. And that the same religious confidence may be excited in your souls, know that, by a remarkable working of Divine Providence, our enemies offer us battle on the day which has been appointed in England for the people to implore a blessing on our arms. Know that, while you are fighting, your fathers, your wives, and your children, with lifted eyes and hands, and bended knees, are supplicating the favor of Heaven for your safety and success. If I thought it necessary to raise your courage by examples, I might remind you of the victories of Poitiers and Crecy. They are not only your ancient enemies with whom you are to fight, but they are of the same nation whom your fathers have so often conquered. Nor be ye disheartened to see their battalions overspread all this field. A multitude there is, indeed—but few soldiers; they are a people gathered up in haste; and, excepting the men-at-arms, the rest are a confused crowd rather than an army. And though they are vastly superior to us in numbers, we shall let them see that we more exceed them in valor, the most important advantage in a battle. They are stronger in horses; but the riders are cowards, and want both the bravery and discipline of soldiers. You see I have chosen such ground that you cannot be surrounded by their numbers, nor overpowered by their cavalry. Proceed we, then, my brave countrymen, with confidence in God, and with all hopes that valiant men, resolved to conquer or die, may have in their arms. Let us charge them, in a firm persuasion of victory—victory! since all things presage such favorable success. If you are defeated, having no towns

nor cities, nor so much as a fortified camp to secure a retreat, and being exposed to all the rage of a provoked enemy, not one of you must think to return alive into England. But, if we are victorious, as by a noble fury sparkling in your eyes I know we shall, you will not only enrich yourselves with the spoils of their camp, where the wealth of so many nations is gathered to be a reward of the victor, but a kingdom to which I have an undoubted right, will be conquered; and England, for future ages, shall give laws to France.* This address was received by the whole army with the wildest enthusiasm; and they became impatient to be led on against the enemy. "Sire," they cried, as he passed along the lines, "Sire, we pray God to give you a good life, and victory over your enemies." An attack was not immediately made. The English did not wish to abandon their fine position on the corn. The French could with difficulty move over the mud. It was resolved, probably on the part of the French, to make a show of negotiation. Henry was informed that if he would relinquish his claim on the crown of France, and give up Harfleur, he should retain Guienne and his ancient fiefs in Picardy.† Those who made this proposal, knew well that they were safe in doing so. They did not mistake Henry's character. His reply was little less prompt and bold than that he had made when safe in England. "I will yield up my title on condition that the King of France will give me the Duchy of Guienne, and the five towns which appertain thereto, the County of Ponthieu, and the Princess Katharine with a dowry of eight hundred thousand crowns!" This was said

* Halliwell's Letters of the Kings of England.

† St. Remy.

in the presence of a confronting force of over fifty thousand, in the heart of a hostile country, and after a most disastrous march of eight days! The intrepid spirit of Henry was never so clearly proved. If his present situation could not make him shrink, certainly nothing could. Several other attempts at negotiation failed, and both parties at last came to the conclusion that nothing was left for them but to fight with desperation.

The King took his place in front of the main body on foot, with his royal banner held before him. To Sir Thomas Erpingham, Knight of the Garter, a venerable and distinguished soldier, was awarded the honor of leading the onset. The archers under his command were at the front. When Henry gave the word, the old soldier went rapidly up and down the battalion, and with a few hasty words told his faithful men that the time was come. Then throwing his truncheon high in air, he shouted in a stentorian voice, "Now strike!" and, leaping from his horse, he took his place near the King. The shout of the veteran was echoed by six thousand ringing voices, and the French quaked in their shoes at the dread sound. What was Henry's surprise when he found that the enemy did not move a step! The French were fairly transfixed by the mud. Those who sat upon horses, heavy with armor, were unable to stir. The struggle to wrench themselves from the cohesive soil was vain. "The place," says an old writer,* "was soft and cut up by the horses, so that it was with great difficulty they could drag their feet out of the ground. The French were so loaded with harness that they could not advance. They had long and very weighty coats of

* Lefebvre.

mail, hanging below the knees; below these they had leg harness, and above them plate harness, and moreover, helmets of proof. They were so much crowded together, that they could not lift their arms to strike an enemy, except some of them in the front." As it was approaching midday, Henry was impatient to fight while it was yet light. Not knowing the cause of the embarrassment to the French, he conjectured that they were waiting for more troops, or else that they designed to starve him into submission, by cutting off his escape. He quickly came to a decision. He would attack them without delay. He gave the order, "Banners advance!" The whole army, for an instant, fell flat upon the ground, uttered a word of prayer, and put a small piece of earth in their mouths, in token that they were but as dust in the sight of God. Rising, then, simultaneously to their feet, they advanced boldly and coolly in three lines toward the enemy, shouting lustily, their trumpets sounding, and the earth shaking with the quick and single tramp of thousands. The King's voice was heard cheering on his men, and his glittering sword flashed here and there as he in person directed the onset.

D'Albret no sooner saw the approaching column, than he exhorted his van for the last time to remember the insults to France, and crying "Montjoye!" commanded them forward to meet the attack. What a contrast those two armies must have presented! The French, in three great bodies, splendidly panoplied, thoroughly accoutred, armors rich in gold, gems, and enamel, banners of every color, horses arrayed with profuse adornment, heavy rolling artillery, men well fed and well shod, and confident, even arrogant—a noble spectacle, replete in all that could

make "the pomp and circumstance of war!" The English, on the other hand, ragged, half-stripped, half-famished, half-shoeless, having rude leather helmets, often only twisted willow upon their heads, their small arms worn anywhere, without regard to system, unwashed, wearied with desperate marching, their poor garments damp with the last night's soaking, their countenances solemn, but firm set, their souls intrepid and devout, their brave purpose marked by step, and face, and shout. Just as they got within reach of the enemy, a thick volley of arrows poured upon the lines of D'Albret. Cavalry and infantry fell before the showering missiles. The cavalry on each side essayed in vain to press upon the dauntless archers; again and again they retired with ranks thinned, and courage dampened. The French troops were so closely wedged together that there was neither ease of movement nor space to advance or fall back. The mud held the mass with distressing pertinacity; the guns would not move, the cavalry floundered about in inexplicable confusion. The bold Clignet de Brabant, Admiral of France, led on the mounted battalions repeatedly; each time they fell back with precipitation upon the men-at-arms, their horses maddened by the fire and the soft soil, and their men reeling from the saddle to be crushed to death beneath the pell-mell retreat of the disordered mass. Meanwhile the arrows came down thick and fast in all directions. Clignet made a desperate attempt to break the line of the archers; he advanced with eight hundred, he fell back with one hundred and fifty. The brushwood on Henry's flanks were natural barriers far more impenetrable than ranks of men. The Constable found too late that his numbers were an impediment rather than a

service, and that to surround Henry at his flanks was absolutely impossible. The English were steady, immovable. The French were crowded, confused, trodden down by their own horses, and off their guard. Sir William de Saveuse, with his battalion of cavalry, strove once more to break through the archers; whilst two squadrons sought on either side to reach the English rear. The archers planted their stakes before them; Saveuse was forced in a moment to retire, and fell, mortally wounded, as he turned. His gallant troop met with a terrible fate, their horses reared under the galling wounds, threw their riders and crushed them beneath their hoofs, and rushed head-long upon the van guard. The van guard, thrown out of position, fell back. The King of England was quick to see his advantage. Exposing his body with conspicuous valor, he in person led his men rapidly upon the French line, which, impeded by mud, a blazing sun in their eyes, disorder, plunging steeds, and confused commands, was striving to reform in battle array. For a moment, D'Albret rallied his division, divided into three battalions, and impetuously charged upon the advancing English. The struggle was quick, bitter, terrible; the English yielded for an instant to the overwhelming zeal of their adversaries. But they soon rallied. Issuing forth, with King Henry at their head, from behind their barricade of stakes, and casting away their bows and quivers, they rushed on, a compact and well-ordered line with their axes, ponderous swords, bills, lances, and leaded clubs. The royal general was at the head of the front rank, and cheered his men by repeated shouts. They soon reached the dense and deplorable confusion of men and beasts which now, alas! composed the van of the

French army. Then began a fearful conflict, the English dealing here and there blows each of which felled a man, and the French, mingled in disorder, striving to beat back their impetuous assailants. Right through the centre of the van the English cut their way, making a path crowded with men's and horses' bodies. By superhuman valor they reached the main body under the Duke of Bar. Here they were opposed by a more orderly and more obstinate resistance. The main body had not received the shock of their own cavalry. They were as well disposed as it was possible for them to be in a narrow plain, with the sun glaring in their eyes, and mud clinging to their thick soles. The slaughter became appalling. The English held their ground steadily, and every instant caused great damage to the French line. It was for some minutes an even conflict. But soon the confusion in the broken van guard reached the contesting line, and amid the crowding, jostling, want of system, and impediments arising from their very numbers, the main body likewise began to show signs of being worsted. King Henry exhibited a heroism which was conspicuous to both armies. Elmham says, that if he had been of the most humble rank, the extraordinary valor of his actions would have yielded him a greater renown than that of any other person. He had dismounted early in the fight, and he shared every danger of the field to which the meanest of his soldiers were exposed; fighting on foot, and not even deigning to disguise himself by casting off his royal apparel. His manly countenance, lit up with the ardor of martial excitement, was seen at all points in the line; and it is believed that he slew more Frenchmen than any other Englishman at Agincourt.

An interesting incident occurred just after the van guard of the French had been penetrated. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, younger brother of the King, was fighting valiantly at a little distance from his men, and, having upon him the rich garments which befitted the blood royal, was a conspicuous mark for the French knights. The Duke of Alençon, with several knights, rushed upon him and stabbed him in the stomach, so that he fell fainting to the ground, with his feet toward the French. The King happened to see his brother's danger, and came up with all haste to protect him. He rushed upon them with an impetuosity which surprised his opponents, and which made them stand back. As he stooped, however, to lift the senseless Gloucester, Alençon aimed a blow at his head which cleft his crown, and had nigh cost Henry his life. The royal guard now rushed up and were about to slay the King's assailant, when he threw up his arms, exclaiming, "I am the Duke of Alençon, and I yield myself to you." The King was about to grasp his hand, when a random blow struck the vanquished prince, and he fell dead at Henry's feet.

"It is related," says one writer,* "that the blow which struck off part of Henry's crown was given by one of a body of eighteen knights, belonging to the retinue of the Lord of Croy, led by Brunelet de Masinguehen, and Ganiot de Bournonville, who had sworn that they would force themselves sufficiently near to where the King of England fought to strike the royal diadem from his head, or that they would die in the attempt; a vow which was literally fulfilled,

* Sir Harris Nicholas.

for though one of them with his axe struck a point from his crown, they were all cut to pieces."

Gloucester was borne from the field, having emulated his royal brother in the valor of his conduct; but was not dangerously wounded, although placed *hors de combat* for the rest of the day. Desperate were the attempts of the French nobles to rally their legions. Some mounted their horses and rode frantically about urging them by every appeal to stand to their arms; others rushed pell-mell in the face of the foe, and sacrificed life in setting an example; others loudly proclaimed that France was lost, and cursed the cowardice of the faltering lines. "The Archbishop of Sens," says Michelet, "fought like a lion." Orleans and Bourbon exposed themselves on every side. D'Albret, who has malignantly been called a traitor, fell a victim to his rash impetuosity. The Duke Anthony of Brabant, a younger brother of John of Burgundy, ashamed that the head of his house should be absent at such a crisis, and resolved to redeem by his presence and worthy exploits the fair renown of his family, came hastily to the battle-field—burst a hole through his banner and thrust his head into it, in default of armor; rushed with a few knights into the very midst of the conflict; held for some time a much larger force at bay, and finally fell, pierced by a multitude of wounds, but fighting with wonderful tenacity to the very last. The fate of the brave Brabant sealed the doom of the main body. Two grand divisions of the French army were now vanquished. The cavalry corps, which had been stationed on either flank, had met their fate at the opening of the battle. The rear, under the Count de Marle, alone remained. This division came up gallantly as the forlorn hope. Marle

and Fauquembergh led them forward to the final charge with great gallantry and spirit. There were about six hundred on foot. For a little they held their ground nobly. They probably made greater havoc with the English than any division. But the confusion of the others spread to them at last; Henry kept his men up to the line with unflinching perseverance. The English were now in the height of their enthusiasm; their onset, still orderly, was irresistible. The rout, when it began, was terrible. Multitudes fell victims to the haste and terror of their own comrades. The contiguous woods swarmed with flying Frenchmen. The generals were taken captive by the dozen. "It was a piteous sight to see the great nobles who had there been slain, and who were already stark naked, like those who were born men of no account." Thus says one of the poor Frenchmen who saw his beloved officers thus stretched upon that fatal field. English hearts were not less touched. An English priest who was there says: "If this sight excited pity and compassion in us, who were strangers, and but passed through the country, how great was the sorrow for the native inhabitants. Oh, may the French nation come to peace and union with the English, and depart from its iniquities and its evil ways!"

From this we may infer that the battle had not ceased before the plundering began. It is not surprising that those poor, rude, worn soldiers should, in this hour of triumph, seek to repay themselves for their trials in the rewards of valor. As the rear guard began to fall back in disorder, a body of French gathered in the thicket, organized hastily, and with miserable temerity attacked the baggage at Henry's rear. So ill-advised an undertaking resulted as might have

been expected. Henry was alarmed. He thought naturally that it was the last game of the main army, and that they were seeking to flank and surround him. He made up his mind that there was to be a renewal of the general engagement. A very large quota of prisoners were in his hands, taken in the bustle and crowding which had ensued after the penetration of the two front lines of the French. If the French were reorganized, and should renew the attack, especially at his rear, the prisoners would join their comrades, and outnumbering by themselves the whole English force, the result would be certain and overwhelming ruin. There were some Gascons at the French rear who seemed to be collecting for another charge, and Henry conjectured that they were to co-operate with the assailants behind him. The necessity was nothing less than one of life or death. A victory had been won which had saved his army, which had shed upon him unparalleled glory, which would make him the master of his destiny. It was about to be lost, because of its very magnitude. That is, because he had so many prisoners. He and all his faithful men would fall victims to their own success. In this light the King thought quickly what he should do. We cannot blame the severity of his determination. Any general, however humane, would have done as he did. It was the cruelest necessity of war—the darkest of military exigencies. No less stringent dilemma could palliate the deed; but this dilemma, as it seems to us, would have palliated any deed. He ordered every man to put his prisoner to the sword. The order was not obeyed—not from over-humanity; the men wanted the rich ransoms, and death would cancel that tribute. There was no time to enforce the

obedience of the men. The King ordered an esquire to take two hundred archers and execute the dreadful mandate. Thereupon the prisoners were killed with all despatch. We cannot doubt that the gentle soul of Henry revolted at so dark a deed; even the French historians admit it to have been necessary, and blame alone those unwise warriors who caused it, by the attack on the English baggage. Nothing can be more severe than the denunciations they received from their own countrymen. All the epithets which men in that age used to express their indignation were poured out upon them. They paid dearly for their temerity. But few escaped the vengeance of the English. Those who were mounted reached the scattered remnants of their own army in safety; but those who had ventured on foot nearly all perished upon the spot of their designed assault.

A somewhat similar attack had been made, early in the engagement, by a crowd of peasants under Bournonville, upon the English baggage; and they had succeeded in kidnapping some horses, a sword, crown, and some jewels belonging to Henry. "The leaders of this affair," says Nicholas, "were severely punished and imprisoned a long time by the Duke of Burgundy, notwithstanding that they presented the sword, which was richly adorned, to his son, the Count of Charolois, to secure his protection." The contest, which began about noon, had raged with intensity for more than three hours. The impetuous valor and dogged pertinacity of both combatants are celebrated with enthusiasm by all the chroniclers who have preserved an account of that memorable day. The mere narrative of the battle testifies how many brave actions must have been performed, how obstinately the victory

must have been disputed. Of the prowess and activity of the King of England there is but one voice—all yield him the renown of having been the most conspicuous by reason less of his rank, than of his deeds of valor. He was preëminently the hero of the English side, as Brabant was of the French side. The slaughter of the French was terribly great. "When," says one of the chroniclers,* "some of the enemy's van were slain, those behind pressed over their bodies, so that the living fell over the dead, and others again falling on them, they were immediately put to death. In three places near Henry's banners, so large was the pile of corpses, and of those who were thrown upon them, that the English stood on the heaps, which exceeded a man's height, and butchered their adversaries below with their swords and axes." Upwards of ten thousand Frenchmen lay dead upon the field; of these, one hundred and twenty were nobles who had the dignity of heraldic banners. Seven princes were among the number; the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Nevers, the Commander-in-chief D'Albret, the Duke of Alençon, and the two Dukes de Bar. Among others who were slain were the lords Dampierre, Vaudemont, Marle, and Dampmartin, and the valiant Archbishop of Sens. The English killed amounted to about sixteen hundred;† a significant contrast with the fate of the French. The fearless Edward Duke of York fell, in the midst of the battle, mortally wounded. One narrator says that, being a heavy man, he was thrown from his horse and suffocated in the confusion; another account tells us that his helmet was beaten in upon his brain. The younger Earl of Suffolk, who had attained his dignity by his father's

* Chronicler A.

† St. Remy and Monstrelet.

death at Harfleur, was killed, while leading some men-at-arms on to the French main body. David Gamme, a Welshman, whose valor was repeatedly remarked during the day, also fell. He had served in the Welsh rebellion, but having quarrelled with Glendower, he had entered the English service. He had been the first to discover the presence of the French on the field of Agincourt. On being asked how many of the enemy there were, he is said to have answered with spirit, "Enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, enough to fly."

The principal knights lost to the English army were Sir Richard Kighley, Thomas Fitzhenry, and John de Peniton. The Duke of Gloucester as we have seen, was wounded in the midst of the battle, so as to be unable to resume his armor. The loss of the French predominated not more in the number and rank of their slain, than in the number and rank of those made captive. After the wholesale destruction of prisoners which had been ordered, there remained to Henry, at the conclusion of the battle, over fifteen hundred captives, and among them there were the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, Arthur Count of Richemont, Boucicault, Marshal of France, the Counts of Eu, Vendôme, and Richelieu, Harcourt, and Craon. This list comprehended the chief princes of the blood royal of France, excepting the Duke of Burgundy, who had, probably with design, stayed away from the field. The proud and confident nobles who had that morning longed for the night to come that they might celebrate the annihilation of the invader, who had exultantly put their full legions across his path, now either lay stretched in death amongst their meanest soldiers, or were reserved to wait upon the table of

their triumphant adversary. The best blood of France had flowed only to shed lustre upon English arms; the noblest chivalry of France had been destroyed to make the name of the English King doubly terrible to their countrymen. The arrogant claimant to the crown of the Valois could now flourish a victory in the face of the helpless Charles, and demand, with better grace, the hand of a royal princess in marriage.

The scattered and hopeless remnants of the French army made the best of their way through the woods and over the hills, out of the path of their conquerors. Philip, the eldest son of the Duke of Burgundy, caused the dead to be buried with as much decency as possible. The English engaged themselves in a like duty on their side of the field.

When the din of the battle had entirely ceased, and twilight approached, Henry, attended by a party of his principal nobility, walked over the field, and gave orders for clearing it of the weapons, wagons, and banners which were scattered about. He repeatedly stopped, and addressed himself to Heaven in prayers of thanksgiving. He personally gave commands that the wounded on both sides should receive proper care, and that those in extreme danger should have the privilege of confession and the sacrament, with extreme unction from the priests. As he was going over the plain, he saw Montjoye, the herald of France. Calling him to his side, he said: "It is not we who have done this slaughter, but God, for the sins of the French. To whom does this victory belong—to me, or to the King of the French?" "To you, Monseigneur," responded the herald. Then the King, turning, asked, "What castle is that yonder?" One near by said it was "Agincourt." "Then," said Henry,

speaking in a loud voice, "then, as all battles should bear the name of the fortress nearest to the scene of action, this shall forever be called 'THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.'" Thus the King spent the latter part of that memorable day, on which he achieved a fame surpassing even that of the Black Prince or Edward the Third; pondering on the scene with complacent satisfaction, and yet rather devout than exultant; preserving his equanimity and royal bearing, giving his orders with exactness and promptitude, and not forgetting, in the midst of his triumph, to refer his destiny to the hands of God.

As it grew dark and began to rain, the King returned on foot to Maisoncelles, which had been his headquarters before the battle, and whither many of the wounded had been carried. The Count of Richemont, who was a son of the English Queen-dowager Joan by her first husband, the Duke of Brittany, was found lying, nearly dead, under several corpses, covered with blood, and unconscious. The Duke of Orleans narrowly escaped suffocation from a similar situation. Many were found alive underneath the mounds of dead bodies piled up helter-skelter on the field. The remains of York and Suffolk were boiled, that they might be preserved for entombment in England.

Those of the English dead who were not buried were gathered into a barn and burned. The King's supper was prepared in the humble hut where he had rested on the previous night, and was composed of viands taken from the luxurious camp of the defeated army. Around his chair, in the capacity of attendants, stood Orleans, and Bourbon, and Boucicault, and Vendôme, his illustrious captives, who supplied his plate with that which was to have graced their own trium-

phal feast. This was a custom of the age, and Henry, with a delicacy which attracted the gratitude of the bitterest of his crestfallen foes, strove to render the humiliating service as slight as possible. He addressed them with cordial courtesy, and invited them to partake of the contents of the table. Thus wore away the evening which followed the most splendid victory, perhaps, of the post-crusade period.

When we compare the discrepancy of numbers, the weariness, raggedness, and half-famished condition of the English, with the freshness, comfort, and fully fed condition of the French, the hostility and strangeness of the country to the one, with its friendliness and familiarity to the other, the purpose of flight and escape which actuated the one, with the purpose of vengeance and annihilation which actuated the other; when we consider that the French chose and the English had to accept the ground upon which to fight; when we find generals of old renown pitted against a mere youth; when we see the whole chivalry and warlike enterprise of a nation brought upon its own soil against a meagre band of retreating foreigners; and when, with such terrible contrasts before us, we regard the issue, the steady and finally complete success of the weaker party, we may not fear that we are extravagant in viewing it as one of the most wonderful battles which any age has witnessed. To three coöperating causes the success of Agincourt is to be attributed: to the idea of desperation which animated the English, and made them throughout an unflinching unit in action; to the over confidence and therefore carelessness of the French; and to the masterly generalship of King Henry the Fifth. Had either of these three circumstances failed, defeat would have been certain. Had

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the French used a proper caution with their great superiority of numbers; had Henry faltered in his strategy or in his leadership; had the English been less certain of their fate if vanquished, every trace of the army which had started from Harfleur would have been obliterated by the angry host who sought to administer the vengeance of France. That both parties fought with sublime bravery, is certain. No battle was ever more resplendent with chivalrous incidents; no battle ever covered the flower of either nation with prouder laurels; no battle was ever more hardly won.

At the time of this his most glorious success, Henry was but twenty-seven years of age. He had been an apt scholar in the art of war. More than this, he was born to be a great general. Though he had been schooled in the conflicts with the Welsh, there is a marked difference between those campaigns and that which he had just concluded. The resources of genius had never been necessary to quell the rebellious Celts. He had had a competent and well-provided army on the western border, greatly outnumbering the enemy, and perfectly secure. But a situation can hardly be imagined which would suggest more difficulties to the mind of a commander than that in which Henry found himself at Agincourt. There every resource of mind was forced into action. It would have been a glorious achievement for Gustavus, for Frederick, for Turenne, for Napoleon, with as great disadvantages, to have conquered so superior a force. By the issue of Agincourt, Henry not only saved his army from destruction, and England from ignominy; he also ultimately secured the crown of France for his son, and compelled the proud barons of England's greatest rival to do homage to the Eng-

lish crown. The vicinity of the field of Crecy inspired him to emulate the renown of his great-grandfather, Edward the Third. He too had turned upon a close-pursuing and over-confident foe, and had forced his passage through the shattered ranks of a superior army. Agincourt is less than twenty miles northeast of Crecy, in the Department of the Straits of Calais. The battle of Agincourt was fought on Friday, the 25th of October, 1415.


Henry, after a consultation with Erpingham and other generals, determined to lose no time in reaching Calais, and crossing to England. His available force had been reduced to something less, probably, than four thousand men. The military strength of France, although it had met with a terrible blow, was yet very far from exhausted. For the time there was harmony of action between the Burgundians and the Armagnacs, who were ready to join arms against Henry. He could count no more upon internal dissension, for that had vanished before the common hatred of the English. Doubtless the Dauphin and John the Fearless were even now gathering together large armies to come against him, which it would be insane to meet, a contest with which would be certain ruin. The English, who had gone through severe trials, needed, above every thing, rest. They were not capable of another successful campaign until time had been given them to recruit their exhausted energies. It was wise, therefore, in the King to seek to make, for the present, no farther use of his great victory, than to pursue uninterrupted the march which had been obstructed by the defeated army. Soon after dawn on Saturday morning, Henry, leading his army, returned to the field of Agincourt on his way

to Calais. Many of the bodies were yet unburied, and some were found yet alive amid the heaps of corpses and utensils of war. The bodies which had not already been stripped of all their ornaments and clothing, now became the plunder of the victors. Monstrelet says that the English soldiers took their jewels and gold, but that the French peasantry in the neighborhood plundered them of their apparel. The most illustrious of the dead were withdrawn from the mass, and entombed at the Church of the Friars Minors in the neighboring town of Hesdin; some of the nobles were taken to their own families by faithful attendants, who had followed them to the war. Philip, Count of Charolois, the son and heir of John of Burgundy, ordered the rest of the corpses to be interred. He engaged the Abbot of Roussainville to superintend the mournful work. A plot of ground on the field of battle was measured off, trenches dug, and nearly six thousand men found there a grave in common. The Bishop of Guisnes consecrated the place, and it was surrounded carefully with a hedge, to preserve it from the depredations of wolves and dogs.* Meanwhile Henry was moving steadily toward Calais, which is about forty miles from Agincourt. The English took up the march in admirable order. Their prisoners were stationed between the vanguard and the main body. The brilliant *cotes d'armes* were no longer worn, but loose jackets, which made their motion easier. The King, as the others, was plainly dressed, often dismounting and marching by the side of his column for miles together. At one of the halting places, Henry, who was as delicate as possible in the treatment of his august prisoners, sent some bread

* Monstrelet, 232.

and wine to the Duke of Orleans, as a friendly compliment. The haughty young prince refused to taste of them. When Henry heard this, he came to him, and gently said to him, "Fair cousin, how are you?" "Well, my lord," was the reply. "Why, then, is it," asked the King, "that you will neither eat nor drink?" "Truly, sire, I have no inclination for food." "Noble cousin," said Henry, "be of good heart. I know that God gave me the victory over the French, not that I deserved it, but I fully believe that he wished to punish them; and if what I have heard be true, it is not to be wondered at, for never were there greater disorder, sensuality, and vices seen than now prevail in France, which is possible to hear described; and if God is provoked, no one can be astonished at it." The King took frequent opportunity to converse with Orleans, and at all times showed him a delicate and kindly courtesy, and a sympathy for the annoyances of his situation. At first Orleans was silent and moody; but the genial overtures of his captor soon melted him, and made him social and inclined to cheerfulness.

This Charles of Orleans was an interesting personage. Very unlike his father and grandfather, he had a gentle and amiable character, was sentimental, and was passionately fond of literature. He was, perhaps, the best lyrical poet of his age. Many of his songs are read by the French to this day with lively interest. His sequel may be as well told here. He was a prisoner twenty-five years in England. First confined in Windsor Castle, he was ere long transferred to Pontefract, where he continued until the English had ceased to covet the French crown. He was treated with that deference and liberality which was due to a royal prince, and he was supplied



with every luxury except that of liberty. The amusements afforded him there were principally hawking and doe hunting. But his most congenial pastime was in the composition of ballads, which, for their excellence, Michelet has not hesitated to compare with those of Beranger. "A Beranger somewhat weak, perhaps, but without bitterness, without vulgarity, always good-natured, amiable, graceful, with a gentle gayety that never exceeds a smile, and that smile is on the verge of tears. One would almost fancy that this is the reason why his pieces are so short; he often stops in time, feeling the tears coming into his eyes. If they come, they do not continue long; not longer than an April shower."* The poet prince beguiled away the weary hours of his confinement in such delightful musings. He had a most tender heart; he was perpetually in love. Innumerable were the *billets-doux* in rhyme which passed from Pontefract over the Channel, to favorite dames in his own land. Being a person of much beauty, young, tender-hearted, graceful, fanciful, melancholy, and imaginative, the young English ladies became fond of him, and envied their fair French rivals the little charming missives which were constantly on their way laden with pathetic verses. So highly, indeed, was he esteemed by the romantic maidens of Britain, that the tradition tells us they chose, in honor of Charles of Orleans and his mother Valentine, St. Valentine's day as their festival of love. It was with such a companion that Henry journeyed from Agincourt to Calais. He had as yet only known Orleans as a brave and chivalrous soldier, which qualities he possessed equally with the other captives. The Marshal Boucicault, another of his prison-

* Michelet's France, vol. ii., p. 443.

ers, was also a poet, it seems; although his fame in this direction does not approach that of the young Orleans.*

The march toward Calais proceeded without incident. There was neither hurry nor delay, but the army moved with regularity and ease toward their destination. At Guisnes, about ten miles below Calais, Henry paused with his suite and the most distinguished of his prisoners, while his army went on to the seaport. He was received by the commandant of Guisnes with ostentatious welcome, and the castle near the town was put at his service. There he sojourned until his men had reached Calais, and were established there. The wearied columns, with their burden and booty, were not received by the citizens of Calais with that generous welcome which they had hoped for. The prisoners, especially those who were wounded, were suffering miserably, and even the army provisions on the march had not been too plentiful. Besides, half the army were in rags. The citizens, not over-pleased that their own countrymen had sustained so ignominious a defeat, refused to admit the columns within the ramparts. It was with the greatest difficulty that the poor soldiers could procure food and clothing, at the most exorbitant prices. The trophies of war, the jewels and weapons and apparel which they had brought from the victorious field, were parted with for the bare necessities of life, at rates which prove alike their wretched condition and the ill-humor of the people of Calais. Intelligence of this inhospitable treatment soon reached the King at Guisnes. He at once ordered some transports to be hired, and when they were collected, he instructed his generals to em-

* Livre des faits du Maréchal Boucicault.

bark the army, and proceed to England. When the news reached the troops that they were so soon to see once more their beloved country, they were wild with joy. They knew that when they came once more among the mothers and wives of old England, their wants would be tenderly cared for, and their tales of victory would be listened to by hearts proud and full of happiness. The news of Agincourt had already spread rapidly through England, when the army disembarked upon her shores. The whole country was alive with the marvellous story that the gallant young Henry had defeated a force ten times his numbers. The tidings were being celebrated by holidays, fairs, great gatherings, and patriotic minstrelsy. The reception of the hardy veterans can be imagined. Everywhere they went ovations greeted them, their paths were strewn with flowers, choirs of maidens celebrated their renown, great feasts were spread before them in baronial halls, people flocked around them in curious and wondering crowds, and listened with mouths agape and eyes distant at their accounts of the never-to-be-forgotten field of Agincourt.

After the last transport had gone on its way, the King and his companions proceeded to Calais. He entered the town on the 29th of October, three weeks after his departure from Harfleur. He met with a far more agreeable reception than his soldiers had done. The principal citizens, with
* priests in their robes, went beyond the walls to meet him and escort him to the town. The women and children mingled the cry of "Welcome the King, our Sovereign Lord," with the "Te Deums" with which the priests filled the air. Within the town an ovation was given him, and he was everywhere hailed

as the Conqueror and the Victorious. He remained at Calais about twenty days, inspecting the defences, making plans for the future, and devoting a large portion of his time to pious ceremonies in the churches.

On the 16th day of November Henry crossed to Dover, arriving there late in the evening of that day. The brief voyage was then, as now, a rough one. On this day the sea was unusually turbulent, and the royal vessel plunged hither and thither without regard to its precious cargo. The King himself seems to have borne the passage with equanimity and a tranquil stomach; but there are amusing accounts of the distress which some of the French princes suffered from that very unprincely distemper, sea-sickness. They declared that their sufferings were greater than they had ever been in battle; and they were lost in wonder when they saw Henry as placid as always, and even enjoying the rollicking motion of the ship.

As we have said, the news of Agincourt reached England long before its hero put his foot upon her shores. At London it was received with every demonstration of rejoicing. The bells rang all over the city, and the churches were thrown open that the people might return thanks to the Almighty.* A procession, composed of priests, the mayor and aldermen, peers of the realm, persons of distinction, and Joan of Navarre, the Dowager of Henry the Fourth, went through the streets, which were close packed, from St. Paul's Cathedral to Westminster Abbey, where a grand Te Deum was performed. As soon as Parliament met, John Duke of Bedford, the Regent, went before them in person, and announced the victory in eloquent terms. When the King landed at Dover

* Harleian MS.

the people for miles around flocked in his path, and manifested their pride and loyalty by every conceivable method. Livius says that multitudes rushed into the sea as his ship approached the port, lifted him in their arms, and bore him in triumph to the land. He did not stop at Dover, being anxious to resume his sovereignty as soon as possible at London. When he came to Canterbury, the Primate with his clergy met him, and here, too, he received an ovation which, but that it was becoming common, must have gladdened his heart. Thence he proceeded to his favorite manor of Eltham, where he paused over night to recuperate for the fatigues which awaited him at the capital; for the people of his right loyal metropolis had prepared for him such a welcome as few kings have ever witnessed, and a pageant, the splendor of which language fails to convey a just idea. Sir Harris Nicholas has translated the account of a priest who was there and saw it, as doing more justice to the scene than the words of a modern writer could do. We shall follow his example, and, adopting his excellent translation, give the scene as it was painted by an eye-witness. King Henry set out from Eltham on the morning of Saturday, the 23d. When he reached Blackheath, near London, he found the Lord Mayor, corporation, and citizens of London "dressed in scarlet gowns, with red and white hoods, to the number of twenty thousand, all on horseback, arranged according to their companies (or guilds), the devices of which formed part of the ornaments of their apparel," waiting to escort him thither. He received their hearty congratulations, and in their company entered the city. Here begins the narrative of the old chronicler: * "On the

* Chronicler A.

top of a tower at the approach to London Bridge, stood a gigantic figure, holding an axe in his right hand, as the champion of the city; and in his left, as porter, the keys on a staff. At his right stood a female, not much less in size, wearing a scarlet mantle and ornaments, to personate his wife. Banners of the royal arms were placed on the turrets of this tower, and in front of it were the words "*Civitas Regis Justicie.*" As the procession advanced amid the sound of trumpets, clarions, and horns, nearer to the bridge, they found on each side a column in imitation of a tower, built of wood, and covered with linen cloth, painted like white marble and green jasper. At the summit of the right-hand column stood an antelope erect, having a shield with the royal arms suspended from his neck, and holding the sceptre in his right foot; and on the top of the other column was a lion erect, supporting in his right claws a staff, with a royal banner. Over the foot of the bridge, across the road, was raised a tower like the columns, in the middle of which, under a splendid pavilion, stood a beautiful image of St. George, armed excepting his head, which was adorned with a laurel wreath studded with pearls and precious stones, and behind his back was crimson tapestry, covered with shields of his arms. To the right hung his triumphant helmet, and on his left a shield of his arms. In his right hand he held the hilt of his sword with which he was girded, and in his left a roll which extended along the turrets, containing these words: "*Soli Deo honor et gloria;*" and in front of the tower: "*Fluminis impetus letificat civitatem Dei.*" From the awning and turrets were hung halberds bearing the King's arms. In an adjoining house behind the tower were several boys, representing the

angelic host, arrayed in white, with glittering wings, and wearing sprigs of laurel in their hair; who, on the King's approach, sang an English anthem, accompanied by organs." One of the songs is preserved in Percy's Reliques. We will give one or two verses :

"Then, forsooth, that Knight comely
In Agincourt field he fought manly,
Through grace of God most mighty,
He had both the field and the victory.

"Their Dukes and Earls, Lord and Baron,
Were taken, and slain, and that well soon,
And some were led into London
With joy and mirth and great renown.

"Now gracious Lord, he saves our King,
His people, and all his well willing,
Gives him good life, and good ending,
That we with mirth might safely sing
Deo gratias."

"The tower," continues the chronicler, "of the conduit in Cornhill was covered with crimson cloth, spread like a tent on poles. Around the middle of the tower were the arms of Saints George, Edward, Edmund, and of England, in four places, with intermediate escutcheons of the royal arms, among which this inscription was inserted, 'Quoniam Rex sperat in Domino et in misericordia altissimi non commovebitur.' Higher, on the turrets, were the arms of the royal family on halberds. Under the pavilion stood a company of prophets, dressed in coats and mantles of gold, having their heads covered with gold and crimson, who when Henry passed, set a host of sparrows and other small birds at liberty, as a sacrifice agreeable to God, in return for the victory; some of which alighted on his breast, some rested on his shoulders, and some fluttered about him. The prophets then sang, bowing to the ground,

the psalm, 'Cantate Domino,' etc. The cavalcade advanced to the conduit at the entrance of Cheap street, which was hung with green, with escutcheons of the arms of the city; and the turrets were ornamented with halberds bearing arms, which projected as in other places. Under the covering were twelve venerable men, on whose foreheads were written the names of the apostles, together with the twelve kings, martyrs, and confessors of the succession of England, having girdles of gold, sceptres in their hands, and crowns on their heads, who chaunted at the King's approach, and threw upon him round leaves of silver mixed with thin wafers; wine, at the same time, running out of pipes from the conduit, 'that they might,' it is said, 'receive him with bread and wine, as Melchisedec received Abraham, returning victoriously from the slaughter of the four kings.' On arriving at the cross of the Cheap, a castle appeared instead of the cross, constructed of wood with equal ingenuity and elegance, and beautifully ornamented with towers, columns, and bastions; having arches on both sides, almost as high as a spear and a half, each of which at one extremity supported the castle, and at the other extending over the street, seemed to form part of the neighboring buildings, under which the people rode, as through two gates. On the fronts of these gates on each side, was written, 'Gloriosa dicta sunt de te civitas Dei.' It was covered with a linen awning painted like white marble, and green and crimson jasper, to represent polished stones. The arms of St. George adorned the summit of the castle and the lower tower; on one part were the King's arms; on the other, the Emperor's, on halberds; and the lower turrets had the arms of the royal family, and of the

great peers of the realm. From the middle of this castle toward the King, a handsome portal projected, from which was extended a wooden bridge reaching from the ground to the height of a man's waist, for the purpose of viewing the pageant, covered with tapestry; posts and barriers being planted on each side, for avoiding the pressure of the people. Upon this bridge a chorus of beautiful virgins, elegantly attired in white, proceeded out of the castle to meet the King, singing, with timbrel and dance, as to another David coming from the slaughter of Goliath, this song of congratulation, 'Welcome Henry the Fifth, King of England *and of France*.' From the top to the bottom of the castle, in the towers, bastions, and columns, were numerous boys, to represent the arch-angelic and angelic host, in white apparel and feathers, their hair studded with gems, who dropped golden coin and boughs of laurel upon the head of the King as he passed beneath; singing to the honor of God with organs, 'Te Deum laudamus.' Having reached the tower of the conduit of Cheap toward St. Paul's, they found that tower surrounded by many artificial pavilions, in each of which was a beautiful virgin standing like an image, crowned with laurel, wearing a girdle of gold, and having a golden cup in her hand, from which they gently blew round leaves of gold upon the King's head as he passed. This tower was covered with a canopy of the color of the sky, with clouds artfully interwoven, the summit of which was ornamented by the image of an archangel, of lucid gold, variegated with other brilliant colors, and each of the four posts which supported the canopy was borne by an angel. Beneath on a throne was a majestic representation of the sun, whose shining rays

glittered with the utmost splendor, round which angels chanted sweetly with all kinds of music.

“ Besides the crowd in the standing places and in the streets, and the multitude of both sexes looking out of windows all the way from the bridge, so great was the pressure in Cheap from one end to the other, that the horsemen could scarcely ride through it. The lattices and windows on both sides were filled with the noblest ladies of the realm, and with men of distinction, elegantly dressed in gold, fine linen, and crimson, forming so brilliant an assemblage that it was considered a spectacle of such splendor was never before seen in London. The sides of the houses and other buildings were lined with tapestry, on which were representations of the achievements of the heroes of antiquity, as well as of those of the kings of England. When the procession arrived at St. Paul's Henry dismounted, and being received by fourteen Bishops in pontificals, he entered the church. Advancing to the high altar, he made his offering, after which ‘Te Deum’ was sung with great solemnity. They then proceeded in the same order to Westminster, in which church the King again performed his devotions, and then entered his palace there, when the citizens returned to their homes.”

Thus concludes this clear description of the pageant which celebrated the victorious return of Henry from Agincourt. We seem to see every thing which the quaint chronicler depicts, and we become familiar with the unique devices to which that age resorted in their festivities. Thus magnificently was Henry welcomed to his capital. Doubtless, as the chronicler says, no spectacle had ever been witnessed in the metropolis comparable to it. Even the return of Edward from

Crecy, and of the Black Prince, with the captive King of France in his train, did not equal it. The procession was five hours passing from London Bridge to Westminster. Probably not less than fifty thousand persons witnessed it. Henry himself rode in the midst, bearing himself modestly and calmly, and with a countenance benign and cheerful. His apparel was a model of simplicity. He wore an unostentatious purple robe, with a small coronet upon his brow. The Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, the Counts of Eu, Vendôme, Richemont, and Richelieu, and the Marshal Boucicault, escorted by a guard, went in the rear of the royal train; but there was no ostentation in obtruding their humiliation, and the people were magnanimous enough to forbear from undue exultation as they passed. Henry forbade his officers to display his helmet and armor, bruised in the exertion of battle; neither would he permit the minstrels to sing peans of praise to him, as, he said, "God hath won the victory." Throughout the pageant the King maintained the placid and amiable dignity with which he had always appeared on public occasions since his accession to the throne. The noblemen and great officers of state who attended him, formed a striking contrast to their sovereign both in dress and manner. They glittered with jewels, ermine, and gold; the heroes of the battle were arrayed in their war equipments, and beside them their squires bore the trophies which each had brought away to commemorate his prowess. Their steeds were splendidly caparisoned, and pranced gayly about with their stately riders, as if they, too, mingled in the universal joy.

The Dowager Queen Joan, whose son by her first husband, the Count of Richemont, was one of the

prisoners taken by Henry at Agincourt, when he was brought to London in the royal train, requested permission to see him. The request was granted. When the young Count was about to come to her apartment, she placed one of her ladies-in-waiting in her seat, and took her position with the other attendants. Richemont advanced to the supposed Queen, and addressed her as if she were his mother. The deception was kept up for some time, when the occupant of the royal chair told him to salute the other ladies. When he came before his mother, who was standing among the rest, she could no longer restrain her natural emotions, but throwing herself upon him, and bursting into tears, cried out, "Unhappy son, do you not know me?" He embraced her tenderly, and a few moments were spent in endearments and conversation. Then Joan dismissed her son, with a thousand nobles to supply his necessities, and those of his companions in captivity.

On the 24th the civic authorities of London brought to the King as a present, two large vases filled with gold. This was no usual mark of affection. Several days afterward the brave Duke of York was interred with much state at Fotheringay, in Northamptonshire, his obsequies having been celebrated at the Cathedral of St. Paul's. The Earl of Suffolk was honored by a similar ostentation of burial.

Among Henry's first acts after resuming the reins of government, were his endeavors to reward those who had aided him to gain the great victory. He ordered a full and prompt payment of their wages to be made to the soldiers, from the 8th of July up to the eighth day after his return to Dover. He caused a roll to be made out, containing the names of all

who were participators in the battle.* He ordered that the coats of arms which had been assumed on that day, whether rightfully or not, should continue to be the escutcheons of their bearers and their descendants. To Thomas Strickland, as one instance of Henry's thoughtfulness, the bearer of the Banner of St. George at Agincourt, he remitted his arrears to the Exchequer in honor of that service. He filled every vacancy which occurred for some years thereafter in the Order of the Garter, with the most distinguished of his lieutenants who had participated in the battle.

In 1416, the Earls of Huntingdon, Oxford, and Salisbury, Lord Camoys, and Sir William Harrington, were made Knights of the Garter; in 1419, Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, Sir William Phelip, and Stafford Lord Bouchier; and in 1420, Mowbray Earl of Nottingham, the Earl Marshal, Lord Clifford, Sir Her tank Von Clux, Sir Lewis Robsart, Sir Walter Hungerford, and De la Pole, Earl of Suffolk. The order of knighthood was bountifully conferred upon those whose valor had designated them as proper objects of royal notice. It is said that Gamme and several others received this distinction whilst they lay expiring on the field. Manors and estates were distributed to some of the principal generals. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, received Lanstephen in Wales, once the estate of Henry Gwyn, who had fought on the French side at Agincourt. Lord Fitzhugh was presented with some lands which had belonged to the executed conspirator, Lord Scroop. Sir William Bouchier was appointed Constable of the Tower of London. Sir

* This Roll, as far as discovered, will be found in the Appendix to Sir H. Nicholas.

John Fastolfe obtained the French manor of Frileuse, which lay near Harfleur. To Sir John Cornwall was granted the rich ransom of Peter de Reux, a marshal of France. King Henry further preserved the memory of the battle by instituting a new heraldic king-at-arms, whom he designated as the "Agincourt king-at-arms."

Of the illustrious prisoners, the Duke of Orleans, as we have said, remained in captivity until 1440, when a ransom of 100,000 nobles procured his liberty; the Duke of Bourbon and Marshal Boucicault expired in an English castle; the Count of Vendôme, in 1425, was exchanged for Huntingdon, who, in an expedition subsequent to Agincourt, became a prisoner of the French; the others met with various fortunes, the greater part returning to their native land after a wearisome confinement.

Of the effect of the battle of Agincourt upon subsequent events in England and France, the events themselves, narrated in the coming chapters, will show. In concluding the narrative of this wonderful conflict, we cannot but call attention to the fact, that King Henry the Fifth, in the whole conduct of his expedition, used a much more enlightened humanity toward his enemy, and a much more assiduous devotion to the comfort of his army, than any commander during those dark ages. War became in his hands less terrible, because really less disastrous. He showed mercy, magnanimity, feeling, and Christian clemency, even amid the dread necessities of war. He made no further sacrifice of life and property than the exigency demanded. That, after all, is the greatest glory of his exploit; and in that he set an example worthy even of modern imitation.

CHAPTER IX.

"Up, then! victory sits upon our helms!"

THE EMPEROR SIGISMUND—SECOND CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE—DISSENSIONS OF THE RIVAL DUKES—SIEGE OF ROUEN—CONFERENCES AT MELUN—KATHERINE OF VALOIS—THE ASSASSINATION OF BURGUNDY—THE TREATY OF ARRAS—ALLIANCE BETWEEN HENRY AND PHILIP OF BURGUNDY.

THE expedition to France had been approved by Parliament, by the Church, by the nobility, and by the people. It had not only met the approval of all classes; it had met their substantial support. Its successful issue placed Henry in an excellent position at home. No monarch had ever been so entirely popular; no monarch had had within his grasp so great a universally conceded power. The House of Lancaster now possessed an unquestioned royalty. Not a single voice, throughout the realm, was raised against it. It received the unanimous loyalty of Englishmen. The Earl of March, whose hereditary right was cast in the shade by the brilliancy of the present reign, cheerfully sustained his friend, whom he had long since ceased to regard as his rival. The turbulent nobility were at peace with each other, and with the sovereign. The representatives of the commonalty were devoted to the dynasty which the people loved. The Church, since the suppression of Lord Cobham's conspiracy,

was pacified, and looked with more than complacency upon the reign of a King who cherished the Papal supremacy. There was no lack of money in the treasury; of men ready to follow the banner of St. George whithersoever it might lead them; of harmony in council; of order throughout the State. To whatever ends the ambition of Henry might turn, the means of their accomplishment seemed within the grasp of his hand. The temporary exhaustion of the late campaign demanded a brief lull from the pursuit of active enterprises; with the general recuperation would come the opportunity for other laurels.

Parliament repeatedly took special notice of the battle of Agincourt. When the Duke of Bedford, as Regent, called their attention to the victory early in November, Cardinal Beaufort, the Chancellor, delivered a long address congratulatory of the event, and recommended the granting of further supplies for the King's use. The legislature, elated with the news, passed a measure causing the time for the levy which had been made of two-tenths and two-fifteenths, to be anticipated, so that the funds might be collected at once. They further granted to the King the subsidy of linen, leathers, and skins, a tax on several exportations, and an additional tenth and fifteenth to be collected of the laity in the succeeding autumn (1416). In March, 1416, when a new Parliament met, Chancellor Beaufort again, in Henry's presence, opened the session with a graphic account of the late expedition, and a discourse upon the expediency of pursuing further Henry's claim to the French crown. The Parliament each time received with acclamations the narrative of the great victory, and their voice was unanimous in congratulation of the King, and in the enact-

ment of whatever measures he saw fit to request. There never was for a moment in Henry's mind, a question whether he should return to the invasion of France. The battle of Agincourt made that a foregone conclusion. The nation was not only acquiescent in, but urgent for, another expedition. But when the spring of 1416 came, the state of the national resources, though not feeble, were not such as to warrant the equipment of so extensive an armament as would be necessary at so short an interval. The purpose, therefore, which he had adopted while at Calais, to return at once with a replenished army, was, for the time being, postponed. But the spring did not pass without an event of great interest and importance.

The Emperor Sigismund of Germany, the great aim of whose life was to heal the schism of the Papacy, and to bring the Church under one tiara, made it a part of his scheme to secure for this end the united coöperation of France and England. With this view he undertook a journey from his capital, Frankfort, first to Paris, then to London; that he might, in person, interpose his mediatory offices between the two courts, and bring them to coöperate with his own designs. His visit to the distracted metropolis of France seems to have been attended with much assumption of authority on his part. He held courts of justice, and conferred knighthood upon whomsoever he pleased. There was no opposition to his making free use of sovereign prerogative. It was, indeed, an easy matter to induce the wretched Charles to accede to his plan of pacification, and his consent to suspend hostilities was soon gained. Having thus accomplished what he desired at Paris, the Emperor sent heralds to Henry to announce his intention of visiting England. This

news produced a great stir, not only at court, but also throughout the country. It was a rare thing to behold an Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire on English shores. Every preparation was made that a reception should be extended to Sigismund worthy of his lofty rank. Henry sent him a cordial message, expressing his happiness at the proposed visit. The Imperial guest sailed from Calais to Dover on the 29th of April, just after Easter. Attending him was a retinue of one thousand persons, most of whom were nobles, and some of whom held princely rank in Germany and Italy. Thirty ships composed the fleet which conveyed the Imperial stranger across the Channel. But the English nation were independent of spirit, and impatient at the slightest appearance of an arrogant manner. They had heard of the Emperor's presumptuous conduct at the Louvre, and were by no means disposed that it should be repeated at Westminster. When, therefore, the vessel which contained Sigismund approached the port at Dover, he met with a somewhat unusual reception. The Duke of Gloucester, Constable of Dover, when the ship was about to cast anchor, rode into the water at the head of a number of noblemen with drawn swords, and addressed the Imperial guest with a harangue at once determined and courteous. "If he came as a mediator of peace, they would receive him with all the honors due to the imperial dignity; but if as Emperor he challenged any sovereign power, they must tell him that the English nation was a free people, and their King had dependence on no monarch on earth; and they were resolved, in defence of the liberty of the people, and the rights of their King, to oppose his landing on the shores." The Emperor at once disclaimed any inten-

tion of interfering with Henry's sovereignty, and declared that the sole object of his visit was to bring about peace between France and England. He was therefore received on shore with every demonstration of respect.

On his route to the metropolis the most illustrious nobles of England received him in the different towns, and ovations were everywhere extended to him. The civic authorities of London met him at Blackheath, and Henry's welcome, though he manifested the dignity of an independent monarch, was respectful and cordial. The Primate ordered prayers to be offered up for his good weal. Soon after his arrival he was installed at Windsor as Knight of the Order of the Garter. The Emperor, finding a firm spirit in Henry and his subjects, made no attempts to take upon himself the least authority. He set about his mission at once, with that zealous energy which marked all his actions. Among those who had accompanied him hither was William of Bavaria, Duke of Holland; and soon after his arrival in London, some ambassadors from Paris made their appearance. Frequent councils were held by Henry, Sigismund, William, and the French ambassadors, and the negotiations seemed to be approaching a favorable issue. All the early summer was employed in the conferences. Henry offered to resign his claim to the crown of the Valois, if the treaty of Bretigny were reaffirmed; a treaty which had given the English kings very considerable fiefs in France. The Emperor and the Duke of Holland advised the French envoys to accede to this. But a haughty head thought for France at that moment—the Count of Armagnac. Not only were the propositions of Henry rejected (although the envoys themselves advised

their acceptance), but an act, totally subversive of every hope of peace, was done by the virtual regent of France.

Armagnac was a brave man, and, despite his crimes, a lover of his country. The death of the Dauphin had put it into his power to govern the realm with absolute sway, during the now almost perpetual imbecility of Charles, and the infancy of the new heir. He resolved to restore to France that which Henry had torn from her. He ordered a fleet to sweep the Channel, to hover about the English ports, and to commit depredations wherever they had opportunity. He then invested Harfleur on the land side, and brought his ships in a cordon around the town on the sea. Dorset, who was Captain of Harfleur, sent in distress to Henry for succors. The news at once put an end to all peace conferences. Henry resolved to go in person against the French squadron. Sigismund, however, dissuaded him from it, as being an affair of too little moment in which to expose the royal person to danger. John, Duke of Bedford, was therefore sent in his place. An armament was quickly raised, a fleet prepared, and ere long Bedford was able to anchor a formidable force off the mouth of the Seine.

On the morning of August 14th he bore down upon the besieging squadron. The attack was made with promptness and great intrepidity. The English came close to the French ships, poured over their sides upon their decks, and did their work so quickly and bravely, that their victory was easy. The crafts of the enemy not already captured, made haste to escape up the river, at a safe distance from their assailants. Bedford, after a brief contest, entered Harfleur in triumph. Many ships remained in his hands, and some

prisoners, whilst but few of his own men were killed or wounded.

After this affair the Emperor Sigismund saw no longer any encouragement to seek a peace. He could not take middle ground between the belligerents. Doubtless his determination to declare for Henry was influenced by the superior strength and unity of the English, and by the fact that Henry, as well as he, desired to see the Church once more united under an undisputed pontiff. At all events, the Emperor heartily espoused Henry's side of the quarrel. On the 15th of August a league was signed by Sigismund and Henry, in which the former acknowledged the latter's right to the French crown, and announced his intention to assist him in its acquisition. War was now inevitable. The opportunity in France was ripe. The English nation were fast becoming once more equal to the occasion. The Emperor's approval and coöperation made the issue well-nigh certain. An ally equally, if not more serviceable, was found in the person of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy.

We must glance briefly at the events which had taken place in France subsequent to the battle of Agincourt; we shall then see how Burgundy became the ally of his country's most dreaded enemy.

Burgundy and Armagnac were still contestants for the metropolis. Armagnac had succeeded in lodging himself within its walls first, with six thousand Gascons,* and had taken possession of the royal person, and that of the Dauphin. Burgundy, with a mounted force of ten thousand, rode rapidly to the city, but found himself a little too late. He retired to Lagny, where he lay several months collecting troops, and

* Michelet, vol. ii., p. 445.

contriving plots for the betrayal of the coveted Paris into his hands. The deaths of the Duke de Berri, the titular King of Sicily, and three Dauphins, one after another, confirmed the Orleanist leader in his virtual regency. He discovered repeated conspiracies to deliver the city over to his rival, and dealt with those implicated without mercy. His government was a perfect reign of terror. The citizens were to a man under the watchful eye of his system. Atrocities were committed which sicken as they are perused. Yet there was vigor and great ability in the reign of Armagnac. Burgundy succeeded in obtaining possession of the Queen, Isabella of Bavaria, a brilliant but wicked woman. He carried her off, declared her regent, and in her name in reality governed the provinces. Paris was fairly blockaded. No supplies coming from the country, which Burgundy controlled, the poor city was reduced to the brink of starvation. Still John the Fearless despaired of taking it, knowing well how intrepid was the soul of his enemy, and that he would hold out to the last. John the Fearless hesitated at nothing which would contribute to the downfall of Armagnac. He had lost every manly quality and sentiment except an indomitable courage, and a perseverance which never faltered. His position toward the English had not been so hostile of late as to commit them against him. He had not been present at Agincourt; his adherents had not been there in great numbers. He had forgotten his anger at the death of his brother Brabant; he was rather glad than otherwise to be rid of his brother Nevers, whom he had always hated, and who had of his own accord brought his fate upon himself. The way, in short, was open for negotiations with Henry, and for

such an arrangement as, whatever other result it might have, would effectually ruin the detested Armagnac.

A correspondence was commenced with the King of England. It had reached a satisfactory point, when the affair at Harfleur and the declaration of the Emperor for Henry took place. Sigismund proceeded to Calais, and tarried there some days. This was not remarked with alarm by the French court, until the news came that Henry, too, had arrived at Calais, and was in consultation with his guest. The next news was yet more alarming. It was announced that the Duke of Burgundy had joined the sovereigns in person. These four, Sigismund, Henry, and the Dukes of Holland and Burgundy, after a brief consultation, resolved to enter into a covenant of alliance. Burgundy was so utterly lost to shame as to give in his allegiance to Henry as King of France, and to promise his aid in the conquest of that crown for an enemy and a foreigner.

The princes, having come to a perfect understanding that the invasion of France was forthwith to be undertaken by England, separated, and repaired each to his own capital. King Henry at once devoted himself to preparations for once more attempting the conquest of the neighboring kingdom. But it was a work of time. Armies were not so easily raised and equipped in those days.

On the 19th of October, 1416, his parliament met at Westminster. The proposed expedition was announced to them; and they were asked to supply the means. The popularity of Henry was undiminished; the trust and confidence which the legislature reposed in him, is one of the most pleasant features of his

reign. Two whole tenths and two whole fifteenths were granted to him with alacrity. The clergy offered him as earnest of their good will, two tenths. Every resource was resorted to in order to swell the exchequer. The utmost financial ability of the nation was to be called out to sustain this newest and probably most glorious enterprise. Domestic loans were solicited, secured by the pledges of the King's brothers. Henry himself pawned much of his plate and jewelry, his crown to Cardinal Beaufort, his diamonds to the Lord Mayor of London. But in every effort to raise the required sums, Henry took the greatest care not to bear heavily upon the people. Oppressive taxation was avoided. There was but little contribution which was not voluntary. The whole nation took so vivid an interest in the expedition, that money was, without great difficulty, forthcoming.

All the winter and spring of 1416-'17 were employed in levying and drilling troops, building ships, accumulating the revenue, laying in stores, communicating with the friendly princes, and taking such other measures as would make success probable, if not certain. A strict watch was kept lest, while busy at home, the important stations of Harfleur and Calais should be retaken. At the beginning of July, 1417, the expedition was nearly ready. It was a most favorable time, as far as regarded the state of France. A darker year that wretched country had never seen. All was confusion, famine, crime, dismay. Armagnac, who could with infinite difficulty hold Paris from Burgundy, found that he soon would be called upon to defend it against Burgundy and Henry, Sigismund and William combined—combined in purpose, if not in armies. Fifteen hundred vessels had been collected

together, fitted up and stocked, and lay ready at Portsmouth to receive their martial burden. Over sixteen thousand fighting men, completely provided with arms and clothing, were assembled, a fourth of whom were mounted, the others being archers. Besides these, were squires, mechanics, engineers, artificers, and sappers, swelling the whole body to a full quota of twenty-five thousand persons. It is said that the King provided the sustenance and equipment of over one-half from his own purse. The glory of the former expedition inspired the warlike barons to flock once more, in still greater numbers than formerly, to the royal standard. The nobility, as before, emulated each other in the multitude and quality of their troops. Henry sent Holland Earl of Huntingdon, the admiral, with a small squadron, to reconnoitre the Channel, and clear it of obstructions, that the transports might pass over in safety. The Earl came into collision with some Genoese ships who were serving in the French pay, and after a short but hard-contested conflict, drove them from the path of the sea. Huntingdon then returned with the announcement that the way was clear to the French coast.

Henry, commanding the armament in person, set out on the 23d day of July, 1417, to attempt, for the second time, the conquest of the French crown. He openly avowed his purpose, and confidently declared his conviction that success was within his reach. The whole army, leaders and men, were in fine spirits, and felt themselves safe in the hands of their loving sovereign, who had also proved himself an illustrious general. The rude passage of the Channel accomplished, the columns disembarked, after some annoyance from French skirmishers, on the first of August,

at the little harbor of Beville, not far from Harfleur. About this time John the Fearless, having matured his plans, was setting out from the south toward Paris, at the head of sixty thousand cavalry. Thus the metropolis was threatened on either side by an army each far exceeding the troops which were present to defend it. The Queen Isabella was now the cordial coadjutor of Burgundy, and had proclaimed him lieutenant of the realm. So the plot was fast thickening to a crisis. The English army landed without difficulty upon the Norman coast. With characteristic boldness Henry ordered his vessels to return to England; determined that no hope of escape should give an excuse to his men to falter. He maintained a rigid discipline throughout his army, and caused them to be constantly manœuvred that they might not grow rusty in the use of arms. He gave the most stringent orders that no outrages upon the inhabitants and property of the contiguous domain should go unpunished, and especially preserved the priesthood from the encroachments of his soldiers. It is not astonishing that he found no one to resist his march. Armagnac would do nothing to aid the northern province—for Paris itself was in terrible danger day by day. The peasantry were the only resisting force, and from their resistance Henry feared nothing. Many families fled from the humiliating theatre of the national disgrace. Some tracts through which the English passed were entirely deserted, and in these tracts "there reigned the stillness of death." The crops were ungathered, the houses open, and but a few old men appeared, to indicate that these now desolate fields had lately been the abode of men. The first towns which he reached yielded without resistance—Touque, Anvilliers, and

Villers. Putting small garrisons in each, he proceeded steadily forward, brooking no delay, yet not advancing with undue haste. He was moving southwest from the Seine, hoping to approach Paris from the west. About the middle of August he found himself beneath the walls of Caen, one of the most considerable towns in Normandy, on the river Orne. Here, for the first time, he met with a stubborn resistance. He was forced to undertake a regular siege. The garrison repeatedly repulsed his men from the walls, and it became necessary to try the whole strength of the army against them. Finally, on the 4th of September, a grand assault was made, the citadel taken, and the fortifications captured. The rapine usual to such an occasion was checked, as soon as it was possible to do so, by the personal exertions of the King. The loss of life in this siege was very great, and the sufferings of the town severe. The fall of Caen gave Henry control over a large contiguous district, and many towns sent their keys to him, with appeals to his mercy, which were invariably regarded. Envoys now came from Armagnac to solicit a peace; but Henry refused to listen to any terms less severe than those which he had originally proposed. Recovering himself promptly from the effects of the siege of Caen, he resumed his march, notwithstanding the near approach of the inclement season. From Caen he proceeded directly westward, and took Bayeux without difficulty. Thence he turned his face southward, and with equal ease acquired the important towns of Argentan and Alençon, in the county of Orne. He was now rapidly effecting the occupation of lower Normandy. That he might engage the allegiance of the population, he caused proclamation to be made that all who accepted

him as their King, should be protected in person and property.*

Whilst these successes were rewarding the King's exertions in Normandy, the Scotch made a raid into the northern counties of England, with a view, perhaps, to aid their ally of France. Their army was divided into two columns, one of which, commanded by the redoubtable Douglas, threatened Berwick; and the other, under the Duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, marched against Roxburgh Castle. Young Northumberland, now the fast friend of King Henry, succeeded in putting Douglas to rout without great effort. Bedford, Exeter, and the Archbishop of York,† with a large army, attacked the column which threatened Roxburgh, and were equally successful; the Scotch being so badly defeated that they were fain to disperse without an attempt to rally. The regent Bedford caused retaliations to be made on the Scotch border, and instituted a ruthless warfare, which continued several years. These events, although they retarded the departure of the levies of men intended for Henry, did not interrupt the vigor of the French campaign.

The conquest of the lower counties of Normandy, undertaken leisurely, occupied the King during the winter and early spring. As the holy season of Lent approached, Henry himself went to Bayeux to employ the time in religious observances, whilst the army

* Michelet, a not too lenient critic of Henry's career, bears this testimony to his policy in Normandy: "Henry V., with remarkable sagacity, secured order there to the utmost of his power, and the continuance of labor and agriculture. He enforced respect for women, children, churches, priests, and even false priests. All who submitted were protected; all who resisted were punished. There was no lawless violence at the taking of the towns."

† Henry Bowett, formerly Bishop of Bath; a warlike prelate.

continued its career of unchecked victory. It was now divided into two columns, one under the Duke of Clarence, the other under the Duke of Gloucester. Clarence made an active campaign to the south of Caen, taking possession of Harcourt, Anville, and Chambröise; whilst Gloucester, advancing up the peninsula at the head of which is Cherbourg, succeeded in conquering the western section of the province, wanting only Cherbourg to complete its actual occupation throughout. Thus much had been accomplished when the termination of Lent enabled Henry once more to turn his attention to the operations of the field. That half of the army which was operating under Gloucester was assigned to the siege of Cherbourg, which both by nature and preparation was a formidable fortress, and its capture apparently so difficult as to discourage the boldest strategist. With the other half Henry himself directed his march eastward, straight toward the Seine, with the view of reducing Rouen, the last French stronghold of importance in upper Normandy, and one of the keys to the metropolis. It is necessary to conclude each of these operations separately, as they were simultaneous, and we will first follow Gloucester in his difficult attempt to make the conquest of Cherbourg, and open communications by sea with England.

Cherbourg is situated on a peninsula, running into the Channel on the northern coast of France. The sea and a small river form its barriers on one side, a flat and yielding soil of sand make it difficult of access on the other. On the Channel side the English were unable to do more than to anchor a blockading squadron off the fortifications; their vessels were not fitted for a water attack. The only method left for Gloucester

ter to pursue was to lay siege from the south; and this he adopted. Gloucester was an able and experienced general, intrepid, persevering, fertile in resource. Indeed, he possessed in a lesser degree many of the martial qualities which so notably signalized the exploits of his older brother, the King. He disposed his forces, amounting to nearly twelve thousand, before the town, and having shut out supplies by his fleet, waited patiently till the brave garrison should, in their despair, give up the fortress. The French, during the siege, were almost invariably the assaulting party. The English did little more than to withstand, from time to time, the brave sallies of the garrison. Once they were so near overcoming their besiegers, that Gloucester was forced to send for reënforcements. Accordingly Henry despatched two thousand men to the assistance of his brother. After a siege of six months the town fell into Gloucester's hands, and with it lower Normandy passed under the control of the King of England.

Meanwhile, splendid success had rewarded the valor and pertinacity of the division which Henry commanded in person. After celebrating with great pomp the festival of St. George of England at Caen, Henry marched directly eastward toward the Seine, that he might reduce Rouen, the only considerable town of Normandy not yet fallen, and an important key to Paris. The advance of the army was deliberate and well ordered, and the communications were kept open to the sea, so that the subsistence of the men might be secure. The towns on the route fell without much resistance. Poor enfeebled France, that trembled for her very capital! As the invading host approached the river, they met with greater obstacles. At Pont

de l'Arche, and Louviers, the latter situated on the lower bank of the Seine, opposition was made to the progress, and a siege was necessary. Whilst the siege of Louviers was proceeding, Cardinal des Ursins, one of the most sagacious and excellent men of the time, came to Henry's camp with a message from the Pope, urging him to desist, and to conclude a peace with France. At the same time came the Cardinal of St. Mark from Paris, with a similar errand from Armagnac. Henry, without giving a positive answer, resolved within himself against the proposition. Des Ursins hastened to Paris in the vain hope that the Pope's wishes might be accomplished. Louviers having fallen, the English columns crossed the Seine in safety, marched deliberately northward, and on the 31st day of July, 1418, the rear battalions filed into position, with the artillery, below the beautiful and ancient town of Rouen. The Duke of Exeter had joined the army a few days before, with those reinforcements which had been temporarily devoted to the Scotch invasion, and which having accomplished the defeat of the northern army, had embarked without delay for France. They numbered about ten thousand men. Henry, thus strengthened, laid siege to Rouen with confidence. Supplies by water were abundant, and there was no reason to fear an attack upon his rear, the French having enough to do to settle their own animosities.

But, before proceeding to narrate the memorable siege of Rouen, it is necessary to see what events had been transpiring during the winter of 1417, and the spring and summer of 1418, between the two French factions, whose mutual virulence permitted the invader to stride so boldly across their northern provinces.

The Duke of Burgundy made repeated efforts to obtain possession of Paris. He distributed garrisons throughout the provincial districts, and, with the remainder of his force, posted himself at Montrouge. Attempts on Paris were constantly made by every artifice known to warfare, by strategy, by assault, by isolation, by intrigue, by plots formed within the city walls. For some time all such were unavailing. Gradually Armagnac became weaker and weaker. His garrison was reduced to three thousand men. It was only with the greatest difficulty that food could be procured for those who remained. His oppressions made him hateful to the citizens. They called him a "devil in a man's hide." Famine, disease, popular disgust, a rapidly waning defence, stared the Constable in the face. At a moment so critical, Burgundy sent an embassy offering peace. He counted sagaciously on the issue. The citizens, the King, the Dauphin, the court, eagerly favored the proposition. Armagnac alone was obdurate. He sent back an insulting message, announced his determination to defend Paris at all hazards, and put the city under a ruthless surveillance. He knew that peace would place the King in the Duke's power, and that such an event would be the certain signal for his own ruin. But his refusal to make peace strengthened Burgundy greatly in the metropolis. His partisans swelled from a cowed minority to a large and insolent majority. The King, in his lucid intervals, murmured against the Constable. The Dauphin was virtually a prisoner. The Queen was a zealous ally of Burgundy, and was in his camp.

A stratagem now turned the scale in favor of that Prince. One LeClerc, a mechanic, had been beaten

unjustly by an officer of Armagnac. His father was the porter of the gate of St. Germain. The injured man, one dark night, stole the keys from beneath his sire's pillow while he slept, and, as had been arranged by previous concert, opened St. Germain gate to a party of Burgundy's soldiers. The Sire de L'Ile Adam entered at the head of eight hundred horse. Once within the walls he was joined by a multitude of citizens, armed as chance had thrown implements in their way. The panic which the surprise produced, and the favorable disposition of the Parisians toward Burgundy, made it not a difficult matter to gain complete possession of the city. The King's person was seized, and he was compelled to ride through the streets at the head of the Burgundian troops. A general massacre ensued, in which most of the Armagnac leaders were assassinated; besides multitudes of their followers. Houses were burned, rifled, and torn down. All the horrors of a popular collision were, of course, enacted. Armagnac had timely notice of the surprise, and hid himself in an obscure dwelling; but he was betrayed, delivered up, and cast into a prison cell. Du Châtel, who had charge of the young Dauphin, escaped with him to the Bastile, which was still held by the Armagnacs. The next morning he effected his escape beyond the city and found an asylum with his precious ward at Melun, twenty-five miles south of Paris. The Burgundian faction now had the complete upper hand, and it may be imagined that they were not more merciful to their enemies, the Armagnacs, than these had been toward them. The massacre would rage for a day or two, then cease for a while; anon it would break out suddenly afresh, and bloody scenes would fill the streets with unspeakable horrors.

The King was a mere tool in the hands of the successful party. Du Châtel made the attempt to deliver Paris by taking L'Ile Adam; but he was repulsed with great loss and was forced to retire with precipitation. The alarm produced by this endeavor was the signal for another massacre, one more dreadful than any which had occurred before. One Sunday night, a tinman named Lambert went out into the mob and harangued them in a loud and excited tone of voice, urging them to kill all the Armagnac prisoners, who would otherwise escape and retake Paris. The populace, persuaded easily to bloody deeds, cried that they would follow him. Lambert led them, over forty thousand, against the Hotel de Ville, the Tour du Palais, the prison of St. Eloi, the Grand Châtelet, St. Martin, the Temple, and the Petit Châtelet successively. Some of the Burgundian nobles sought to check their fury, but with no avail. Everywhere the prisoners were brought from their cells only to be ruthlessly butchered in cold blood. At one of the prisons, each prisoner was felled with an axe as he passed out of the gate. The slaughter was not confined to the prisoners; wherever in the streets an Armagnac was found, he fell an instant victim to Burgundian hatred. Houses suspected of concealing Armagnacs were searched, and their miserable occupants put without question to the sword.

"The children in the streets," says Michelet, "played with the corpses. The bodies of the Constable and others lay three days in the Palais, exposed to the jeers of all who passed." Soon after this most atrocious affair, John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, and Isabella of Bavaria, Queen of France, made a grand and ostentatious entrance into the city, which was yet

bleeding from the dreadful conflicts which its streets had witnessed in their behalf. As the inhuman tyrants rode along, the poor people, hoping for better things, greeted them with cheers and blessings, and at the same time sued them with trembling voices for peace and food. Burgundy made fair promises, and kept them like himself. But, though he found himself possessed of Paris, the royal person, and the Queen's devotion, his situation was far from being a happy one. Provisions could be got only with the greatest difficulty. At Pont l'Arche the English under Henry held the Seine; at Melun, below Paris, Du Châtel held the Seine. At both ends supplies by the river were thus cut off. To intensify beyond description the sufferings of the wretched city, an epidemic broke out and raged throughout its limits, destroying in a short time at least fifty thousand people,* who endured every agony which disease and hunger combined could put upon them.

Meanwhile the Dauphin of France, advised by Tanneguy du Châtel and President Louvet of Provence, declared himself Regent, and called upon the provinces to sustain him against Burgundy and Henry. He made several campaigns, and captured some towns of importance, but did not meet with that decisive success which gave a hope of recovering the royal authority. This, briefly, was the state of affairs in France when, on the last day of July, the columns of the English army sat down before the battlements of Rouen.

The destination of Henry's march had been long foreseen; and the citizens of Rouen, who were mostly of the Burgundian party, had repeatedly called upon

* Michelet.

the Duke to send them succors. He sent back about four thousand horse—more, it would seem, than he could well spare from the defence of the capital. Still there was much complaint, and the people of Rouen were despondent as they saw the bold and well-marshalled battalions of Henry encamping below them. Multitudes of the country gentlemen and rural population had resorted to Rouen laden with all their effects, to escape the conqueror. There were about fifteen thousand infantry in the garrison, besides the cavalry which Burgundy had sent. Besides these, there were nearly forty thousand non-combatants within the walls. They had, therefore, to look forward to all the miseries of a siege with a prospect of neither receiving succors of men, nor installments of food.

The King of England proceeded promptly to invest the town. Dividing his forces into several corps, he stationed them completely around Rouen, and caused trenches to be dug, that there might be a protected communication along the whole line. An outer bulwark of ditches, concealed by brier wood and brush, made surprise from the rear impossible. Opposite the several gates of the city lay the several corps, constantly on the watch both for sallies of the garrison, and for occasions to break over the walls. Humphrey of Gloucester and Thomas of Clarence, the King's brothers, commanded two of the corps; the King in person superintended the whole; the Earl of Cornwall, Lord Constable, commanded a corps; Lord Dorset, Lord High Admiral, another; and the renowned Earl of Warwick another. Bedford had remained in England to administer the government. The isolation of Rouen from all the rest of the world became complete.

They had enough provisions to last them a long siege, and notwithstanding the failure of Burgundy to sufficiently relieve them, their intrepid spirits prompted them to hold out to the very last. King Henry appreciated this spirit, and accordingly made elaborate preparations for a protracted blockade. The anticipations of both besieger and besieged were surpassed by the length of the siege. For seven long months Rouen stoutly repelled the attempts of the hitherto unbaffled English to enter at its gates or over its walls.

The diversity of Henry the Fifth's genius was never more remarkably displayed than during the progress of this attempt to reduce the capital of Normandy. At the same time that he was conducting the military operations to that end, he was also organizing a civil administration in that large portion of Normandy which was already in his possession. His mind, though perhaps most active as a commander, was likewise essentially statesmanlike, and sought by prudent means to establish orderly government wherever he had authority. He put forth every inducement to the Normans to return to their domains, to acknowledge him as their ruler, and to live quietly under his administration. He refused to confiscate the property of Normans to feed his own soldiers' greed of gain. He instituted courts of justice, and a financial system, both of which were far better than those they displaced. The taxes imposed were light, the officers lenient in the discharge of their duties. Before many months, a well-working English system was in full and prosperous operation, and great numbers of the inhabitants, reassured both by the indications of mild authority, and by the well-known magnanimity and wisdom of Henry, returned to their former abodes,

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and resumed their avocations with content. They found that the firm government of a powerful prince was much more conducive to their prosperity than the disputed authority which the rival factions of France, as each gained the ascendancy, exercised; and were not displeased to be relieved from the heavy taxes which had recently been devoted only to the support of a ruinous civil conflict. But not only did Henry busy himself with his new subjects; he also found time to exercise with assiduity the arts of diplomacy. He visited London several times during the siege, and whilst there took occasion to confer with his noble prisoners Orleans and Bourbon, and to persuade them to use their influence for the purpose of inducing Burgundy to accede to his demands. He represented to them that unless they made a movement in this direction, much blood must flow, and much devastation follow, and the issue would be far from doubtful. "I shall soon go," said he, "to Paris. It is a pity; your people are brave. They can, however, do nothing. Where disunion is, courage is of little avail." The unfortunate princes, terrified at the King's success, and having small faith either in the capacity of the French to resist him, or in the prospect of a union between the rival factions, sent letters to Burgundy, and besought him to make peace at all hazards. They represented the King of England to be irresistible; and they considered every thing better than the further destruction of life and property.* Henry did not rest satisfied with this. He opened communication both with the Dauphin and with John of Burgundy. He found some difficulty in approaching Burgundy, as this prince was in present possession

* Rymer iv., P. 1, p. 191.

of the King, the capital, and the authority. The effort to gain over the Dauphin's party seemed at first to meet with better success. In accordance with a concert agreed upon, the Archbishop of Sens, on the part of the young prince, repaired to Alençon, where he found the Earl of Warwick, with powers to treat on behalf of the King of England. This was in September. The negotiations were conducted in the French and Latin languages, and in each the documents were translated. The Archbishop opened the conference by proposing to give up to Henry the southern districts of Agenois, Perigueux, Limousin, Rhodéz, Bigorre, Angoulême; to acknowledge his possession of Calais and Harfleur; and to cede some portions of Normandy. For these he was to retire from French soil, and forever cease from claiming the French crown. This proposition Warwick peremptorily rejected. The prelate then added to his first offer a portion of Guienne, and all of upper Normandy excepting Calais. It was now Warwick's turn to propose terms. He demanded Touraine, Anjou, Artois, and Flanders; and an alliance against John of Burgundy. So destructive a concession the Archbishop found it utterly impossible to make. The conference, therefore, broke up without result. But before it had risen, Henry had already opened negotiations on the other hand with Burgundy at Paris. This attempt was likewise futile, as it is probable the King was willing it should be. He demanded an alliance, Guienne, Ponthieu, and a marriage with the Princess Katharine with an exorbitant dower. Burgundy, fearing that the acceptance of conditions so ignominious would be the ruin of his party, declined them. Henry's object in pursuing both these negotiations


undoubtedly was to keep the two factions apart, and prevent a union against himself. That he purposed receiving any terms less than the French crown itself, is by no means plausible.

The siege continued with unabated vigor. The isolation of the town began to be felt cruelly in no long time. Food was getting scarce. Sickness raged. Worse than all, the doomed people were not united among themselves. The lower classes suspected the nobles of infidelity, and the civilians were ill-disposed to submit to the dictation of the soldiers. The old Armagnac and Burgundy spirit yet lived to distract their councils, and embitter leaders who should have been knit together with hooks of steel. On the occasion of a sally upon the English, a bridge upon which the assailants were to return to the town was found broken down. Suspicion at once attached to Bouteiller, the commandant. It was believed that he was in league with Henry. When this was the opinion entertained of the leader, what success could be expected? Repeatedly couriers managed to get beyond the besieging posts, and hastened to beg Burgundy for succors. Burgundy gave specious promises, but no succors came. The English were vigilant, energetic, patient. They held their position with iron pertinacity. The most desperate essays moved them not a foot. Famine began to stalk through the once beautiful streets of Rouen. In their despair the wretched multitude devoured dogs, cats, and horses—every thing that teeth could sever, and throat swallow, was greedily consumed. It was at length determined that all who could not assist to defend the town should be sent beyond the walls. Twelve thousand souls—the lame, the halt, the blind, the decrepit, infants, women—sadly

went out of the gates, and settled themselves in the ditches between the walls of their city and the hostile columns, subsisting on weeds and herbs, cold, wet, naked, starving. There the miserable crowd stayed, those that lived through the cold, rainy winter. Many died daily. It was a mournful colony, cast out by their friends, held fast by their enemies. When Christmas came Henry distributed food among them, which for the moment gladdened their drooping hearts. He offered also a feast to the citizens within, in honor of the Nativity ; but the proud spirited Normans would take no gift from the hand of their foe. To famine, within and without, were added all the nameless horrors of epidemic, spreading loathsome disease through every street, and kindling, amid the universal desperation, every species of crime known to the invention of mankind. Yet this people, divided by distrust, starving, lawless, dying, maintained an intrepidity nothing less than sublime. As often as Henry demanded a surrender without conditions, there was but one voice in reply—a prompt refusal to submit. Again and again the besieger paused until he had tried to persuade a surrender. They besought him to grant them conditions which would save persons and property ; but the King, though inclined to mercy, knew that such conditions would be fatal to his purpose. The Duke of Burgundy tardily set about raising an expedition to relieve the beleaguered city. He brought the King to the Cathedral of St. Denis, and there, with mournful pomp, the Oriflamme was unfurled before the people. But the Duke lingered, and seemed little inclined to prosecute vigorous measures. A messenger came from Rouen and told him that fifty thousand persons had perished there. The

traitorous prince did not heed even this, but, after a show of preparation, entirely abandoned the idea of proceeding to Normandy, and employed himself in strengthening his influence at court against the Dauphin.

When the besieged found that they were to be left to their own resources, they resolved to make one desperate effort, not to retain the fortress, but to escape from the clutches of the enemy. A plan was formed to undermine the walls in such a manner that a passage out should be made for the whole garrison. When they reached the ditches in a compact body, they were to rush headlong upon the English encampment, and cut their way through as best they might. But the project reached the ears of King Henry before it was brought to its accomplishment. He took effectual measures to guard against any such surprise; which, when the besieged perceived it, drove them utterly to despair. At last, after having been blockaded for nearly six months, human endurance and courage could no longer hold out. They agreed to capitulate on the nineteenth of January, 1419, at the mercy of the victor; and begged him to name the most merciful terms possible. Henry answered them that he would make three stipulations. First, he would save all their lives except those of five persons of consequence, whom they should deliver up to be dealt with according to his judgment. Secondly, the town should retain its ancient privileges, under him as King of France. Thirdly, the town was to pay into the English exchequer a fine of three hundred thousand crowns. The only person executed was Allan Blanche, the leader of the popular party. The other hostages were let free upon payment of ransoms. Bouteiller,



the military commandant, swore allegiance, and offered his service to Henry as the rightful sovereign of France. The town capitulated on the conditions proposed, and an English battalion entered and took possession. Proclamations were issued that none should be permitted to depart until Henry had established order, and arranged somewhat of systematic government over the inhabitants.

Henry entered Rouen at the head of his main army, with great pomp and magnificence. Proceeding at once to the stately and beautiful cathedral, he heard a high mass, and, kneeling below the altar, himself offered prayers of thanksgiving for his success. He then called a council of his wisest followers, and with commendable energy put himself to the task of reorganizing the political status of the captured capital of Normandy. The measures which he uniformly pursued were wise and sagacious. He sought to attract to himself the love and confidence of the subjugated people, not so much by force, as by exercising an unexpected moderation, and taking steps to secure a speedy return of prosperity. After the fall of Rouen, no depredations were allowed in the city; every thing was put under the protection of the provost's police. The persons and property of private citizens were respected, courts were established, and regulations made for the resumption of trade and manufacture. Many people came over from England and took up their abode in Rouen. Henry resolved to delay the further prosecution of his campaign until his army should be recuperated, a new levy made, money raised to pay off the debt already incurred, and sufficient supplies gathered together. Besides, he wished to exercise a personal supervision over the reconstruction, under an

English government, of the important province which was now wholly reduced to his possession. For with Rouen fell, as of necessity, the remaining lesser towns of upper Normandy. Fécamp, Caudebec, Mantes, and forty others, received English garrisons without resistance.

The conqueror, after a long, deliberate, and well-ordered campaign, had now obtained a most formidable foothold upon the French domain. The most important northern province was his; communication was easy with England; his army was but little reduced; his project continued to be popular with his subjects; his military and constructive genius had been proven beyond a doubt; the factions in France still raged with increasing bitterness; and now the ostensible object of the King of England's ambition—the capture of the French metropolis—seemed almost in his grasp. Both the Dauphin and Burgundy, when they heard that Rouen had surrendered, were greatly alarmed. They saw that there began to be some danger that both Armagnac and Burgundian would be overwhelmed by the common foe. But even in so terrible a dilemma, neither party acted the part of true lovers of their country. It was obvious, that to save France, France must be a unit. The plain course was for the Dauphin and the Duke to forget, for the while at least, their past injuries, and combine their now confronting arms against the foreign invader. But no motion seems to have been made with this view from either side. On the contrary, both made all haste to seek an alliance with that very foe whom they should have combined to resist.

The Dauphin's envoys reached the King first, and sought to form an alliance for the destruction of Bur-

gundy. Henry told them that, if they would cede to England his late conquests, and the absolute sovereignty over Guienne, Poitou, Calais, Guisnes, and Ponthieu, he would renounce his claim to the French crown, assist the Dauphin to recover the royal power, and retire with his army to his own dominions; and at the same time he expressed a wish to hold an interview with the young prince. A meeting was appointed at Dreux; but when the envoys reported to the Dauphin the King's proposals, he refused to entertain them, and stayed away from the place of rendezvous.

Then it was Burgundy's turn to negotiate, and he made at first greater progress with Henry than had his rival. In accordance with his desire Henry despatched some envoys to Provins, where the lunatic King was holding a dreary court, under the dictation of John the Fearless. Some of the Dauphin's men set upon the embassy in its progress, but were soon routed by their Burgundian escort. It was arranged that there should be a personal interview between the King of England and his councillors on the one side, and Burgundy, accompanied by Queen Isabella and the young Princess, on the other, that there might be a full discussion of proposals, and, if possible, that a treaty, satisfactory to the ambition of the one and the hatred of the other, should be ratified by the immediate sanction of the principals. A large field on the borders of the Seine, near the walls of Melun, was chosen as the spot where the meeting should take place. Such was the dignity of the negotiators, that liberal preparations were made that the spectacle should be an imposing and stately one. Large tents were erected at either end of the field, and between them a magnificent pavilion was built, with two wings

which served as corridors, to which each party might retire. This was done at the expense of the Queen Isabella.

On the thirtieth of May, 1419, the meeting took place. The King of France, by reason of a severe attack of his malady, was left in the care of his physicians and a guard at Ponthoise, not far distant. The Duke of Burgundy, with Queen Isabella and the Princess Katharine, and attended by a large guard of honor under the Count de St. Pol, arrived in due season as the representatives of France. Henry was equally prompt; and an equally numerous escort surrounded him. With him were the two royal Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, the venerable Duke of Exeter, the young Earl of March, the Earl of Salisbury, and other noblemen, together with many councillors and ecclesiastics.

The French tent is described by one of the chroniclers as "a fair pavilion of blue velvet, richly embroidered with *fleurs-de-lis*; on the top was the figure of a flying hart, in silver, with wings enamelled."

The tent of the King of England was of alternate blue and green velvet, and upon it were worked two antelopes; one drawing in a mill, the other seated on high with a branch of olive in his mouth. The motto displayed on the tent was, "After busy labor comes victorious rest." At the top of the tent rested a golden eagle, whose eyes were two diamonds. Barriers were placed on either side of the central pavilion, within which none were to enter but the highest dignitaries. The guard were to be drawn up between the barriers and the tents on either side.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of May thirtieth, both parties proceeded in state to the barriers, and

entered the pavilion. King Henry advanced to Isabella with a profound obeisance, and saluted her. Then he turned to the Princess, and saluted her likewise. This ceremony was repeated by Clarence and Gloucester. The King then took her Majesty by the hand, and led her to a seat of cloth of gold, within the pavilion. He took for himself a chair opposite. Burgundy made a few compliments, to which Henry responded in a gracious manner. Lord Warwick, whom Henry always depended upon as his principal diplomatist, addressed the Queen in a short and pithy speech, barely touching upon the subject which brought about the interview, and seeking to create in her mind a favorable disposition toward Henry. Little more was said or done upon that day, and after a short delay the noble parties separated, the French retiring to Ponthoise, and the English to Mantes. Nevertheless, it was a day for King Henry the Fifth to remember. For the first time he had looked upon the beautiful countenance and exquisite figure of Katharine of Valois. He had heard ravishing descriptions of her manifold charms, and his curiosity had been aroused by the unanimity with which all who had seen her sung her praises.

Katharine of Valois, who was destined, like her sister Isabella, to wear the English crown, was, at the time she first beheld her future lord, eighteen years of age. Henry was thirty-two. She was the youngest child of King Charles the Sixth (who had twelve children), and was born in the Hotel St. Pol, then the favorite royal residence, in 1401. There, amid the privations which followed the mental aberrations of her father and the rivalries of the court, was the young Princess brought up, with little of that luxury

which usually attended the education of royal families. "The children," say the chroniclers, "were in a piteous state, nearly starved, and loathsome with dirt, having no change of clothes, or even of linen." They were so totally abandoned by their unnatural mother, that they were forced to seek food from the humblest of their hirelings. When Isabella fled to Milan on Charles's temporary restoration to reason, the poor little Princess had a short interval of comfort, under the hospitable auspices of the Duke of Milan. As Katharine grew older, however, more attention was paid to her culture; the Queen, seeing her grow more handsome and vivacious as the years went on, took a selfish pride in improving her, and seemed to entertain for her alone, of all the children, something approaching to maternal love. It is probable that, as soon as Henry indicated a desire for an alliance with her, an ambition had sprung up in Katharine's mind to accede to it, and that Isabella had encouraged the feeling as she had occasion. Certain it is that the attraction, when they came into each other's presence, was mutual.

Katharine, in her eighteenth year, is described as having been one of the most beautiful of women. Her face was oval-shaped,* her complexion soft and fair, her mouth small and exquisitely cut, and her eyes dark and lustrous. Were it not that her chin was too short, her beauty would have been faultless. Her countenance was placid and her expression sweet and gentle. Her figure was slight, its contour most graceful. In her mien there was a calm dignity, which, allied to a sincere and womanly modesty, charmed the knightly monarch, who saw in her, at first sight, the object of

* Guillaume de Gruel.

his love. But Katharine was also a woman of spirit and ambition, and had no little piquancy and coquetry in her composition. It may be imagined that she was quickly susceptible to the right royal bearing of the King of England, who indeed united every manly quality and circumstance which attracts the love of woman—a handsome and noble person, cordial courtesy of bearing, kindness and affectionateness of heart, chivalrous intrepidity, a world-wide fame, a proud and powerful crown.

Monstrelet, who saw the charming couple, says: “The Princess was very handsome, and had most engaging manners, and it was plainly to be seen that King Henry was desperately in love with her.” She was arrayed in a long gown, over which fell a mantle of ermine; in front was a stripe of ermine, decked with jewels; and upon her head glittered the arched coronet, which the children of French kings were entitled to assume. Henry’s heart had never been touched before. Many a princess had followed him with loving eyes, and many a noble dame had passionately adored the beautiful young warrior-King. But he had passed unscathed to his thirty-second year, to find himself at last vanquished at a glance. Of the sincerity and ardor of his passion there can be no doubt. There were many indications seen by his own courtiers which convinced them that it could not have been simulated for selfish purposes. Every symptom of the true malady displayed itself. He was restless, anxious to see Katharine again and again, slept badly, was impatient, and when in her presence was subdued and overcome. In this the first conference, whilst Warwick was addressing Isabella, Henry kept his eyes riveted upon the fair daughter, sitting the whole

time in the same posture, and to appearance quite lost to every other object. When he parted from her, it was with such a tender and respectful obeisance as must have deeply touched her susceptible heart.

Isabella saw Katharine's conquest with exultation. She hoped that Henry would be inclined to yield somewhat of his demands in the warmth of his affection. With more than prudent alacrity she encouraged the King in his new sentiment, and was so incautious as to observe to him, with a smile, that the Princess had made a conquest over a warrior always before invincible. Henry at once detected the schemes of the cunning matchmaker. His passions, however strong, had long been schooled to yield to his intellect; and he allowed no emotion to obliterate for a moment from his mind the demands of his policy and his design. He disappointed Isabella by adhering pertinaciously to his original propositions, at the same time that he ingenuously expressed an affectionate interest in the Princess Katharine. He was foresighted enough to perceive that his chances of success with her would be by no means lessened by claiming all he had originally done. He knew that the victorious advance of his arms, even if the present convention proved of no avail, would make it not only advantageous, but a necessity to France, that he should wed her.

The conference continued day after day through the month of June, the Queen all the time cherishing the hope that Henry, subdued by the charms of Katharine, would moderate his terms. But the King was too astute a statesman to be the dupe of a woman's chicanery. He saw the game, and, although he certainly looked upon the Princess as a most tempting prize, turned a deaf ear to the less stringent propo-

sals which Burgundy urged upon him. His demands were, from the first, a marriage with Katharine, and Guienne and Normandy as her dower; Brittany, Maine, Anjou, and Touraine. To these he held obstinately throughout. Toward the last he discovered, to his great chagrin, that Burgundy was playing a double game, and that he had been all the while busily negotiating with the Dauphin's party. He heard a report that the Duke had even held a consultation with Prince Charles and Du Châtel at Paris. The King was ill-inclined to sit patiently under such duplicity, and to be the victim also of Isabella's schemes. He became more obstinate than ever. He now declared that he would not give up his claim to the French crown. He tasked Burgundy with his duplicity. Burgundy replied to him with asperity. "Cousin," said the King, "know that we will have your King's daughter, and the rest too, or that we will put both you and him out of France." * "Sire," angrily replied the Duke, "you are pleased to say so; but, before you can do so, I make no doubt that you will be heartily tired." With such language the princes separated. Another conference was appointed for a few days after; but when Henry presented himself at Melun, he found no one to receive him, and soon afterward he learned that the French court had departed from Ponthoise.

Seven days subsequently, Burgundy and the chiefs of the Dauphin's party met at Melun. It needed only a brief consultation to decide upon what action to take. The only course left for either party to pursue was apparent. A league, offensive and defensive, was entered into; all animosities between the factions were to cease; the garrisons were to be withdrawn

* Monstrelet, iv., 157.

from all the towns held by either prince, and others, instituted under the alliance, placed in their stead; the royal power was to be administered conjointly by the King and the Dauphin; the succession was settled on the Dauphin; an entire junction of the French troops was to be made, with the view of driving the English from French soil. This convention proved that Henry's suspicion of Burgundy's duplicity was just. That the crafty Duke was acting with equal hypocrisy toward the Dauphin, cannot be doubted; and that it was reciprocated, events which are to be narrated will prove. The treaty was solemnly ratified upon parchment; the rival princes gave thanks together in the church of St. Martin des Champs; and orders were issued for massing the troops on both sides without delay. The French nation were rejoiced at what seemed to be a cessation of internal conflict; they came promptly forward at the summons to defend their land against the invader.

Henry's position was one, indeed, which might well alarm a less dauntless spirit. That catastrophe which he had so long dreaded, and which he had so strenuously and hitherto successfully striven to avert—the union of the factions—had at last been consummated. True, he held firm military possession of Normandy. But it was impossible to shut his eyes to the fact, that the Norman population still remained, as a whole, hostile to him. He had made wise endeavors to inaugurate such a reasonable civil administration as would command their respect, and their faithful obedience; and for a time, whilst there was hatred between the French princes, this course had been successful. Now, however, the prospect of a once more united realm appealed to every patriotic sentiment in

the Norman breast. They could bear the rule of a foreign conqueror, whilst in fear of domestic tyranny and ruin; with the prospect of a royal power regenerated, there returned to this haughty and intrepid race their old affection for the injured house of Valois. When the news of the treaty of Melun reached the Norman towns, symptoms straightway appeared of great discontent of Henry's government. A conspiracy to restore Rouen to French control was checked at its ripeness by the treachery of Bouteiller. The rural population became sullen and obstinate; the King's guard had a ceaseless labor in dispersing suspicious crowds and nightly assemblages. It therefore soon became apparent that Henry, far from counting on the support of the subject race, should expect them to be arrayed as one man against him. To the embarrassments with which a united French army and a bitterly hostile population threatened him, was added the great difficulty with which he procured assistance from home. The English people began to be a little sick of the war, which to their eyes had not met with expected success; and they were tardy in bringing their wonted support to the aid of their sovereign. Again and again he appealed to Bedford to send him troops, provision, and equipments. The reply was that the nation was apparently well-nigh exhausted. At the same time he heard that Scotch succors had been despatched to France, to join that army which was rapidly gathering together to crush him.

But these accumulating clouds did not cast a momentary shadow over his hopeful and energetic soul. He never despaired. Self-confident, having implicit faith in the discipline and valor of his army, and keeping in view the noble prize which awaited the fruition

of his ambition, he set about averting the calamity which seemed to be approaching. To sit still was to let the anaconda twine around him and strangle him. He resolved to anticipate the French arms by offensive operations.

After another short and utterly futile negotiation with Burgundy, during which he found opportunity to make love to the Princess Katharine by tender messages and costly presents, he set out on the 29th of July from Mantes with a large portion of his forces, crossed the river, and advanced by a forced march on Ponthoise. The Lord L'He Adam, who commanded this fortification, not being informed of Henry's approach, was taken completely by surprise, and capitulated without a struggle. Ponthoise was only twenty miles from the metropolis, and was important as a military station, particularly as a point whence to operate against Paris.

No sooner had Henry found himself in so excellent a position, than, calling reënforcements from the north, he sent Clarence forward with the cavalry. Clarence was a bold and dashing general, brave as a lion, and ardently fond of dangerous adventure. At the head of a troop of horse he scoured the country round about, ravaging everywhere, and came up under the very walls of Paris. There, such was the general consternation and amazement, he tarried without molestation for two days. Thence retiring to Gisors, he easily took that place, and rested his corps, until he received further orders from the King. Burgundy, thoroughly terrified by the brilliant audacity of the English, retired hastily from the capital, followed by King Charles and the court, and repaired to Troyes, a great way off, having made no provision for the safety

of the city. Meanwhile the Dauphin, who was more actively hostile to the English than Burgundy, had been on an expedition to the north, and had retaken from the English the towns of Avranches and Pontorson.

Henry took up his headquarters at Trie le Chastel, near Gisors, and almost within sight of that goal of his highest hopes, Paris. He was cautious, and watched carefully the course of events. He did not permit his success to unbalance him, but preserved always a moderation of word and action which contributed as much to his success as his conspicuous valor.

An event now occurred, which showed how wise Henry's deliberation had been, and which opened to him the brightest prospect of victory which had yet transpired. Those mighty combinations which had so lately threatened to annihilate him, were destined once more to melt away before the angry fires of a hatred which had been hidden, not quenched.

A plot most treacherous and dastardly was maturing, the consummation of which revived the internal feud with an intensity exceeding all past experience. It is impossible to imagine such infamy in brave men, as that which characterized the action of the party of the Dauphin. Notwithstanding the reconciliation at Melun, the concert between the rivals had been constrained, and their plans inharmonious. Altercations had arisen almost immediately after the treaty had been ratified. The old feeling evidently yet lived in their breasts. The Dauphin had been educated to hate John the Fearless; John the Fearless feared the growing abilities and the hereditary power of the Dauphin. Whilst the Dauphin had achieved a partial military success, Burgundy had engaged, even when

Henry was almost thundering at the gates of Paris, in intrigues to secure to himself the preponderant civil authority.

This conduct led to sharp recriminations, which well-nigh resulted in an open quarrel. The leaders and advisers of the young Prince—Macon, his Chancellor, Louvet, President of Provence, Tanneguy du Châtel—seemed determined to lacerate the old wounds, yet but poorly healed. Their active brains formed a plot which would at least rid them forever of the detested Burgundy. With a view to its execution, they urged the Dauphin to demand another interview, that the growing differences might be settled before it was too late. An embassy was despatched to Burgundy at Troyes, and the subject opened to him. Du Châtel, perhaps his most implacable enemy, conducted the negotiation. It was found a difficult matter to persuade the Duke to consent to an interview. He mistrusted the Dauphin, Du Châtel, and all their party. Many of his counsellors endeavored to confirm his reluctance, and dissuaded him by urging the past bad faith of the Orleanists. But Burgundy saw that, unless he complied, all France would accuse him of being the author of its ruin. He proceeded with his guards as far as Bray-sur-Seine. The Dauphin and his partisans were at Montereau-faut-Yonne, between Troyes and Paris, at the junction of the Yonne with the Seine. When Burgundy reached Bray, he hesitated to go on, and sent a message that he would await the Prince where he was.

There happened to be with Burgundy a favorite mistress of his, by name the Baroness de Giac. Her influence with the Duke was great, for she was apparently almost the only being on earth whom he loved.

She was a very busy politician, and took a deep interest in the events which were passing around her. It is probable that she loved to share the Duke's power rather than his affections, for, as will be seen, her advice was fatal to him. To the persuasions of the Dauphin's messengers, that he should join him at Montereau, this artful woman added her own. The Bishop of Valence, also, influenced by his brother the Bishop of Langres, who was a partisan of the Dauphin, urged the Duke to proceed without fear of treachery. The united entreaties of the envoys, Madame de Giac, and the prelate, finally overcame Burgundy's reluctance. A Jew predicted to him that if he went hence, he would never return; but Burgundy was brave, and not superstitious. Madame de Giac, who seemed really anxious to cement the strength of France against Henry, assured her lover that he had no danger to apprehend; and when he yielded to her counsel, she kept constantly by him until he reached Montereau.

It is probable that the Dauphin and his lieutenants awaited the arrival of the Duke with totally different emotions. Louvet and Du Châtel longed for the approach of a victim; Prince Charles dreaded the coming of a deadly foe. Upon the bridge which spanned the Yonne, was erected a gallery, narrow, with two outer barriers, and having no barrier, as there usually was, in the centre. The castle of Montereau was put at the Duke's disposal. When he was a few miles distant from the spot, some of his guard, who had gone on before, returned in haste to report the unusual nature of the gallery which had been set up. Those who had all along been unwilling that the Duke should proceed, now became again loud in their remonstrances that he should advance no further. But

Madame de Giac was equally persistent, and by her earnest pleadings Burgundy became resolved. Fear had no place in that warrior soul, and his lion-like bravery half redeems his fame. He went straight to the castle, arranged his guards around the battlements, and entered with the lady and his chief advisers.

When they on the other side learned his arrival, Du Châtel went over with a guard, and, coming into his presence, informed him that his Royal Highness awaited him on the bridge. Burgundy promptly donned his helmet, and buckled on his sword, picked out ten of his body-guard, and, accompanied by them and the Sire de Noailles, descended to the fatal bridge. At its entrance some messengers came hurrying up to him, and urged him forward, as the Dauphin, they said, had already been kept waiting. This gave him some suspicion, and, turning to his companions, he said: "Keep close by me, my friends." As soon as the party had entered the barrier, a sentinel swung it to, and locked it. Du Châtel here met the Duke, who, that he might make treason more hateful, if treason there was, putting his hand upon Du Châtel's shoulder, exclaimed aloud: "Here he is in whom I put my trust!" The Dauphin, to his surprise, remained standing beyond the barrier, instead of entering as he himself had done. He approached the Prince, who in full armor was leaning upon the barrier, knelt down and saluted him, and began to speak moderately to him. The Prince broke in upon him with angry words, and charged him insultingly with all the misfortunes of France. In the midst of the altercation, a knight named Loire shouted out derisively to Burgundy: "Rise from that posture, monseigneur, so unbecoming to so great a Prince!" It flashed upon John the Fear-

less that this insolence foreboded treason. Rising hastily to his feet, he put his hand upon the hilt of his sword. "What!" shouted the knight, "do you draw in the presence of his Highness?"

Du Châtel instantly came forward, and cried, "It is time;" at the same moment he lifted his battle-axe, and struck the betrayed Duke upon the face. The victim fell, his chin severed from his jaw; but, with that pertinacity which ever marked him, rose instantly to his feet. His assassins were upon him in a moment; the blows came upon him from every side; he reeled, and fell dead, without a word, at the Prince's feet. The brave Noailles made a stout resistance, but he, too, soon lay by his master's side, slain by innumerable wounds. The Dauphin, who had probably been ignorant of the plot, hurried in alarm from the bloody scene, and retired with all haste to his lodgings, accompanied by his suite. Thus infamously was John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, murdered; an able, wicked, valorous, and restless prince, whose career had been one of unceasing commotion, and who had filled a most important place in the great and bloody drama of his age.

It was a short-sighted policy which suggested this atrocious transaction. The Duke of Burgundy's party had been decidedly on the wane, and he was growing daily more and more unpopular with the people. The Orleanists might look with confidence to an early day when, by general consent, they would again become all powerful in the State. But the murder of John the Fearless brought on a terrible reaction. Philip, the new Duke, surnamed the Good, found himself instantly at the head of a numerous, powerful, and indignant party. Many noblemen who had been

Orleanists were shocked at the deed, and became Burgundians to the core. A similar feeling spread throughout France; and the assassins had the poor satisfaction of seeing arrayed against them an active and revengeful majority, instead of a hated and dwindling faction. There was now a wide gulf between the two factions, which it was impossible for either to pass. There could be no such thing as a restoration of even apparent harmony. The Burgundian could never fight side by side with the murderers of his father. Patriots could not join the standards of those whose act had divided France forever. It was no palliation that the Dauphin had neither authorized nor known the plot; he was the tool of those who had been its authors and executioners. Therefore, in the presence of a victorious foreigner, whose proud foot approached unmolested the very capital, it was once more war to the knife between Orleans and Burgundy. The country was soon in a state of the greatest excitement and consternation. Both parties issued proclamations, giving a narrative of the transaction, of which that of Philip was almost universally credited, and that of Du Châtel torn and thrown to the winds. The Dauphin was accused on every hand with complicity, if not with the authorship of the plot. In Paris, where, despite his crimes, the murdered Duke had lately been most popular, the indignation against the Dauphin passed all bounds. The city rose almost to a man and declared for Philip. Their rage rejected all reason and moderation, and the harsh cry was for the blood of the assassins. Parliament was not backward in the demonstration. They sent their President, Morvilliers, to Philip, to entreat him to assume the government, and to bring the murderers to instant

justice; and they tendered their cordial devotion. Queen Isabella equalled the most insane of the populace in her rage and thirst for vengeance against her own son. She coöperated with enthusiasm with Philip in all his measures. The latter quickly joined the court at Troyes, and assumed in all respects the dignity and influence of his father.

It now became evident that Henry the Fifth could negotiate with either party at pleasure. No possible chance remaining that France would become again united, either faction, to strengthen itself against the other, was ready to join arms and purpose with the hostile stranger. In such a situation, it was not likely that Henry would make his claims any more moderate than those which he had formerly advanced. Conscious that he should be able to obtain very nearly the terms he asked for, and keeping his attention steadily fixed upon the crown of France itself, he began to weigh in his mind which party would be of most service to him. A very brief consideration convinced him that it was by all means his policy to use the superior power and popularity of Philip and Isabella. Overtures were accordingly made through Warwick to the court at Troyes. Philip avowed himself willing to enter into a treaty with the King of England. A preliminary negotiation between Warwick and Burgundy occupied the months of October and November, 1419, in which each article was discussed, and received the deliberate judgment of both sides. The propositions which came from Henry were, as may be imagined, most humiliating to France; but there burned in Philip's breast a passion which consumed every other—the passion to revenge his father's death. Undeterred by any emotion of patriotism or any pride

of nation, iron-hearted against the appeals of his countrymen, mindful only of that dread purpose to which he regarded his life as consecrated, he gave his assent, and, in the King's name, the royal assent, to the most disgraceful treaty, perhaps, ever concluded upon French soil. On the second of December, Burgundy and Warwick met at Arras, north of Troyes, on the river Aube. They there, on behalf of their respective sovereigns, put their signature to that celebrated instrument known as the Treaty of Arras, and the articles of which embraced the following stipulations. First: a marriage was contracted between King Henry the Fifth and the Princess Katharine of Valois. Secondly: King Charles the Sixth was not to be disturbed in the nominal and peaceable possession of the French crown during his life. Thirdly: Queen Isabella was to retain her rank and dignity as consort of the French throne for life, and an allowance made to her for that purpose from the royal exchequer. Fourthly: The Dauphin Charles was to be set aside forever from the succession, and his descendants entirely debarred of the crown. Fifthly: King Henry the Fifth was to be declared and to assume the office of Regent of France during Charles's lifetime. Sixthly: King Henry the Fifth, after Charles's decease, was to succeed to the French crown, which was to descend to Henry's heirs forever. Seventhly: All the dignitaries, civil and ecclesiastical, of the kingdom, were to be required to swear allegiance to Henry, as Regent *in presenti*, and as King *in futuro*. Eighthly: Henry would forever defend, succor, and befriend Philip Duke of Burgundy, would aid him to subdue the Orleanists and all other enemies, would bring the murderers of the late Duke to condign justice, and would cede to him,

as dependent fiefs, several French counties bordering upon Philip's hereditary dominions.

These were, in main, the terms of the treaty. To these provisions there was added an understanding, that the Duke of Bedford, Henry's brother, should have for a wife the sister of Burgundy. Such terms, however, though promptly agreed to by Philip and Isabella, were not received by the chief councillors of state without much murmuring and hesitation. Whilst their consent was being obtained, and the nation was being schooled to accept a foreign king as their governor, an armistice was made between the parties, extending to the twenty-fourth of March, 1420. Henry and Philip determined to employ the interval in conducting a campaign against Prince Charles, who held nearly one-half the kingdom, and, notwithstanding the unpopularity of his councillors, was still a formidable adversary.

The military operations, however, were of a desultory character, and the French people, doubtless thoroughly wearied of the bitter contentions which had so long distracted them, grew gradually to look without repugnance upon the marriage of the Princess, and the assumption of the Regency by Henry. One by one the court yielded to the persuasions of Philip the Good and the intrigues of Isabella of Bavaria—both foreigners, who sought to set another foreigner over the nation. The feeble mind of the King acquiesced in any design the effect of which would give him rest. In the bosom of Isabella no motherly feeling seems to have existed; for, without a sigh, she cut off her son's hopes of the throne, and sacrificed with little remorse the hand of her beautiful and innocent daughter at the shrine of her ambition. Negotiations

continued on the basis of the treaty of Arras, which was regarded as a preliminary one; and in the spring of 1420 several modifications were made. It was stipulated that the Queen's pension should be two thousand francs a month; a sum equal to fifty thousand pounds sterling was settled as a jointure on the Princess Katharine; the rights of the legislature, the city corporations, the ancient order of nobility, and the courts of justice were secured; no tax was to be levied contrary to French precedent; all the conquests of the Regency were to be added to the crown; Normandy was to be reannexed to France as a fief of the crown, on Henry's accession; Henry was bound not to assume the title of King of France during Charles's life.

It was finally arranged that Henry, who had made his winter quarters at Rouen, should repair to Troyes, and that the treaty should be there solemnly ratified by the two Kings and their ministers with all the ceremony which in those days added weight to contracts of so important a nature. Henry, who was unquestionably in love with the fair Katharine, made an earnest request that his nuptials should be celebrated immediately after the ratification. Isabella sent him a message that this desire should be gratified; and the young King awaited with impatience the consummation of his marriage.

The most dazzling object of his ambition, after a warfare of three years, seemed now within Henry's reach. His love for Katharine was sincere, devoted, ardent; he was about to lead her to the altar. He was to succeed to the French throne upon Charles's death; Charles was evidently sinking under his royalty and his malady. Henry's success made him pop-

ular at home; his moderation and wise administration were drawing toward him the hearts of a foreign, rival, and subject people. He looked forward to an early day when in his own person he would unite the two most powerful of diadems; when he would achieve that which Edward the Third and Edward the Black Prince had in vain sought to achieve; which Edward the Great dared not aspire to; which the heroic and ambitious Bolingbroke had not thought it possible to accomplish—the complete subjugation of France to English domination.

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CHAPTER X.

"Her gentle spirit
Commits itself to you to be directed
As from her lord, her governor, her king."

THE TREATY OF TROYES—THE MARRIAGE OF HENRY THE FIFTH—CAM-
PAIGNS IN FRANCE—RETURN TO ENGLAND—THE CORONATION AND
TOUR OF KATHARINE.

ON the 14th day of May, 1420, King Henry the Fifth departed from Rouen, and proceeded toward Troyes. Distrustful both of Isabella and of Burgundy, he had communicated directly with the Princess Katharine on the subject of their marriage. "I have been deceived and baffled so many times," declared he, "that I will treat with no one but the Princess Katharine herself, whose innocency, I am sure, will not try to deceive me."* The Bishop of Arras, immediately upon the delivery of this message, came to Henry at Rouen, declared to him that if he would come to Troyes he should marry Katharine without delay, and slyly slipped into the King's hand a love-letter, secretly written by Katharine herself. This letter was so tenderly and affectionately expressed, that Henry was almost beside himself with joy. So on the 14th of May, having with him two thousand archers in gorgeous array, Clarence, Gloucester, and the prin-

* Churchill.

cipal nobles who attended him in France, he set out to meet his beloved, and to conclude the treaty with the French court. As the cavalcade passed a little to the west of Paris, the people flocked out of the gates on all sides to see the young monarch, and welcome him with joyful shouts and blessings. On the 20th, after a six days' pleasant journey, Henry entered Troyes. Philip of Burgundy, with habit of sable hue in memory of his father, met the King at the gates of the town, with his retainers, and accompanied him in state to the Hotel de Ville, where the new Regent was to be lodged. That night he went quietly to bed, that he might sleep off the fatigues of the march before presenting himself to his fair betrothed.

The next morning the King arose early, accoutred himself in a superb suit of steel armor, mounted with gold, and caused all his retinue to don their most brilliant apparel. Upon his head was a rich helmet, whence drooped a fox's tail decked with jewels, an heraldic symbol which he had adopted, to denote sagacity. Then he went in procession from the Hotel de Ville to the Church of Notre Dame, where the French court were already assembled to receive him, and where the Queen and Katharine were seated upon thrones below the high altar. Henry came forward, knelt, and made his obeisance to the ladies, who thereupon descended from their thrones, and were led by the King of England to the altar. Here a brief exchange of compliments and congratulations took place. The Queen deplored the absence of King Charles, whose malady kept him confined to his apartments. The conversation soon turned upon the articles of the treaty, which Philip of Burgundy presented, engrossed, before the sovereigns. The Emperor Sigismund and

several inferior princes were present as witnesses to the transaction. After it was ascertained that there was no misunderstanding on the articles, this famous instrument, consigning France to foreign domination, was ratified. Philip signed as the proxy of the insane King; Isabella put her name to the paper; Henry signed on behalf of England; and the foreign princes witnessed the final consummation of the compact. By its provision Henry was hereafter to be styled by the King of France, "our most illustrious son, Henry, King of England, heir of France."

This solemn ceremony over, the King proposed to be immediately affianced with due formality to the fair Katharine. Turning to her, he asked if she would give her hand to him in marriage. A blush mounted her clear temple, and she timidly consented, holding out her hand toward her royal suitor. He took it in his own, and, drawing from his finger a magnificent ring, he placed it upon hers, in token of the betrothal. When this was done, the King introduced to the Princess his favorite knight, Sir Lewis Robsart,* to whom he committed her for protection. The assemblage then broke up, each retinue departing to its own palace. Soon after this, Henry, on appointing his brother Humphrey of Gloucester Regent of England and despatching him thence, sent by his hands the following letter to his council, announcing the conclusion of the treaty and the betrothal:

"Right worshipful fathers in God; and trusty and beloved. Forasmuch that we wot well that your desire were to hear joyful tidings of our good speed, we signify to you (worshipped be our Lord, that of

* Speed.

our labor hath sent us good conclusion). Upon Monday, the 20th day of this May, we arrived at this town of Troyes; and on the morrow had a convention betwixt our mother the Queen of France, and our brother the Duke of Burgundy (as commissioners of the King our father, for his party), and us in our own person for our party. And the accord of peace perpetual was there sworn by both the said commissioners in the name of our aforesaid father, and semblably by us in our own name.

“And the letters thereupon forthwith sealed under the great seal of our said father toward us, and under ours toward him, the copy of which letter we send you in this. Also at the said convention was marriage betrothed betwixt us and our wife, daughter of our aforesaid father the King of France.

“H. R.”

Preparations for the nuptials went forward with all speed, and it was resolved to make the occasion as grand a one as so momentous an event deserved. The intervening days were passed in feasting, entertainments, and sports, and, with the happy pair, in those tender amenities which among kings as well as their subjects (where there is mutual love) are so delightful a prologue to the connubial bond. Katharine, as well as Henry, was impatient for the marriage hour to come. Mill * says that Philip, who seldom smiled, said of her, “She had passionately longed to be espoused of King Henry, and, from the moment she saw him, had constantly solicited her mother, with whom she could do any thing, till her marriage took place.” A proclamation of peace was issued in Charles’s name,

* Chronicles.

and was proclaimed at Paris and throughout the realm. Henry also made a similar edict to be proclaimed in London, which, being received there late in the ensuing June, was celebrated by processions, illuminations, and harangues.

On Trinity Sunday, June 22d, the Archbishop of Sens united Henry and Katharine in marriage, at the high altar of St. John's Church at Troyes. The scene is described to have been one of a degree of magnificence surpassing the custom of even so great an occasion. The princes and nobles of England, France, and Burgundy were grouped about the royal pair, arrayed in the most gorgeous garments, and wearing the insignia of the illustrious orders to which they belonged.

The Emperor and other German princes had, indeed, left Troyes. But it is probable that King Charles the Sixth was present at the marriage of his daughter. Burgundy stood near Katharine, dressed in black, with sable plumes, having about his shoulders jewelled chains of gold. Clarence and Gloucester, the well-beloved brothers of Henry, were at his side, in the regalia of the Garter, with royal coronets upon their heads. Isabella, adorned with the *fleurs-de-lis* and ermine of the Queens consort of France, supported the bride's right hand. Katharine the Fair (so was she called) never looked more lovely fair than upon this day, which seemed so bright to her. Her perfect form was enveloped in a rich gown and with ermine, over every part of which glittered the rarest gems of Golconda. Henry was adorned with the royal insignia of England, and upon his head rested the diadem of the Plantagenets.

After the rites had been performed, the ceremony

of swearing allegiance to the Regent King took place. Philip of Burgundy set the example; he was followed by the great vassals, barons, and dignitaries of the kingdom in order of precedence. Says one of the historians: "The fame of his heroic actions in war, when his person was unknown to them, had acquired him an universal esteem; and they knew not what most to admire, his courage, conduct, or success. But now his noble presence, in which there was a due mixture of majesty with affable deportment, procured a greater veneration. They knew him to be prudent in councils, experienced in war, of an undaunted courage in dangers, and prosperous in all his enterprises; and therefore they persuaded themselves that their country would be happy under the influences of his government." Notwithstanding the grievous hurt to the national vanity, it is probable that the nobility were somewhat relieved to find at last a capable and energetic hand about to guide the affairs of France. They had been so long without a competent directing mind, and the State had been so bitterly shaken by the miserable contentions of the rival princes, that the prospect of a vigorous administration must have been welcome, even though it came through a foreign source. Therefore Henry was accepted, if not cordially, at least willingly, as Regent during the remainder of Charles's worse than useless existence. When the oath had been taken, Henry turned to the assembly, and made them a harangue full of conciliation, kindness, and moderation, forbearing to touch their pride, but expressing himself in a modest and simple manner. In the evening, when the royal bride and bridegroom had retired, the venerable archbishop came and blessed their couch. Hardly had he retired, when a brilliant

procession arrived at the Hotel de Ville, entered the bridal chamber and presented to the King and Queen, as was the French custom, wine and soup as they reclined in bed. On the following morning a sumptuous feast, in which both the English and the French princes and nobles joined, took place. Burgundy then proposed a grand tournament in honor of the occasion. "No, my lord," said the King, turning to him, "I pray you to permit, and I command all our servants to be ready to-morrow morning to go and lay siege to Sens, wherein are our enemies; there every man may have jousting and tourneying enough, and may give proof of his prowess; for there is no finer prowess than that of doing justice on the wicked, in order that the poor people may breathe and live."

Well might Henry be anxious to put off the bridal garments with all haste; for that power which he had just acquired was in danger of being lost, while yet the feastings were going forward. The Dauphin Charles had not lain supinely on his back, whilst his heritage was being signed away by a Flemish vassal and a Bavarian mother. He had received reinforcements, not only from the interior of France, but also from the British Isles. Seven thousand men, under the Earl of Buchan, the son of the Regent Albany, had joined him from Scotland; a large body of Welsh archers had hastened to his succor. The news of the treaty of Troyes being spread through the country, began to produce a reaction in favor of the Dauphin. He had already, during the autumn and winter, been active in his military operations. Burgundy had retaken some of his conquests; others he continued to hold against every attempt. The Prince of Orange, a vassal of Burgundy, had been engaged with him in

Languedoc; and in that direction the Dauphin had succeeded in taking Pont St. Esprit, Nismes, and Aigues Mortes. Assuming the title of Regent by right of birth, the active young Prince proceeded forward, and when he had taken a town which had resisted him in the Burgundian interest, he permitted and even commanded the most atrocious cruelties to be visited upon their inhabitants. Then advancing northward with the Scots under Buchan, he had taken and stoutly garrisoned Sens, Melun, and Montereau. The sagacity with which he selected his lieutenants and servants gained for him the title of "Le bien servi," and which contributed not a little to his success.

The Dauphin was in the full tide of victory when the King of England's marriage took place. The news soon reached Henry of the formidable position of his enemy; and, fresh from his bridal, he resolved to put a check upon that career, which threatened his newly-acquired dignities. He had at this time with him in France, the young King James the First of Scotland, who, it will be remembered, was made a captive of England late in the reign of Henry the Fourth. This prince he thought to take with him against the Dauphin, in the hope that Buchan's troops, seeing their sovereign in the hostile camp, might refuse to fight, as it were, against their sovereign. The King announced his determination to set out at once. He put a stop to the festivities, consigned his wife to the care of Robsart, and called about him in consultation Burgundy, Clarence, Gloucester, and the chief princes and generals who were in attendance at Troyes. He sent commands to those of his troops which he had left behind at Rouen to come forward and aid in the discomfiture of the Dauphin. Katharine, whilst

she recognized the expediency of these prompt measures, and saw the necessity of putting an abrupt period to her honeymoon, was unwilling to be separated from her lord with such little ceremony, and proposed to accompany his march. Isabella being animated by the same opinion, it was resolved that the whole court, now resolved into two, should move with the forces. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was sent to England to relieve Bedford of the Regency, who was to join Henry in France with the fresh levies which had been made.

The English, French, and Burgundian forces having been put in marching order, the armament, accompanied by the royal courts, moved westward toward Sens, on the day but one after that on which the marriage had been solemnized. On Wednesday, the fifth, they arrived opposite the town, which lay upon the east bank of the river Yonne. It was held by a strong garrison of Dauphinists, who prepared to make a vigorous defence. The royal courts established themselves at a distance, whilst the army was promptly stationed below the walls, and the siege began without delay. The Queens Isabella and Katharine, with King Charles, awaited the issue, surrounded by a brilliant galaxy of nobles and ladies, and by an elegant sumptuousness hardly befitting a battle-scene. Reared as they were in the midst of revolutions and discords, it is yet probable that now, for the first time, these fair dames of England and France experienced the immediate presence of war. Henry and Burgundy took command of the siege in person. Whilst the siege was progressing, Bedford arrived with his succors, and this gave the allies so great an advantage, that Sens surrendered, and its

keys were delivered up to the King of England. The sovereigns, attended by the Archbishop of Sens, and the brilliant cortège which composed the court, entered the town with much display, and proceeded to the cathedral, where thanksgivings took place. Henry, turning to the prelate (who had been ousted of his diocese because of his Burgundian opinions, and had left his wife behind), said to him with a smile: "Now, Monseigneur, we are quits; for you gave me my wife the other day, and I now restore you to yours."*

From Sens Henry proceeded to Villeneuve, probably leaving the court behind. Villeneuve fell after a feeble resistance; moving forward from thence, the army sat down before Montereau, which was a much more formidable fortress. An attempt to take it by storming demonstrated that the siege would be by no means an easy one; and Henry, anxious to see as much of his bride as possible, sent her word to come into his vicinity with the court. The Queens and their households, therefore, removed to Bray-sur-Seine, quite near Montereau. Under the vigorous generalship of the King, who on every occasion took the personal command, the town was forced to give up its keys; not so, however, with the citadel. The garrison, having conveyed thither an abundance of ammunition and food, held out strenuously, though now surrounded by the confederated forces. The castle was a formidable one, covered by excellent defences; the garrison was led by determined and able adherents of the Dauphin. Repeated summons to surrender having been made and scoffed at, the King determined on a stern, and, we believe, not justifiable course of action. Some of the brave men who had been cap-

* Monstrelet.

tured during a sally, were brought out under the castle walls, in full view of their comrades. A message was sent to the garrison, that unless they surrendered, these men should be executed forthwith. Compliance being still withheld, a gibbet was erected, and the threat accomplished. For this cruelty, only the habits of Henry's age, and the defects of his education, could excuse him. It was neither in accordance with his naturally humane disposition, nor with his previous career, as is evident from what has already been narrated. In the obscurity with which the account comes to us, it is reasonable to conjecture that this transaction probably occurred at the instance of Burgundy; he had especial reasons for hating the governor, who was accused, at least, of having planted a dagger in the breast of John the Fearless.*

Several days elapsed before, exhausted and nearly famished, the brave garrison surrendered. The interval was employed in the desultory operations of a blockading siege. Henry paid frequent visits to the fair Katharine, and the courts awaited, with easy comfort, the catastrophe. Margaret, Duchess of Clarence, had joined the royal party from England, having come hither to visit her gallant husband, who was proving himself his brother's ablest lieutenant. In a week after the execution of the prisoners, the combined army took possession of the citadel and its defenders. Henry, determined that there should be no delay in bringing the campaign to a conclusion, ordered an immediate advance on Melun, the last stronghold of the Dauphin between him and Paris. As such, it was resolved by its defenders to make a most desperate resistance to its capture. — Barbason, one of the

* Holingshed, iii. 120.

best officers in the Dauphin's service, commanded the garrison; the Seine protected the town on one side, and double breastworks on the other; and Henry perceived that it was to be no insignificant task to take it. The siege lasted several months. The courts moved thither, and kept up, uninterrupted, the magnificence and luxury of royalty, not far distant from the scene of conflict. There was Katharine, surrounded, as the chroniclers say, "with a shining train of ladies," for whom every comfort was provided from the metropolis. The King, as often as ever opportunity permitted, hastened to the presence of his lovely bride, and divided his time between the din and smoke of battle and the pleasures of an unusually congenial honeymoon. There, too, was Isabella, keeping a watchful eye over her demented spouse, who comprehended little or nothing of what was happening around him.

"It was a sorry sight," says Monstrelet, "to see the King of France bereft of all his usual state and pomp. They resided, with many ladies and damsels, about a month, in a house King Henry had had built for them near his tents, and at a distance from the town, that the roar of the cannon might not disturb King Charles."

Among other diversions which Henry introduced to relieve the tedium and distract the attention of his bride, he caused her to be entertained with music, for which art both had an enthusiastic love, and in which the King at least was quite a proficient. He sent to England for some harps, which he played charmingly, and upon their arrival he would sit by Katharine and perform on them, accompanying the strings with his rich and melodious voice. His taste was especially for

sacred music, such as was performed at the mass, and he was so great an adept, that he frequently composed pieces which are said to have delighted all who heard them. Besides the harp, he often played upon the organ, whose solemn and stately tones delighted his sombre fancy.

"Every day at sunrise," says the chronicler, "and at nightfall, ten clarions and divers other instruments were ordered by King Henry to play for an hour most melodiously, before the door of the King of France." This was the King's delightful recreation from the heating toils of the day; and we can imagine the honeymoon to have passed most happily, even though it were cast in the immediate vicinity of mortal strife. It seems that during the siege, Katharine herself learned to play on the harp, doubtless under the instructions of her royal spouse. During each day there were frequent sallies of troops, often skirmishes took place, and small parties occasionally met and fought in presence of both armies. Sometimes two knights of either side would meet in single combat, thus affording the spectacle of a foot tournament to the assembled columns.

On one occasion, two nobly caparisoned knights, with intrepid bearing and haughty mien, met between the hostile forces, and fought long and stoutly. Their visors were down, and neither could recognize the other. At last one of them raised his visor and exclaimed, "I am Barbason, Commandant of Melun." The other instantly, likewise showing his countenance, replied, "And I am the King of England." The two commanding generals had met face to face, and, unknown to all and to each other, had set a shining example to their troops of strength and pertinacity.

A general assault was once attempted, contrary to Henry's opinion, and resulted in a serious repulse to the combined forces. During the siege, Henry made frequent visits to Paris, and managed to superintend the civil administration whilst engaged in military operations. The King of Scotland was kept in the camp to awe the Scotch on the other side; but with little effect, as Buchan easily persuaded his troops that it was no treason to fight against the jailers of their captive sovereign.

After the usual vicissitudes of a long siege had been experienced, the garrison, on the seventeenth of November, 1420, were constrained to surrender, and the Kings and Queens entered the brave little town in regal state. Such of the garrison as were proved to have been implicated in the assassination of John the Fearless, were forthwith executed. Four hundred prisoners were sent forward to Paris, to be held in security. Bertrand de Chaumont, a knight of Henry's army, who had served faithfully under him at Agincourt, received a bribe to assist one to escape, who had been an accomplice in Burgundy's murder. It was discovered in time to seize the offender, and Henry, despite the intercession of Burgundy and Clarence, ordered him to be shot. He declared, however, that he had rather lose fifty thousand nobles than so good and brave a knight as Chaumont.

The King of England justly regarded the fall of Melun as a decisive victory over the Dauphin, from which that prince would find it difficult to recover. He determined to advance at once to Paris with the French and English courts, and to establish himself and his allies there in state, as the controlling powers of the nation. After a few days had passed, therefore,

the royal cortéges proceeded in the direction of the metropolis, the army following at a short distance. Before they reached the gates of the city, however, Henry deemed it best to enter without the Queens first, that he might test the temper of the city toward him, before he subjected Katharine to the possibility of insult. Accompanied on his left hand by Charles the Sixth, his father-in-law, and followed by the Dukes of Burgundy and Clarence, Henry entered Paris at the head of a brilliant cavalcade. Burgundy and his suite formed a contrast to the rest, by the sombreness of their apparel, worn to remind the spectators of the assassination at Montereau. The reception of Henry by the citizens was most gratifying to his ambition. They flocked out in great multitudes to meet him, and as he passed, attended by the King, princes, and principal nobility of France, they exhibited a hearty and exultant joy. Many were dressed in red, in compliment to the Regent; that being the national color of England. Processions of priests approached the sovereigns, who bore sacred relics, which they held up for their majesties to kiss. The King of France indicated that Henry should salute them first; but the latter, turning and bowing humbly to his father-in-law, gracefully urged him to kiss them before himself. In this manner, followed by dense multitudes, the Kings proceeded to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where, at the high altar, they kneeled side by side, and offered up their united supplications for the Divine blessing. Having concluded this ceremonious devotion, two cavalcades were formed, one of which, escorting King Charles and the Duke of Burgundy, conducted them to the Hotel de St. Paul, which was designated as the future residence of the King and

Queen of France; while the other, attending King Henry and his brothers Clarence and Bedford, went to the Louvre, where the English court was to be lodged. There was feasting and entertainment of every kind during that night. The Parisians thought they now saw an end of all civil discord, and a resumption of the thrift and customs of peace. The whole city joined in the rejoicing. There was merrymaking everywhere. From fountains and channels ran countless streams of delicious wine, whence all might freely quaff, and which were never exhausted. The corridors and halls of both palaces resounded with the revel far into the night; food and delicacies were distributed to the poor; and many streets were illumined by the torches of masquers, who ran up and down, shouting and singing the praises of both the sovereigns. Processions of enthusiastic citizens paraded the thoroughfares with banners and pennons, upon which were devices illustrative of the death of Burgundy, the conquests of Henry, and the atrocities of the Armagnacs.

On the following morning, the Queens Isabella and Katharine, attended by the Duchesses of Clarence and Burgundy, and a numerous and brilliant retinue of ladies, entered the metropolis, surrounded by the most regal magnificence. The enthusiasm which greeted their arrival was as great as that which had welcomed their lords on the day before. Tapestries, worked in scenes illustrating the marriage at Troyes, were festooned on the houses along their route, and wine flowed in great abundance. Citizens came forward, bearing costly marriage presents, and laid them at the feet of their lovely princess, the Queen of

England.* All the acclamations were directed toward her; but little notice was taken of the proud Bavarian, who, thirty years before, had enchanted Paris by her dark and lustrous beauty.

They proceeded with their respective suites, Katharine to the Palace of the Louvre, Isabella to the Hotel de St. Paul. The real court was fixed, without doubt, at the Louvre. The contrast between the surroundings of Charles and those of Henry was sad indeed. Charles was left deserted in the lonely chambers of St. Paul; few of his nobles or subjects came near him; his board was plain, and even scanty; the corridors were silent, and there were indeed "none so poor as to do him homage." One would never have guessed that there resided the genuine royalty of France. At the Louvre, on the contrary, all the splendid ostentation befitting the court of a sovereign of a great nation was displayed. Princes and nobles of France thronged the antechambers, eager for audiences with the virtual King. The officers of the household were generously attired, and with all ceremony performed their duties. Troops of guards lined the avenues leading to the palace. Henry was daily busy with State councils, and was constantly the recipient of some powerful adherent, or some devoted service. Katharine was surrounded with every splendor and luxury, and gave soirées and balls without number. Sumptuous feasts were held; and, in truth, every indication of conceded power marked the daily routine of the King of England. English troops were put in garrison at Vincennes, at the Bastille, and in the suburban defences about the capital. Henry made such changes in the council of state and in every political depart-

* Monstrelet.

ment, as suited his policy or his inclination. The Duke of Clarence was appointed Military Commandant of Paris. Henry summoned the French legislature together, and laid before them the treaty of Troyes, which they confirmed, and in accordance with which they swore allegiance to him as Regent. They expressed a wish that a decree should be issued declaring all to be traitors who did not acknowledge his title. A grand council was then held, composed of the nobles, the deputies, the advisers of the crown, and the higher clergy, to consider the measures to be taken in the case of the Dauphin. King Charles presided on the throne in person, the King Regent being placed at his right hand. Philip of Burgundy, aided by the prosecutor for the Crown, made a formal charge against the Dauphin and his advisers, that they had atrociously assassinated his father, the Duke John the Fearless. He demanded that an edict should be passed, accordingly, against them. There being but one party in the council, the deliberations were brief. A decree, assented to by both the King and the Regent, was promulgated, in which the following provisions were embraced: that the Dauphin should be commanded to do penance by building churches at Montereau, where the assassination took place; that he should suffer the usual penalties of the crime; that he should be stripped of all civil rights, and all inheritable titles and rank; that France should be forever absolved from all allegiance to the Dauphin or his heirs; and that whoever took an oath for him, or in any way encouraged, abetted, or assisted him to resist the authority of the Regent, should be punished as guilty of high treason. The Dauphin was next summoned to appear before the High Court of Parliament with

his counsellors, to answer to the charge of Burgundy; and upon his failure so to do, attainder and outlawry was passed against him.

To these fulminations the spirited Prince sent a defiant answer. Assuming the title of Regent, he issued a proclamation, in which he declared everlasting war upon the alliance of Henry and Philip, called upon the University to join his standard, and summoned a parliament to convene at Poitiers. The court at the Louvre, however, had little reason to fear his movements as yet, and treated his proclamation with contempt. Christmas was passed with great feasting and gayety in Paris, the main business being now concluded.

Meantime the English began to be very anxious to see their hero King, and above all his young bride, who was to share his throne, and give birth to his successors. The House of Commons prayed him to hasten back to England as speedily as he could, that by his presence among them they might be supported and refreshed. A request so flattering appealed to the conqueror's heart, which ever beat affectionately for his beloved isle. He set about preparations to return to England, and informed his brother Gloucester, the Regent, of his determination to resume the royal authority. He designed to sojourn in Normandy awhile before embarking, that he might observe with his own eyes the effects of the system he had instituted there. Queen Isabella was appointed Regent of France, with the custody of Charles, during Henry's absence. About the first of January, 1421, the King and Queen of England set out from Paris for the north, amid great pomp, having as a body-guard six thousand horsemen, commanded by the Duke of Bedford. The progress of the royal pair through

Normandy was attended with every exhibition of popular enthusiasm and affection. In almost every town presents were showered upon Katharine. The population came out to meet the cortége, and sprinkled wreaths of flowers beneath the horses' hoofs. Katharine proceeded through Amiens and Teroune to Calais, where she rested from the fatiguing jaunt; while Henry, never indolent, travelled about the province, investigating the abuses which were extant, and examining the administration of the laws. He put a stop to the tyrannies and exactions of petty officers which had become prevalent; compelled the residence of priests at their parishes; introduced a stricter discipline among the garrisons; and did other wise things for the better security of the country. The Norman estates were convened in his presence at Rouen, and voted him one hundred thousand sterling to maintain his military establishment in Normandy. Having spent a month in actively supervising the political system of his original conquest, he joined Katharine at Calais, and on the first of February they embarked for England. Thomas Duke of Clarence was nominated by the King as his lieutenant in France, who should look to the interests of the English dominion whilst the Regent was away. At Dover the reception of the King and Queen within their proper kingdom was most affectionate. Monstrelet says that Katharine received a welcome to her adopted country, "as if she had been an angel of God." They proceeded with little delay to London, and took up their abode in the royal apartments at the palace of Westminster. It must have been most gratifying to the young Queen to behold everywhere about her the evidences of the love which her husband had inspired in his subjects.

She observed with pleasure how united and devoted all classes were to his support; and on every hand the marks of his wise and vigorous statesmanship were apparent. For his sake, the English had loved Katharine before they beheld her; and now that they saw so beautiful and modest a princess, they could not help loving her for her own. She so bore herself in presence of the stranger nation as to win their applause, and to command their eternal fidelity and allegiance. She ingratiated herself with the ladies of her court by the affability of her temper, the cheerfulness of her disposition, and the unostentatious manner with which she presided over the social duties of royalty. Gloucester, the Regent, had sustained the excellent administration for which Bedford had been distinguished, and now delivered over to the King a well-ordered, harmonious, and obedient State. Henry was anxious that the first event of importance should be the coronation of his Queen; preparations were accordingly made for the speedy performance of that ceremony.

The coronation finally took place on Sunday, the 24th of February, 1421. The rites were performed in Westminster Abbey. Katharine, walking between two enrobed prelates, went in procession from the palace to the church, and there, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage, Archbishop Chicheley, of Canterbury, placed the royal crown upon her head. Thence the court returned to the Great Hall of Westminster, where the feast of the coronation was spread before them. The descriptions of this entertainment, which seems to have been unusual in its character, are minute. Katharine sat at the head of the table, at the upper end of the long hall. On her right was placed the

Primate and Henry Beaufort, Cardinal Bishop of Winchester, the King's uncle and former tutor ; on her left sat the captive King James of Scotland, the most unfortunate monarch and the greatest poet of his age—for whom Katharine had conceived a cordial friendship, and whom she sought soon after to release from his durance. The King of Scotland was dressed in royal robes, was surrounded with a state befitting his rank, and was served from dishes of silver, as a peculiar distinction.* Near him sat the Duchess Dowager of York and the Countess of Huntingdon. The Countess of Kent reclined on an ottoman at the Queen's feet, holding a napkin for Katharine's use. The young Earl of March, the displaced heir to the throne, knelt on the other side of Katharine, bearing her sceptre in his hand ; a little further off was Nottingham, Earl Marshal, bearing another sceptre. Humphrey of Gloucester was the director of the feast, and did the honors of the royal board. Grouped around her Majesty were the great nobles who held the offices of ceremony incident to her household, Sir Richard Neville, her cup-bearer, Sir John Stuart bearing the server, Lord Clifford the bread, and Lord Grey de Ruthyn the cloths, and Lord Audley, the Queen's almoner, or distributor of charities. It being the third Sunday in Lent, no meat was served upon the table ; but every variety of fish was provided—soles, chubb, barbel, lobster, roach, smelt, lamprey, dead eels stewed, carp, perch, gudgeon. Numerous devices, significant in meaning, were placed upon the board at intervals. One consisted of a pelican reposing on its nest with young, over which stood a figure of St. Katharine, disputing with sages, and holding in her hand a card,

* Holinshed.

upon which the guest deciphered "Madame the Queen." Another was the royal escutcheon and crown, ingeniously formed of confectionery, where St. Katharine again appeared, with the conceit—

"The Queen my daughter
In this island,
Has with good reason
Renown."

Another represented a tiger gazing in a mirror, while beside him was a knight full armed, bearing in his arms a young tiger, and having, in allusion to the Dauphin, this motto: "By force, not persuasion, I have taken this beast." The merrymaking was continued until late in the evening, and the King toward the close came in and joined in the general mirth. The feast was not concluded without a most graceful act on the part of Katharine. She asked her husband to grant her, in this hour of good cheer, one boon. Being asked what it was, the fair princess declared it to be her urgent wish, that the young Scotch King should be liberated, and restored to his inheritance. Henry, having made it a condition that James should join him in arms when he should return across the Channel, consented to his being set at liberty. But it appears that the gallant Scot was not quite satisfied with this alone. In his weary hours at Windsor he had often perceived a lovely damsel promenading pensively in the gardens below him; and, vacant of mind, he had found no better occupation than to fall in love with her, and to busy himself by composing innumerable sonnets in her praise. The young lady turned out to be the fair Joanna Beaufort, step-niece to the King, whose beauty was the constant envy of the court belles. With a woman's quick perception,

Katharine soon discovered why her protégé did not receive his freedom with rapture. Doubly interested in him now that his trouble was a love-affair, the Queen gave him every encouragement, interceded with Joanna (a not difficult task), persuaded the King, and had the satisfaction of bringing about, in a short time, the betrothal of the love-sick pair. Soon after the feast of coronation Joanna became Queen of Scotland, being wedded in the presence of the English court. The few weeks succeeding the coronation of the Queen were quietly and pleasantly spent by the royal pair in the retirement of Windsor; and this castle, so beautifully situated on a cliff overhanging the Thames, became Katharine's favorite residence in England.

Henry, however, so restless and busy was his nature, was not content to remain long idle. He had been so long away from his realm that he was curious to visit the different counties, and to correct whatever abuses might have crept in during his absence. He was desirous to show to his people the new Queen, being well assured by experience that she would elicit admiration everywhere. He determined, therefore, to make a progress with her through the kingdom. About the eighth of March the preparations were complete, and the King and Queen, attended by a numerous and brilliant retinue, set out from Windsor in a northwesterly direction. Their first halt was made at Coventry, the scene of Bolingbroke's duel with Norfolk, and where Henry had a country-house. Through whatever town they passed they were received with hilarious enthusiasm, and Henry, at each place, addressed the townspeople with short and felicitous harangues. It was his wish that a well-disposed parliament should be elected, that he might

have no trouble in prosecuting his designs in France, through want of supply and popular compliance; and he wisely thought, by humoring the people, he might obtain a complaisant legislature.

From Coventry, the sovereigns went to Kenilworth Castle, near by, then a favorite residence of Henry, as indeed it had formerly been of his grandfather, John of Gaunt. Henry had bestowed much attention to the adornment of Kenilworth, and had ordered lawns and avenues to be constructed around it; so that it was, at the time of his present visit, one of the loveliest spots in England. The royal cavalcade went thence to Leicester, where the solemn rites of Easter were celebrated. Their next destination was the venerable and historic city of York, the metropolis of the north, where they arrived about the first of April. The people of York gave their beloved lord and his charming Queen a reception so hearty, so loyal, so magnificent, as to bring tears to the eyes of the victorious King. Preparations the most elaborate had been made to celebrate his visit; the municipal exchequer had been drained to supply the cost; *Te Deums* were chanted in the huge and sombre York minster, by whole choirs of priests; the streets were festooned with gorgeous tapestries; music lent its noble harmonies to the jubilee; and maidens, with costly robes, met the royal cortége, and showered spring flowers beneath the horses' hoofs as they passed along. Henry spoke to the multitudes with a tender emotion which won every heart; and Katharine, all smiles and graciousness, called forth their enthusiastic admiration.

In the midst of these rejoicings, however, there came news to Henry from France, which filled his

heart with the acutest anguish, and plunged all England into the darkest gloom. It seemed that cypress must be twined with the garlands of joyous triumph. The gallant, the stainless, the great-hearted Thomas of Clarence had fallen in battle, valiantly fighting in the service of England. The best-beloved, as well as the most capable of Henry's brothers, would no longer be his good right arm, filling his place in absence, sustaining when present, by the wisdom of his head, and the loving fidelity of his heart. Thus it happened: Clarence, as has been said, was left by Henry in command of the forces in France, and was charged with the duty of maintaining the campaign against Prince Charles, the Dauphin.

When the latter knew of the Regent King's departure, he became alarmingly active, and rapidly advanced from the south toward the Loire. Clarence promptly set his forces in motion, leading a large part of the troops left in his command, and made quick marches westward, taking his road through Chartres, Maine, and Anjou, which counties he plundered for the sustenance of his army. Hoping to surprise Charles, he encamped at Angers, on the north bank of the Loire, at its junction with the Sarthe. Charles, however, who was stationed in Clarence's rear at Beaugé, had been apprised of his approach, and was informed of his numbers. Clarence, rash and brave, began the battle by pushing forward in person at the head of his cavalry corps, having ordered Kent to follow with the archers. The Dauphin made a prompt disposition of his forces, himself commanding the French, and Buchan the Scots, and received the impetuous shock of his adversary with stoical obstinacy. After a desperate conflict, the English lines broke,

the Duke of Clarence and the Earl of Kent were slain while striving to rally their columns, two thousand lay dead on the field, and two hundred prisoners fell into the Dauphin's hands.* His victory was complete; the remainder of the English, under the Earl of Salisbury, fled by a rapid retreat northward. The French loss was about half that of the English.

The Dauphin vigorously followed up the pursuit, but the defeated army succeeded in reaching and entering Alençon, before they could be overtaken. Charles came up and attempted to take the place by siege; the English tried the offensive, by seeking to raise the siege; both these efforts failed. The Dauphin then led his exhausted columns back to the province of Anjou, waiving, for the present, further active hostilities, and probably well satisfied with the victory at Beaugé.†

No loss could have affected Henry so deeply as did the death of Clarence. He was almost the only person in whom the King placed entire trust. Their mutual affection had never been interrupted by a single instance of discord. Clarence had been the companion alike of Henry's trials and of his triumphs. He had been cast down by Henry's failures, he had gloried in Henry's success. He possessed a tone of mind strikingly similar to that of his elder brother. His heart was warm and impulsive, his head clear, his valor most conspicuous, his purity of life beyond dispute. No man, except the King himself, was so well beloved by soldiers and people. Never for a moment was Clarence envious of Henry, or was Henry

* Juv. des Ursins, 389. Hollin. iii. 127.

† The Scots under Buchan fought with a valor so conspicuous, that their commander received from the Dauphin the title of Constable of France.

fearful of Clarence. The fraternal love which existed between them is something marvellous and beautiful, almost without example in the history of royal houses. The news, therefore, fell with a shock upon Henry, in the midst of the festivities at York. He at once retired to deep seclusion, performed exercises of devotion, and in the quiet of his closet gave away to the bitterness of his grief. He bid a touching adieu to Katharine, and, leaving her behind at York, he made pilgrimages to the tomb of St. John of Bridlington, the patron saint of the House of Lancaster, St. John of Beverley, and to Lincoln, where the new prelate, Richard Fleming, was to be consecrated. Having concluded these pious devotions, his mind grew more calm, and he became gradually more able to consider the condition of France, and the policy which it was necessary for him to pursue. He determined to summon his Parliament without delay; to organize a large force; to lead them to France, and, by a decisive campaign, at once avenge the death of Clarence, annihilate the Dauphin, and make France secure to Lancaster forever. With this view he issued a proclamation, summoning the estates to meet him at Westminster early in May. Meantime he made a brief progress westward, and thence returned to London.

The Queen came southward, visiting as she proceeded Pontefract, where Richard had been killed, and where she had the sad satisfaction of an interview with her cousin Orleans, then a prisoner of state in that fortress. About the first of May the King and Queen entered the metropolis, Henry having gone forward to conduct his spouse to London.


Parliament met at Westminster on the day following their return. The King, dressed in the habiliments

of mourning, received them in state, in the Painted Chamber. The deliberations were opened by the Lord Bishop of Durham, then Lord Chancellor, who proceeded to address the Houses on the principal subject to consider which they had been convened. He recapitulated, in glowing terms, the achievements of the King during the last campaign in France; summed up the conquests which had been made; depicted the present state of France, which, through God's will, he said, was virtually governed by Henry; taxed his utmost powers of eloquence in fulsome praises of Henry; announced the death of the beloved Clarence; declared it to be Henry's desire above all things to avenge his brother, and to complete his ascendancy over France; and made known his wish that provision should be made for the good government and peace of the kingdom, that he might confidently once more pass the channel. It was also urged with much earnestness on the estates by the court party, that they should provide the King with funds, and make other favorable legislation to enable him to cope effectually with the Dauphin.

Henry had never been more thoroughly popular throughout England than he was at that time. They could pardon his immense losses of men and money, in the reflection that on his head, the first of English kings, rested the diadem of the Valois. Success had confirmed their confidence in his ability and perseverance, and had intensified their love for his heroic and manly nature. These considerations, and the exasperation which was felt at the death of "valiant Clarence," actuated the Parliament in their response to the King's demands. A fifteenth was promptly voted. To all who would advance money to the King,

the legislature granted full government security ; and they confirmed the loans already made. The Convocation of the Established Church met on the fifth, and hastened to devote a tenth of the revenues of the clergy to the King's service. Cardinal Beaufort, who, during his long and laborious public life, had amassed a splendid fortune, had already lent his nephew one hundred and sixty thousand sterling, and now added ten thousand more. Numerous other persons of rank and wealth came forward, and added their contributions to the King's coffers. Henry, now assured of an exchequer competent to maintain such a campaign as he had projected, proceeded to make every preparation for completing the levies, organizing his army, and for his departure to France. He was, as ever, active and impatient of delay. He wished to retrieve, at the earliest moment, the dimmed honor of English soldiers. He felt keenly, more keenly than ever, the loss of Clarence; it was a juncture in which Clarence, above all others, could have come to his assistance. A royal proclamation to his faithful people of England was issued late in May, calling upon them to join the King's standard, and march under his lead against the Dauphin. When the levies and recruits had been collected, Henry had the satisfaction to ascertain that his army amounted to twenty-four thousand infantry, and four thousand cavalry. He had never led so large a force to France. He was able to provide them with arms and equipments, to give them four months' pay in advance, and to collect ample food with which to sustain them. To the Duke of Bedford he committed his young Queen, who was to abide at Windsor during his absence; and the same prince was created Regent, in which office he had be-

fore been so successful. Katharine was expected soon to give birth to a child, and Henry warned her not to permit his heir to be born at Windsor. He had, it is said, a dark foreboding, derived from certain astrological signs, that trouble would come upon the King who should first see the light within that royal castle. The Queen, however, did not participate in his superstition, and heedless of the warning, took up her abode at Windsor ; where, as we shall see, the unfortunate successor of Henry was born. Henry, besides the English levies, ordered a conscription in Normandy, where his officers had complete sway. He further made a treaty with James King of Scotland, by which the latter was to furnish a force and assume its active command. James, accompanied by the now aged Douglas, joined the main army, and was assigned to a division. Some delay ensued in the concentration of the forces and supplies at Dover ; and in the interval Henry devoted himself to religious contemplation and services at the cathedral of Canterbury ; where, too, he may have sought inspiration from the tomb of the Black Prince, who reposed beneath its stately dome.



CHAPTER XI.

"Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death."

THE LAST CAMPAIGN AND DEATH OF HENRY THE FIFTH—CONCLUSION.

ON the tenth day of June, 1421, Henry the Fifth embarked from the shores of England, never to behold again his beloved country. He had for the last time sat in state in the Painted Chamber; knelt at the high altar of St. Paul's; presided over the revels at Westminster and Windsor; ridden through the familiar streets amid the shouts of his faithful people. He departed in high health and hope; the prospect had never seemed so fair; he was going to put a climax to his past glories—to exterminate his only remaining foe. With cheerful spirit he stepped upon his barge, and smilingly he looked back upon the chalky cliffs, as she receded from the shore. When he came back, it was to be beneath a shroud, surrounded by the sombre pomp of funereal obsequy, borne home to rest forever by his loving priests and barons, followed by the faltering steps of a young and most wretched Queen. The army disembarked on the following morning at Harfleur, and on the 12th Henry reached his Norman capital of Rouen. The Dauphin Charles had already resumed offensive operations.

Emerging from Anjou with a recuperated army, he had advanced toward Paris, and was, at the time of Henry's arrival, laying siege to Chartres, which obstinately resisted his further progress. The approach of the Dauphin had given the Parisians great solicitude, but confidence was restored by the appearance of the fresh English army, under the King Regent himself. Henry sent a message to the garrison of Chartres to hold out till he could come up, and with his usual promptitude closely followed, with all his forces, on the heels of his couriers. He marched rapidly through Beauvais, Gisors, and Mantes, and avoiding Paris, directed his steps straight toward Chartres. The Dauphin was not so foolhardy as to await the attack of so formidable an army, and hastily retired from before the town toward the river Loire. Philip of Burgundy had been operating with a mixed force against some towns which held out for the Dauphin, and having achieved uniform success, joined Henry near Chartres. "Our brother of Burgundy," writes the King to his Council, "we find right a trusty, loving, and faithful brother unto us in all things."

Henry now divided his army into three divisions. With one he himself was to pertinaciously follow up the movements of the Dauphin in Touraine. The second was put under the command of Burgundy, and was to defend the metropolis. The third was intrusted to King James of Scotland, who was to lay siege to Dreux, and reduce whatever other towns remained in the power of the Armagnacs, and finally reunite his column with Henry. The King attempted in vain to bring Charles to an open engagement; the prince was a cunning strategist, and gave his adversary no opportunity to mass against him overwhelming odds in the

field. Henry advanced into Touraine ; Charles retired in good order into Orleans. Henry pursued, but another retreat foiled him, and the Armagnacs next appeared in the county of Berri. Meanwhile James had reduced Dreux, and had rejoined the main body. Henry now ordered Burgundy to keep a jealous watch upon the Dauphin, and his army being exhausted and sick from the unusual heat, he returned deliberately to Paris.

Philip was more successful. Having for some time dogged the movements of the Dauphin, he at last forced him to receive battle at Blanche Tache, where he defeated him with great loss. The blow was so decisive as to render it unnecessary to pursue the campaign very actively any further for the present. Henry was received at Paris with an apparently sincere welcome. The French court doubtless much preferred him to Prince Charles, against whom the deadly hatred of his mother burned as fiercely as ever. The Parisians appeared to be content as long as they could pursue their avocations without interruption ; and such was their love of chivalric prestige, that they looked upon Henry with unmixed admiration. As the husband of their favorite princess, also, he was regarded with especial favor. Still the King was well aware that only a continuance of his popularity, a wise moderation in administration, and concessions to the peculiar humor of the French character, would preserve the power which he had acquired by force of arms.* He had not only to refrain from oppressive measures, he had to take measures which would be positively welcome. It was as hard a burden as the French people could bear in patience, to be subjected to the yoke of a foreign conqueror ; it was his part. and he clearly saw and acted

upon it, to make that yoke as invisible as possible. We therefore discover in his actions, at no time, either burdensome taxation, individual oppression, or more than a necessary restriction of popular liberty. His administration, carried on in the name of Charles the Sixth, was eminently mild and paternal. His levies and supplies were drawn, even though with great difficulty, from England; the French were obliged only to support the expenses of their own civil government. Henry constantly paid the most critical attention to the administration of justice, and the prompt enforcement of law and order. France had never, perhaps, known such an excellent system of judicature as their English Regent had instituted and sustained against formidable obstacles with all his power. There was, unquestionably, more constitutional order throughout the country than ever before, or for centuries after. Restitution was made as far as practicable for the ravages and devastations of war. The peaceful employments of the peasantry were encouraged with assiduity. The tyranny of feudal barons was checked. Able Frenchmen were chosen to conduct the departments of government. Even conspirators against the regency, nay, conspirators against the life of both sovereigns, received gentle punishment, and received pardons at the hands of their intended victim. Prosperity was once more restoring to war-stricken France her fair and fruitful resources, and her gentle hills and broad fields began again to smile under this sun of Lancaster. There can be no better proof of Henry's success as a statesman, than that no revolt, hardly a murmur, arose against him, a usurper and an Englishman, from a people who had been born amid insurrections, who had been taught that treason was often

virtuous, whose whole life had passed amid war, tumult, and anarchy, and who sought their pleasure in real dramas of assassination and fraternal bloodshed. To reduce a foreign and chronic insurrection to order and submission to the sovereign will, was his great task; and this he did whilst still assuming the personal command at the seat of war. No prince of ancient or modern history undertook a more elaborate work, or brought what they have undertaken to a more successful conclusion. The court at the Louvre, at the time of this second sojourn of Henry at the metropolis, still far outshone that at the Hotel St. Paul. The French nobles and courtiers still preferred the sunshine of his smile, and still recognized in him the true arbiter of knighthoods, vice royalties, and pensions. Charles was leading, on the whole, a comfortable life at his palace, existing in the depths of solitude, in the midst of his subjects. Isabella, though fond of ostentation and excitement, was fonder of revenge, and was complacent in her seclusion, comforted in the knowledge of the Dauphin's discomfiture. To Henry, the homage which he received in Paris was indifferent, and when he had completed his schemes of administration, he was impatient to resume his martial life.

The town of Meaux, but a few leagues from Paris, still held out, supplied by a strong Dauphinist garrison, and confident of its ability to resist the English and the Burgundians. Its fortress was built upon a solid cliff overhanging the river Maine, and was defended by double ramparts. The Bastard de Xaurus, perhaps the most intrepid of the Dauphin's lieutenants, was in command; under him were about one thousand men. Early in October Henry led his army thither, and disposed them for a siege, which he

was well aware would be far from an easy one. From this time up to the last of the following April, the garrison firmly maintained their ground. The operations were of that desultory nature which such occasions usually present, little more being attempted by the besieging forces than to starve out resistance by persistency of adhesion. One attack, indeed, was made upon the chateau by the English, which signally failed with great loss of life. During the siege several of Henry's best generals were killed in the skirmishes and sallies which attend on desultory warfare—Lord Clifford, the Earl of Dorset, and the Earl of Worcester. Finding the resistance more formidable than he had expected, the King appealed to the Emperor Sigismund for aid, but no substantial response was made to it.

Whilst engaged in conducting the operations of Meaux, Henry learned that Queen Katharine had given birth to a son, on the sixth of December. His first question was, where was the boy born? On being told at Windsor Castle, he is said to have turned sorrowfully to his chamberlain, Lord Fitz Hugh, and said: "My Lord, Henry of Monmouth shall reign but a short time, and shall acquire much; but Henry of Windsor shall reign long, and lose all!" Thus say the old chroniclers; whether such a prophecy was ever made, however, is very doubtful. At the time of the birth, Katharine had about her many countrywomen and near friends, among others the Princess Jacqueline of Holland, who had just run away from her bridegroom, whom she detested, taken refuge in England, and, as rumor had it, had fallen violently in love with the graceful and courtly Humphrey of Gloucester. Early in the spring Henry desired Katharine to join him with the infant in France. Before, how-

ever, she started for her native country, she caused her child to be christened. He was named after his absent father, Henry; and, under the title of Henry the Sixth, he afterward passed a long and tempestuous reign, ending his melancholy career in the mysterious dungeons of the Tower. John Duke of Bedford, Henry Cardinal Beaufort, and the Princess Jacqueline stood as his sponsors at the christening font. This ceremony over, the Queen made ready to join her husband in France.

In the latter part of April Meaux surrendered to the pertinacious siege of the English arms. Its capitulation was followed by that of the contiguous district, and Henry now occupied the French territory north of the Loire, except portions of the counties of Maine, Picardy, Anjou, a few fortresses in the Isle of France, and Guise. Brittany was passive under the engagements of a truce. The Dauphin, however, was by no means inclined to give up the contest. He still held many chateaux in the north, and all the domain below the Loire was either his, or was unoccupied by his enemy. Henry made a treaty with the Count de Foix, a powerful southern baron, by which the latter undertook to conquer Languedoc and its contiguous counties. About the same time embassies were despatched to the Emperor and the King of Portugal for assistance. It was now that Queen Katharine landed at Harfleur, on the 21st of May, 1422. The Regent Bedford, commanding the new levy of twenty thousand combatants, acted as her escort. So great an augmentation of his force promised a final and complete success to Henry's campaign. The King was engaged in perfecting the occupation of the fortresses in the vicinity of Meaux, when he learned that

Katharine and Bedford were on French soil. He hastened with his guard of honor to meet her, and he joined her at the castle of Vincennes. The King and Queen of France also came out of Paris to welcome their daughter, and she was received on all sides with such demonstrations of affection as to bring tears to her eyes. The Kings and Queens of England and France entered Paris surrounded by a brilliant cortège, on Whitsun eve, May 30th. On the following day a great feast was held at the Louvre, which continued to be the Regent's residence, in celebration of the happy return of Katharine the Fair. "Queen Katharine," says Monstrelet, "sat at table gloriously apparelled, having her crown on her head. The English princes and nobles were partakers with the great lords of France at this feast, each seated according to his rank, while the tables were covered with the richest viands and wines." Near her sat Henry; and below, the King her father. Henry now laid a heavy tax upon the city of Paris, to discharge the civil expenses of the State. That mercurial people bore this without resistance, a certain proof that Henry's regency was far from unpopular. A conspiracy, indeed, against his life, was discovered, before it ripened to action, by accident; but it by no means involved the inhabitants in general. The King's army had been much reduced by the weary sieges, the long marches, and the unhealthy climate to which they had been subject. It was now replenished by the twenty thousand who had come over with the Duke of Bedford.

But the days of the illustrious monarch, whose incessant activity had achieved and was still achieving so much, were numbered. Already, before he left the camp to embrace once more his beloved Queen, the

exhaustion consequent upon the wasting toil of years, had begun to prey upon his constitution. He found himself no longer able to bear long-continued fatigue. He became nervous, excitable, restless. His sleep was irregular, and did not refresh the body. The appetite was slow. Exposure and endurance had broken down that compact and wiry system, which, had it not been carelessly abused, would have held out long and well. Entirely unconscious of the gravity of his illness, he had disdained to discover the state of his health to others; had shaken off every appearance of it, and had joined with forced zest in the feasts and pageants which had welcomed Katharine to the city of her birth. The weeks succeeding her arrival he devoted partly to the civil administration, and partly in the effort to recuperate, by rest, a wholesome diet, and moderate exercise, his declining energies. He continued to take a vivid interest in every movement of his armies, and in every measure of civil policy, and employed himself more than was good for him in the mental labor necessary to carry on the government.

The Dauphin, after the discomfiture of his forces in the north, gathered his scattered columns together, and advanced upon the dominions of the Duke of Burgundy in the southwest. Taking advantage of the absence of Henry and his army, he proceeded along the north bank of the Loire, and first took the town of La Charité. Then penetrating Burgundy, he laid siege to Cône, a formidable and important fortress. Philip was hastening forward to defend his country, but did not arrive in time to prevent a conditional promise of the garrison to surrender. They agreed to capitulate to the Dauphin, if they were not relieved at a time appointed. It was also agreed that, before

that time should arrive, the hostile forces should engage in the open field, for possession of the town. Burgundy sent messengers to the King of England, informing him of the peril, and urging him for prompt assistance. Henry responded at once that the English forces should reënforce those of Burgundy without delay. Bedford, at the head of the troops which he had conducted from England, advanced rapidly toward the scene of conflict, and effected a junction with Philip. Meanwhile, certain levies which the Duke had ordered in his own dominions, had already filled his ranks with fresh battalions. Philip led this powerful army straightway toward the besieger of Cône; but the crafty Dauphin, no less cautious than active, escaped impending annihilation by retiring in orderly retreat westward into the county of Berri. King Henry, when he sent forward Bedford with reinforcements, had announced his own intention to follow speedily, and to take personal command of the united forces.

It was now August. The heats of summer coming on, had produced an unfavorable effect upon the King, and had weakened his system with a rapidity which had become alarming. Disease began to ripen from the exhausted constitution. The troubles of the body began to take definite and serious shape. The King does not, however, appear to have been aware of his immediate danger. When the army started, he found himself too weak to take personal command. But he considered the weakness as but temporary, and, in the buoyancy of his spirit, never dreamed but that he would, in a few days, be able to put himself at the head of his soldiers. One morning, he thought himself well enough to travel; and, impatient of inaction when

there was to be a contest, he announced that he would set out that day to join the army. He proceeded to Senlis, accompanied by Katharine, the King and Queen of France, and a numerous suite. At that town he parted from his Queen, and, leaving the court behind, went slowly forward to Melun, a little beyond which the army was posted. Before leaving Senlis he had experienced a deadly attack of his disease, but had resisted it desperately, and for the moment had recovered the use of his sinews. At Melun he assumed his full armor, buckled on his war-sword, and prepared to make his appearance before his faithful columns, near by. Finding himself unable to mount his horse, he ordered a litter to be brought, and thought, reclining upon it, to be carried to the front of his army, before they engaged with the enemy. His malady, however, now became quite uncontrollable. A fistula, mortal in its effects, attacked him. The utmost resolution he could summon to his breast did not avail him to ward off the encroachment of the disease. Although his life appeared to be in imminent danger, it was with infinite reluctance that he gave up the hope of reaching the field of battle. Even whilst death hovered over him, his heroic nature felt a keen disappointment. At last he ordered the bearers of his litter to convey him back over the road whither he had come. Queen Katharine had already returned to her favorite residence, the chateau of Vincennes; Charles and Isabella were in Paris. Henry was carried by easy stages to Vincennes, where she who was yet a bride, received, in tears, her stricken husband. Isabella went thither in haste when she learned the gloomy tidings of Henry's extremity; and there mother and daughter, with every tender office which womanly solicitude could

invent, busied themselves about the couch of the dying monarch. The physicians were unanimous in the opinion that the disease was mortal. The sufferer himself seems before to have come to that conclusion.

The Duke of Bedford had just occupied Cône, when a courier announced to him the dangerous relapse of his brother. Leaving the army in the command of Burgundy, he hastened to Henry's bedside. When his brothers and nearest friends had arrived, the King, being convinced that his worldly career was nearly ended, summoned them to his bedside, and addressed them in a few simple and pathetic words. "I am come," he said, "to the end of a life, which, though short, has yet been glorious, and employed to advance the good and honor of my people. I confess it has been spent in war and blood; yet, since the only motive of that war was to vindicate my rights, after I had ineffectually tried milder methods, the guilt of all the miseries it has occasioned belongs not to me, but to my enemies. As death never appeared formidable to me in so many battles and sieges, so now, without horror, I regard it, making its gradual approach. And since it is the will of my Creator now to put a period to my day, I cheerfully submit myself to His will." He then proceeded to dispose of those affairs of his realms which needed his last direction. He spoke with regret of the fact that he had not been permitted to end the existing war; he regretted, too, that his son and successor was yet an infant. He appointed his brother Humphrey, the Duke of Gloucester, Regent of England. The Regency of France during the prince's minority was to be tendered to the Duke of Burgundy, and, in case he declined, to John, Duke of Bedford. Henry Cardinal

Beaufort was designated as young Henry's guardian, and the Earl of Warwick as his preceptor. The dying monarch expressed in fervid terms his confidence in the integrity and affection of his brothers. He was assured that no rivalry or ambition would entice them from their harmony of action, and their duty toward the heir-apparent. He earnestly recommended to them to cultivate the friendship and gratitude of Philip of Burgundy, rightly surnamed the Good. He urged upon them the necessity of retaining Orleans and the other princes as prisoners in England, until his son should arrive at an age when he could successfully maintain his sovereignty. He then dismissed his friends with his blessing. He next devoted himself to the making of his will, and by that instrument made provision that his own debts and those of his father's debts which were yet unpaid, should be liquidated from his privy purse.* Having thus concluded all his worldly matters, he serenely approached the solemn thoughts which religion enjoined on those about to depart to another world. He summoned his physicians to his bedside, and in a calm voice asked them how long he might expect to live. They avoided a direct answer, and said, "Sire, the issue is with God." But he persisted, and commanded them with earnestness to tell him truly how near the mortal hour was. Thus pressed, they drew apart for a moment in whispered consultation; then one of them advancing, and falling on his knees at the foot of the couch, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed: "Sire, think of your soul; for, without a miracle, we think you cannot survive two hours." No emotion was visible upon the placid countenance of the sufferer, as he thus learned the certainty of imme-

* Elmham.

diate dissolution. With a cheerful voice he ordered his confessor, chaplain, and priests to attend him, that the last rites of the Church might be performed. The ministers of religion, in their sacred habiliments, surrounded the dying King, and the solemn and imposing sacrament of the extreme unction was administered to him. Near by stood the afflicted Queen, lovely in her tears, about to be bereft of a husband who had ever been tender, and whose affection toward her had never waned. The brothers of Henry, who were strongly attached to him, were there, and the Queen of France. It was indeed a sombre moment. The conqueror and hero departing from earth with a cheerful and quiet spirit, receiving at the hands of the Church he had loved so well and defended so faithfully, her last maternal benediction and absolution; this was the sad and beautiful spectacle.

When he had taken his last communion, he requested the priests to chant together the seven penitential psalms of David. When their low voices rose with "Build thou the walls of Jerusalem,"* Henry, struck by the passage, bade them stop. Raising himself from his bed, and elevating his clear voice, he said, "I declare to you, on the faith of a dying man, that it hath been my fixed purpose, after completing this French conquest, to undertake a crusade against the infidels, and to deliver Jerusalem from their dominion, had it pleased my Creator to lengthen my days." The priests then proceeded with the chant. Observing Katharine to weep bitterly, the King turned to his brother Bedford, and in a low voice, whispered: "Comfort my dear wife, the most afflicted creature living." Soon after, the chant ceased; and, whilst the

* Psalm LI.

wife and brothers bent over the couch, the spirit of Henry the Victorious passed gently away. The moment of his departure, so serene was his countenance, was not perceptible. There was no struggle, not even a sigh. The breath gradually ceased, until the still heart and pulse announced that Henry the Sixth was King of England. Henry had fallen to sleep under the soothing spell of the sacred music, and death seemed but a continuation of the slumber.

The narrative which is now concluded has been in vain, if it has not illustrated that, upon that death-bed, passed away such greatness of soul and mind as is rarely discovered in the ages which, from their turmoil and obscurity, have been called by the historians the dark ages. The death-scene was a fitting end to such a life. It was, indeed, a theme which might inspire the loftiest flights of the greatest poets. Still in the spring-time of an active life; a conqueror in the full blaze of his triumph; a sovereign the idol of his people; the husband of a young, beautiful, and accomplished wife; the father of an infant heir, whom he had never looked upon; he submitted to the divine summons without a murmur, with that calm intrepidity with which he had shone so brightly on the battle-field; resigned to the call of Heaven; hopeful of an immortality vastly more glorious than the immortality of fame. But few princes whose early lives have promised much, have fulfilled the promise in their later years. Henry seems to have constantly progressed in the admiration and love of his people. Precocious in youth, giving bright hope at his accession, he at thirty-three had filled the record of a reign splendid beyond precedent, vigorous, statesmanlike, momentous to the destiny of Europe. The malady

which was fatal to him is not certain from contemporaneous accounts. It is variously asserted to have been St. Anthony's fire, pleurisy, and fistula. There are not wanting French sages who assert it to have been no special disease, but the direct visitation of the vengeance of God for his many wars. It seems to be best authenticated that it was a fistula, beyond the power of the physicians of those days to master, produced by the constant strain upon the physical system.

The funeral of King Henry the Fifth is said to have been more elaborately splendid than had been accorded to any preceding sovereign of England. The body, having been embalmed, was enclosed in a leaden coffin, and escorted by a procession of torches to the stately resting-place of the Kings of France, the Cathedral of St. Denis. His bowels were taken from the corpse and buried in the monastery at St. Maur. The Abbots and Chapter of St. Denis came out to meet the funeral cortége, and escorted it to the altar, where the solemn requiem of the dead was chanted by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. Thence the procession repaired to Paris, and deposited their sad burden in Notre Dame, until preparations should be made to convey it to England. Queen Katharine herself arranged the plan of the progress through France. When all was ready, a grand cavalcade set out with the King's corpse toward Rouen. The remains were placed upon a chariot, with a rich silk canopy overhanging, drawn by six horses of unusual size, and splendidly caparisoned. Each horse was adorned by a princely escutcheon. One bore the arms of St. George; the second, those of Normandy; the third, those of King Arthur; the fourth, those of St. Edward; the fifth, those of France; and the sixth, the

united escutcheons of France and England. By the side of the corpse, on a bed covered with vermilion silk embroidered with gold, lay an image of the late King, made of leather, which resembled his person and features; it was painted to appear like a human body; upon the head rested an imperial jewelled diadem; the body was enveloped in a robe of purple, fringed with ermine; the right hand grasped a royal sceptre, and the left a golden orb, surmounted by a cross; the face was uncovered, turned heavenward. The sacred banners of the Saints were borne by the Earl of March, Sir Lewis Robsart, and other nobles, behind the hearse. James, King of Scotland, followed as chief mourner. The hatchments were carried by twelve soldiers of fame. On either side of the hearse rode five hundred men-at-arms, in black armor, their horses barbed in black, and their lances held with points downward. Near the hearse were many dressed in white, and bearing torches. The princes and lords of the late King's household, attired in the deepest mourning, came after the King of Scotland. The Queen, with her retinue, followed the solemn procession at about a league's distance. Wherever the cortège stopped, masses were sung at Katharine's desire, from dawn until nine in the evening. All along the route the inhabitants manifested the wildest and sincerest grief. The illustrious dead was likened to the greatest kings, saints, and heroes. The most affectionate homage was everywhere paid to his honored corpse. The praise of his exalted virtues was in every mouth. Passing through Abbeville, Hesdin (so near Agincourt!), Montreuil, and Boulogne, the melancholy train at last arrived at Calais, where vessels, sent out by order of the English Council, awaited its arrival

to convey the dead monarch and his disconsolate widow to their own realm.

Everywhere on the route from Dover to London, demonstrations of grief were exhibited by the bereaved subjects of Henry. As the melancholy cortége approached the metropolis, fifteen prelates, wearing the surplices of their sacred order, came out to meet it, surrounded by abbots and priests, and followed by multitudes of the townspeople. During the passage of the corpse through the city, the priests chanted funeral dirges, and each citizen stood at his door with a lighted torch, to indicate his grief and his veneration for the deceased sovereign. The Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester rode as chief mourners beside the funeral car.

With such solemn ostentation was Henry the Fifth borne through his sad metropolis to the great abbey, and laid at the feet of the sainted Edward the Confessor. There, in close proximity, already reposed the unfortunate Richard, resting in the midst of his royal ancestors by the magnanimous act of him who was now come to join the silent throng. So, side by side, the deposed and the heir of the deposer lay near to one another, equal in the common bond of death. One, born a king, had died a captive, in disgrace and penury. The other, born a subject, had died the sovereign of two kingdoms, and the victor of the most illustrious of conflicts.

The will of Henry directed that he should be interred in Westminster Abbey, and that over his body there should be made a high place to be ascended by steps, at one end of his tomb, and to be descended in like manner at the other end, in which place the relics were to be laid, and an altar founded. These

directions were accordingly complied with by his successor.*

In the records of the "Acts of the Privy Council" of 1422, the following, to the memory of the King, is inscribed :

"Departed this life at the Castle of Bois de Vincennes, near Paris, on the last day of August, in the year 1422, and the tenth of his reign, the most Christian Champion of the Church, the Bright Beam of Wisdom, the Mirror of Justice, the Unconquered King, the Flower and Pride of all Chivalry—HENRY THE FIFTH, King of England, *Heir and Regent of France*, and Lord of Ireland."

* In J. P. Neale's History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster, vol. ii., p. 86, is to be found the following description of Henry's tomb: "The ornamental parts of the gates which enclose the tomb are entirely allusive to the armorial insignia of Henry; and the devices and workmanship of the whole are very curious. The recess in which the tomb is placed is nearly a square, enclosed by iron grates and gates; the latter open under a handsome pointed arch of stone, surmounted by an elegant arrangement of canopied niches turreted (including statues and other ornaments), and flanked by octagonal towers. The general pattern of the oaken work of the gates consists of small-sized squares, each containing four trefoils; and their impost, or fascia, is divided into thirteen compartments, which have been painted alternately blue and red; on each blue space were placed three gilded *fleurs-de-lis*, and on each red space, three gilded lions; below these, near the middle of the gates, were fixed alternately a row of swans, and a row of antelopes; but only one swan and two antelopes are now remaining. The groin of the recess is enriched with fan-work tracery, springing from side piers, including trefoils and quatrefoils among its ornaments. There is no particular elegance in the tomb itself, which is divided at the sides, by a kind of duplicated buttress, into three compartments, each containing a basement panelling of quatrefoils, surrounded by a deep elliptical arch. On the upper slab lies a headless and otherwise mutilated figure of the King, carved in oak, which is said to have been once covered with fine embroidered and gilded plates of brass; but these, together with the head, sceptre, and other regalia, which are traditionally stated to have been of silver, have been gone ever since Elizabeth's time. With them, also, is said to have been stolen a silver plate, inscribed with the following barbarous rhyme:

"Dux Romanorum, verus Conquestor eorum,
Heres Francorum decesset, et Hector eorum."

The salient points of Henry's character are best illustrated by the record of his eventful career. In estimating them, it is of great importance to keep in mind two things—his birth and education, and the rude age in which he lived. He was the descendant of a spirited and warlike race on the paternal side; from his mother he inherited a strong religious sentiment, warmth of feeling, and an amiable and tender disposition. The fusion of these characteristics, added to a genius all his own, made Henry the Fifth the most illustrious, although perhaps not absolutely the greatest, of the Plantagenet Kings. In the three great offices of statesmanship, generalship, and defender of the Church, he exhibited a versatility and completeness of ability, which was rare, and, in so young a man, was almost marvellous. As a statesman he was prudent, cautious, comprehensive, provident, fertile in ideas, prompt, and, above all, magnanimous. As a general, he possessed lion-like courage, a perseverance that never faltered, presence of mind, hopefulness, an equal temper, a love of order, and that divine quality of mercy which was open alike to his own soldiers and their adversaries. His private life was pure and devout—no blemish against his moral character darkens the page of his history. As a husband, he was more than faithful; he was tender, he was affectionate, he was constant. Even so young, he was in truth the father of his people. To their glory, more than to his own, he devoted himself. His activity, from infancy to the day of his death, is almost painful to contemplate. His mind was of that flexible quality which could pass from one subject to another with ease and alacrity. He was wise enough to perceive what was possible, and what was impossible. He saw clearly

his own destiny. He understood and avoided those errors which had involved preceding Kings. He felt himself to be the soldier of God's favor. To say that he was ambitious, is only to charge upon him a passion from which no person of exalted station was in that age free, and which each could easily justify to himself without torture of conscience. With a military capacity surpassing that of the most illustrious of his race, he nearly satisfied, just before his death, the highest of his aspirations. To his glory be it said, that he used victory in moderation, was merciful to his enemies, was magnanimous to a conquered people, and brought to that people blessings out of the disgrace of foreign subjugation. It can be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that he was, beyond all commanders of the middle ages, humane and civilized in his conduct of war. Success failed to intoxicate him; a young man, he accepted with a serene equanimity alike victory and defeat. He did not believe in his right to the French crown; but he did believe that by possessing it he could enhance the prosperity and glory of the French people. They were torn by factions so bitter and relentless that desolation spread abroad over the land, and every effort to revive the national prosperity was choked by the blood of fratricidal war. He would bring peace and union; he would restore even justice; he would relieve the taxations of blood and money which were draining the resources, and bring back the thrifty energy which was the inherent excellence of the people. This, so far as Normandy was concerned, he accomplished. At the time of his death, the haughty provincials of the north had not only been subdued to his arms, but also to the civil enginery which it was his immediate care to

establish. Had he not been interrupted by death, he would have done as much for all France; for he had already proceeded to the administration of his civil policy when he was cut off. He possessed a genius both analytic and constructive: he could pull down; he could also set up. The fertility of his intellect enabled him to perceive, the energy of his will enabled him to enact, what was immediately necessary to the restoration of the civil status.

That his success was owing neither to chance nor to superior physical strength, is apparent from the fact that his administrative triumphs equalled, if they did not surpass, his military triumphs. Poor as England was, the taxations to which she was subjected were borne with patience, and the economy of the palace justified their confidence in the King. Powerless as France was, she experienced nothing but mildness and encouragement from the administration of the conqueror. Henry disarmed complaint at home alike by the purity of his morals and conduct, the impartiality of his acts, the forbearance he exercised, his exertions devoted solely to the advancement of his people, and the energy with which every measure was carried to its end; in France, by his endeavors to restore that unhappy country to blessings which they had almost forgotten, of which they had been deprived by the wicked vassals of their own crown.

When we add to this union of great military and civil talent, the varied accomplishments, the superior learning, the sincere piety, the cheerful and affectionate disposition, the frankness, the eloquence, the delicacy, the thoughtfulness, the lofty spirit of chivalric honor and justice, the mercifulness and magnanimity which marked King Henry the Fifth, we cannot won-

der that a character with such brilliant qualities and so few blemishes has won the admiration of and become an example to the generations which have succeeded him.

No less conspicuous was he in those lighter qualities which throw a charm about the career of a renowned hero. Elegant, dignified, and graceful in his carriage, quite royal in his manner, impressive in conversation, modest in language and action, exercising at all times a dominant self-control in word and deed, kind to inferiors, deferential to counsellors, reproving with gentleness, approving with zest, no one approached him but was imbued with his marked superiority over others as well in individuality as in rank. His personal beauty heightened yet more the fascination of his presence.

Lord Brougham, a writer by no means partial to Henry, has thus ably compared him with the victors of Crecy and Poitiers: "When we take either his great grandfather, Edward the Third, or his great-uncle, the Black Prince, with whom to compare him, it must be confessed that we subject him to a trial sufficiently severe. Over both he may be allowed the superiority whether as regards his civil or his military capacity. His skill in turning to account the civil dissensions of France was exercised in more difficult circumstances, and was attended with more important results. His domestic administration was more excellent than Edward's, and betokened a disposition to check malversation and to reform abuses, which no prince since the days of Alfred had ever shown. If Henry endeavored to league himself with John of Burgundy, the most wicked ruler of his day, the Black Prince actually patronized and enthroned

Peter the Cruel, a more wicked ruler in a more profligate age."

Another writer,* on International Law, has more lately said: "When Henry the Fifth invaded France, the army was accompanied by stores; only bread and wine were exacted from the peasants, even when offering resistance; and orders to the troops forbade injuries to property and insults to women."

The misrepresentations of hostile historians have caused Henry to be generally regarded as a bigot and a persecutor, a blind devotee of Rome, and the patron of ecclesiastical abuses. That he cherished a devoted affection and veneration for the papacy, is true. That he pursued the Lollards with energy, that he yielded up Cobham to prelatical fury, that he set his heel upon reformation in the Church, is also true. Viewed in the light of the nineteenth century, it is a blot upon Henry's career, that he strove to annihilate freedom of religion. But, placing ourselves in the age in which Henry lived, regarding the influences which surrounded him, and considering the events intermingled with the acts of the early reformers, we may say that if he was in fault at all, it was because his prophetic vision was not long enough to discern the true tendency of his period. It was an age in which there was scarcely a glimpse of freedom of any kind. It was an age when no power was so splendidly maintained as was the power of Rome. It was an age in which tradition governed the heart, and put the judgment to sleep. Henry had received his earliest tutelage from a tender and beloved mother, whose piety, goodness, and ardent love of Catholicism are the only memorials of her which are yet preserved. He grew

* President Woolsey.

up in the society of great and good men, who were attached to the Church by every tie of love and duty. He was surrounded by the most able defenders of the Church. Cardinal Beaufort early implanted in his breast his own strong intellectual affinities, the most absorbing of which was devotion to the Church. Henry's own genius, imaginative, ardent, devout, loving tradition, and admiring the papal power, led him to adopt, in the maturity of his youth, the same views which had already been so constantly urged, first by loving kinswomen, then by venerated counsellors. He believed, in his inmost soul, that the Church of Rome was God's only Church on earth. He regarded the Pope as Christ's vicar, divinely consecrated. He gave an unfaltering adhesion to the sacred dogmas. He looked upon himself as the defender of the true religion, armed with civil power to protect it, and bound by his conscience and his office to maintain it. It was with him a duty which could admit of no compromise. It was his chance of salvation. From such convictions came the result, that he persecuted the Lollards, that he consigned his beloved friend Cobham to the avenging hand of the Church. His whole history shows that he was not prone to tyranny, that he willingly crushed no man. The sincerity of his nature compels us to the belief that he was honest in this, which seems to have been the controlling conviction of his life; and that when he waged war upon the reformers, he verily believed he was doing God service. That which makes this view more reasonable is, that, mingled with the spirit of religious reformation in the breast of Lollards, was a spirit of political rebellion, a spirit of insubordination to the civil authority. It was against rebellious subjects, who threatened the

peace of the throne as well as the integrity of the Church, that Henry continued the persecution begun by his predecessors. The identity of the Lollards with conspirators against the kingdom is left in no doubt by history. In truth, the Lollards doubtless considered the monarchy in the way of religious freedom, and would have destroyed it, and leagued with malcontents to destroy it, for that reason. While great blame cannot be attached to them for this view (because we recognize the right to secure religious liberty by revolution), it must also be said that the King was justified in using those means which he deemed necessary to preserve his heritage. In these considerations we find the true reasons for the persecutions in the reign of Henry the Fifth; and although we cannot pronounce him to have been guiltless, we cannot hurl against him those anathemas which are the just tributes of indignant peoples to deliberate tyrants.

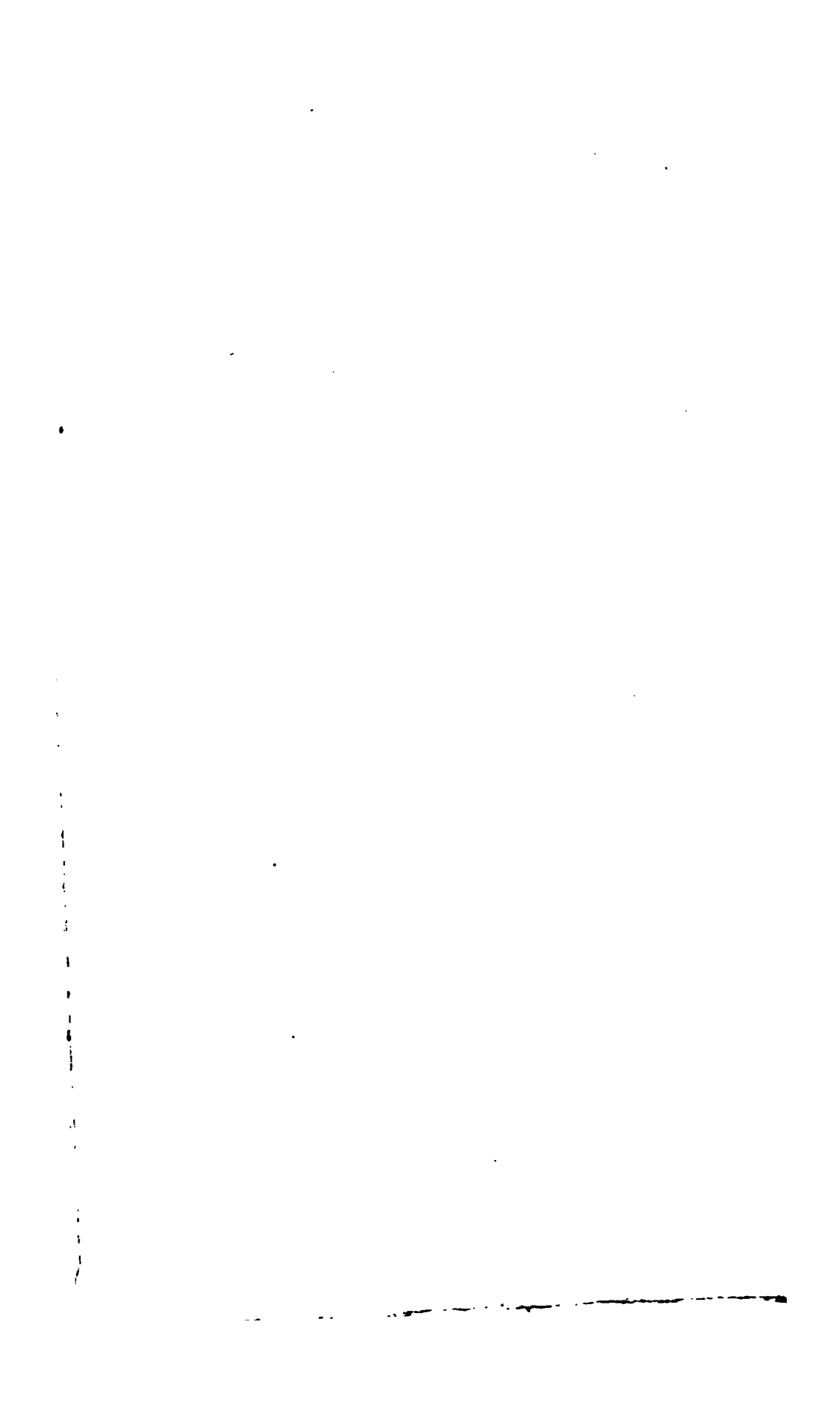
The era in which Henry was placed was the transition era between the era of feudalism and the era of monarchy. It had been long since John had bent beneath the combined will of his barons; the generation was rapidly approaching which should see Louis the Eleventh crushing, one after another, in rapid succession, the sovereign vassals of the French crown. The barons were yet potent—they had ceased to be omnipotent. The personal popularity of Henry—a popularity which never once waned, secured to his crown an obedience which was due to that cause, rather than to the inherent strength of the monarchical principle. His reign anticipated the as yet remote consummation. In him monarchy found so irresistible a champion, that it was perfectly established, only to

be debased again when a weak successor gave the opportunity to the great barons to exhibit their yet formidable power. It is perhaps the highest praise to his reign, as an historical era, that there is nothing to relate of, it regarding domestic rebellion and insurrection, but that its whole story is of prosperity, conquest, and tremendous accessions of power. Henry was in truth a monarch, and the nation moved behind him, as if animated by a single mind.

During this reign, the Constitution of England underwent but few changes. The people were satisfied with their King; the public attention was almost wholly directed toward France; the taxes were not oppressive; law was evenly executed; no one, unless he were a heretic, was persecuted. The Commons, now advanced to be an organic estate of the realm, saw no occasion to increase their own importance, and, speaking the will of the constituencies, were unanimous in the support of Henry. Still there are indications that the lower House claimed rights above those conceded in the last reign, which the other powers were not disposed to dispute. There was a progress made, slow and hardly perceptible, but adding something to the weight of popular influence. Public intelligence was broadening, institutions of learning were multiplying, and inquiries into abstract ideas had already begun to disturb the reason of the intellectual classes. The germs of the Reformation, of monarchy, of popular power, of a great literature, of a people quick in the race toward enlightenment, are all to be discovered in this reign. Were it our purpose to enter into a philosophical view of it, it might be shown how these germs were starting and growing, how far they had grown, at the close of

Henry's life. The record of that life, if it has been faithfully presented, will suggest many philosophical reflections to the attentive reader; and it is thought preferable to leave it to the reader to make those inferences and receive those lessons, which cannot but be derived from the narrative which is now concluded.

It is enough to show how a young King, born and reared in temptation and luxury, avoided the one and eschewed the other; how he remained through life undefiled; how he ruled wisely and well; how he accomplished, by the magnitude and variety of his talents, a conquest which the greatest of his ancestors had in vain attempted; how he was tender to his subjects, and magnanimous to his adversaries; how he was both just and merciful; how he was generous, large-hearted, and self-forgetful; how, more than all, he walked in his difficult path with a pure conscience, uprightly and unfalteringly, with his thoughts turned, in the midst of earthly cares the most weighty, toward that heaven which he hoped to reach; and how, after a career unblemished by any great sin, and abounding in a succession of brilliant triumphs, he laid down patiently to die, just as the highest object of his aspirations appeared in view—giving over worldly thoughts without a sigh, and fixing his mind with trustful serenity and radiant hope upon the unknown hereafter.



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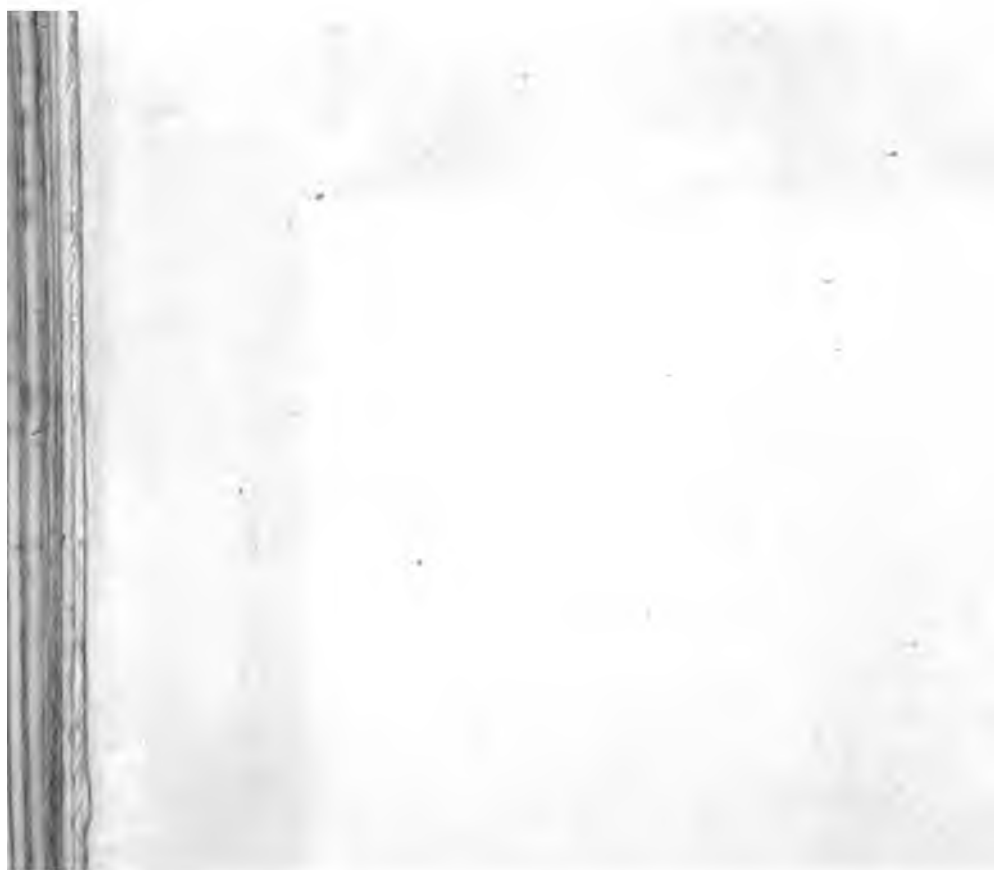
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